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## SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

"THE unfit die; the fit both live and thrive."  
Alas, who say so? They who do survive.

So, when her bonfires lighted hill and plain,  
Did Bloody Mary think of Lady Jane.

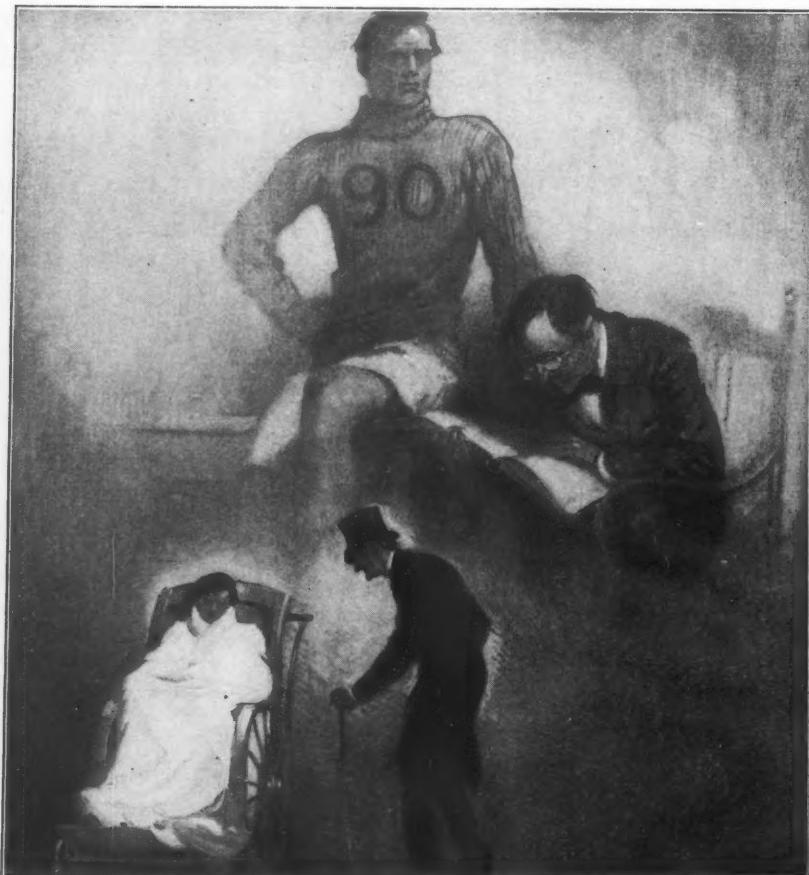
So Russia thinks of Finland, while her heel  
Falls heavier on the prostrate Commonweal.

So Booth of Lincoln thought; and so the High  
Priests let Barabbas live, and Jesus die.

# YOU FRESHMEN!

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY BLENDON CAMPBELL



YOUR HONOR-MAN, IF HE IS LIKE MOST HONOR-MEN, WILL HAVE PAID FOR HIS LEARNING WITH HIS STRENGTH . . . THE ATHLETE'S LIFE IS GENERALLY SHORT . . . THE MAN HAS OFFERED UP HIS CONSTITUTION TO HIS MUSCLES

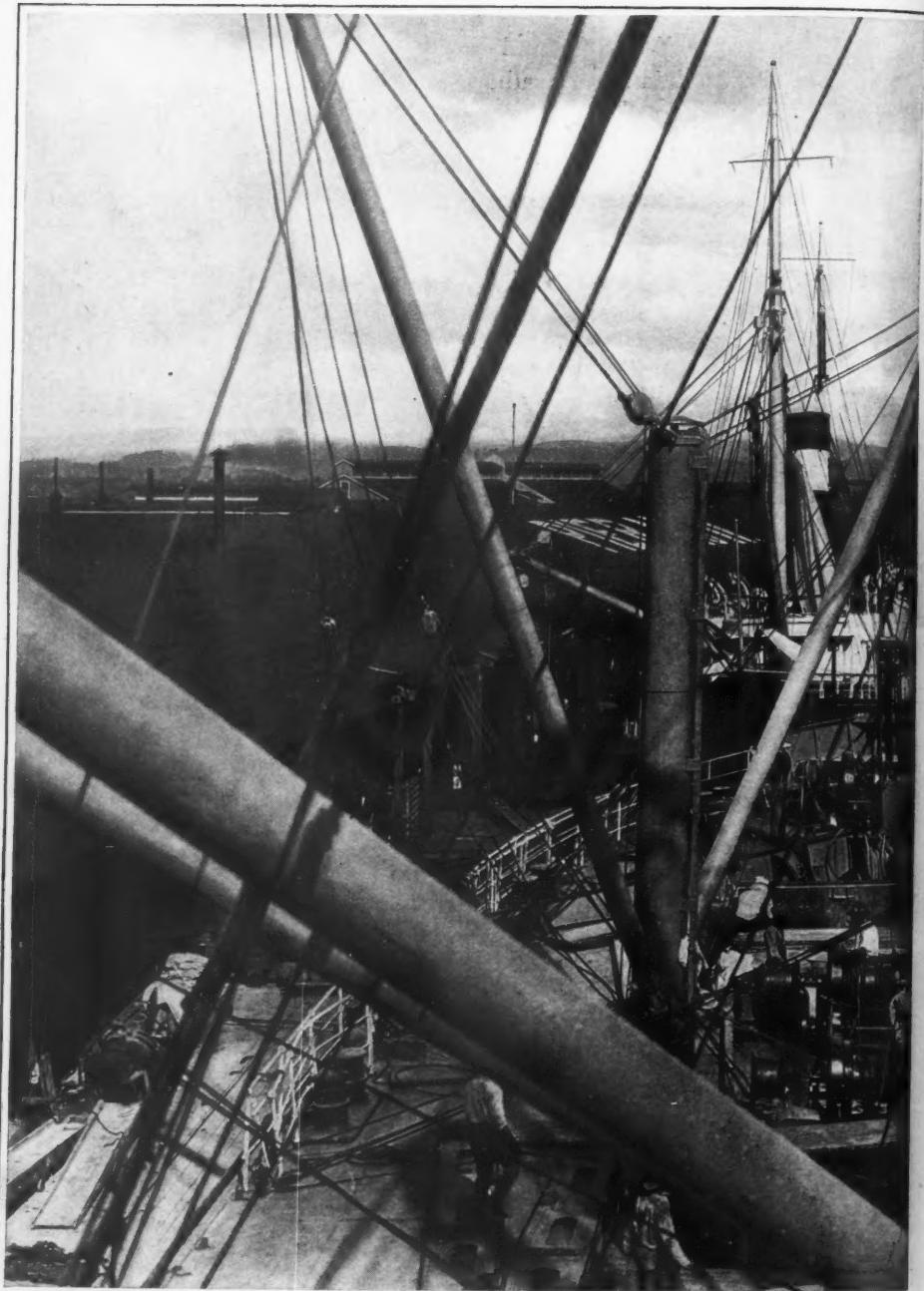
THIS is the time when the young man that left college in June is going to work, and when the young man that left school in June is going to college. The latter has something to learn from the former. You remember the two youths that were the biggest figures in

college last commencement day. One had stuck to his books, learned all that was in them, and graduated with first honors. The other had captained his football team, stroked his crew, and—he just graduated. If you are the sort of boy that the typical parent wants his son to be you will imitate the first of these. If you are the typical boys' boy you will imitate the second. Succeed in being either, and you will be a failure.

For your honor-man, if he is like most honor-men, will have paid for his learning with his strength. The lad that has glued his eyes to what the old educators called "Humanities" will be too near sighted to see Humanity. The student that has sacrificed all his energy to master theory will be ground to dust in the mill of practice. He will have had his day, and that in the class-room which no longer recalls his name.

The athlete's life is generally short. That casual injury on the gridiron has developed a chronic weakness; that strain of the four-mile row has maimed his heart; that constant and sudden variation from training to the lack of training has sapped his virility. The man has offered up his constitution to his muscles. If he has escaped, in what stead will stand him that athletic education acquired at the cost of his brain? His football captaincy will have qualified him for coaching other young animals; his rowing-arm will enable him to boss underpaid toilers for an illiberal wage. But his day was before a grand stand that forgets.

"A sound mind in a sound body"? Excellent. But not the mind developed to the point of physical enervation; not the body developed to the point of mental sterility. The successful education fits you not for topping your fortune with one cent more than you earn, nor yet for making books or muscles an end rather than a means; the only education is that which makes you of some use to your fellow men and forbids you to forget that your fellow men are all mankind.



*Photograph by Underwood & Underwood*

DECK VIEW OF THE "ANCON." ONE OF THE SHIPS OF THE PANAMA LINE. THESE SHIPS COME BACK  
THAT CONTROL THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP LINE OPERATE THAT LINE SO THAT IT



PRACTICALLY EMPTY BECAUSE THE RAILROADS  
IS USELESS TO WESTERN SHIPPERS

# Cosmopolitan Magazine

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## The Theft of the Panama Canal

Transcontinental Railroads Already Controlling the Canal Zone Plan a Greater Raid

By Willis J. Abbot

*Author of "A History of the United States Navy," "American Merchant Ships and Sailors," etc.*

THE United States government—which is to say, the people of the United States—is spending \$500,000,000 to pierce the Isthmus of Panama with a ship-canal. The colossal expense of the work will come out of American pockets. To whom will the prodigious benefits of the work accrue? "Why, to American producers, of course," is the natural answer. Water transportation costs on the average only one-sixth as much as railroad transportation, and long-distance freight can be despatched as expeditiously by sea as by rail. So the thriving cities of Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, San Diego, and Los Angeles, with all the rich country back of them, might, and did, expect to have direct water communication with the markets of the Atlantic coast and Europe. And in the same way the manufacturing communities for which New York is the natural outlet might, and did, expect that the completion of the canal would give them uninterrupted water communication with the markets of California, Oregon, Washington, and the states for which they furnish the ports.

Within a few years the communities that had long cherished these happy expectations have vaguely suspected that all was not well. This suspicion has now ripened into certainty.

## The Theft of the Panama Canal

To-day we have no Panama Canal, but we have the Panama Railroad, owned and operated by the United States government, largely for the benefit of the Southern Pacific Railroad. We have a line of steamships plying between New York and Colon—the Gulf terminus of the railroad. These ships, like the railroad, are owned and operated by the government. Furthermore, they are operated at a profit, although the present administration has done almost everything short of scuttling them to prevent their success. By that I mean that the administration, acting through the secretary of war, Mr. Dickinson, has taken from the government-owned ships and the government-owned railroad their fair share of the returns from the freight-carrying business between the Atlantic and the Pacific markets. Seventy per cent. of the total freight-rate is by this recent contract given to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, owned and controlled by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company.

Seems curious, doesn't it? But it is a fact. The present contract between the United States government and the Pacific Mail—the only regular steamship line on the Pacific coast entering Panama, or, technically, the port of Ancon—gives to that line seventy per cent. of the freight charges from New York to San Francisco, though it carries the freight barely half of the distance. Further than that, this contract grants free dockage at Panama and the right to buy coal at the price which our men-of-war must pay at the same docks. Nothing in this contract binds the Pacific Mail to furnish any east-bound freight for the Panama Railroad and Steamship line. The Pacific Mail is to get all that comes from the east, and furnish what it wishes from the west. As the line of ships is owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad, the chief study of its general manager is naturally to carry as little freight as possible from California eastward.

Senator Bristow, of Kansas, in an official examination of the Secretary of War, expressed the situation in what has come to be known as a hypothetical question, and in effect it was this:

The Pacific Mail had for years with the French Company, owning the Panama Railroad, a contract by which it received fifty per cent. of the through rate between New York and San Francisco and vice versa. It then paid ninety cents a ton charges at the isthmus for dockage, craning, etc. During that time there was an understanding on the part of the

transcontinental railroads that the tonnage handled by the ships should not exceed 70,000 tons a year.

When the United States government secured the Panama Railroad that tonnage declined to about 32,000 tons, and the ships from New York to Colon returned to New York without cargo. The government even had to buy 20,000 tons of pig-iron to furnish ballast for the ships, because the Pacific Mail would not furnish return cargoes.

The government reduced the freight-rate from San Francisco to New York to a flat rate of eight dollars a ton. The Pacific Mail claimed that this was not a remunerative rate, and after threatening to withdraw its ships was granted seventy per cent. of the through rate, together with free dockage and coal at the price paid by the government. Last year this changed contract took \$161,000 out of the coffers of the government railroad and steamship line and turned it over to the Pacific Mail—which is the Southern Pacific.

At the same time the American-Hawaiian line, operating via the railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, increased its business largely, and became a commercial success when it was receiving on the Pacific coast only 33½ per cent. of the through rate.

"Now," asked Senator Bristow, "does it not seem to you that the situation indicates clearly that the Pacific Mail had not tried to develop the traffic? That it had really discouraged it?"

And to that question the Secretary of War answered, in effect, "*Well, I don't know.*"

The Secretary of War at the moment was operating a line of ships from New York to Colon. His was the authority under which the railroad across the isthmus was operated. He was the official who made the contract by which the Pacific Mail, covering less than half the distance between New York and San Francisco, was given seventy per cent. of the freight-rates plus the valuable consideration of dockage and coal at as cheap a price as the government—which is the people—furnishes it to the battleships that guard our coasts.

**Yet the best the Secretary of War could say was, "Well, I don't know."**

What effect the ignorance or indifference of the Secretary of War has on the fortunes of the government-owned line between New York and Colon may be judged from this account of a trip made from New York to the isthmus and back by a member of Congress, who made it incog in order to get the facts

without any concealment or decoration on the part of people interested. He sailed on the *Panama*, one of the biggest of the merchant vessels owned by the United States.

On the way to Colon the representative put a few questions to the purser.

"How big a cargo are you carrying?" he asked.

"A little over three thousand tons, her full capacity."

"What sort of freight?"

"Oh, a little of everything—supplies for use in the Canal Zone chiefly: canned salmon from Puget Sound, dried fruit and citrus-fruits, raisins, wines, and all sorts of things from southern California. The bulk of this load comes from the Pacific coast."

The passenger withdrew to his stateroom and consulted some maps. He knew of course in a general way that the Pacific Ocean offers a direct highway from Puget Sound, San Francisco, San Diego, and Los Angeles, the center of the citrus-growing industry, to the western terminus of the canal. He knew also that this continent of ours is, roughly speaking, three thousand miles across. So he was puzzled to explain why the supplies produced within sound of the surf of the Pacific are sent by rail—the most costly form of carriage—to New York, there to be put on a government ship, carried to Colon, and then, in part, sent by the Panama Railroad across to Panama, on the Pacific side of the isthmus. Why do they not proceed to their destination by the direct all-water route when water transportation costs little more than one-sixth of that by rail?

When the traveler studied his map he saw the reason set forth clearly. This map shows just one steamship line going north from Panama to San Francisco—and

no farther. He saw on his map that this line has ports at Corinta, San Salvador, San José, Salina Cruz, Acapulco, Manzanillo, San Blas, Mazatlan and several other cities of Latin and exotic names. But he noticed that after the northern limit of Mexico is

passed the Pacific Mail ships put far out to sea, ignoring such merely American harbors as Los Angeles and San Diego.

"I wonder why?" asked the Congressman of himself.

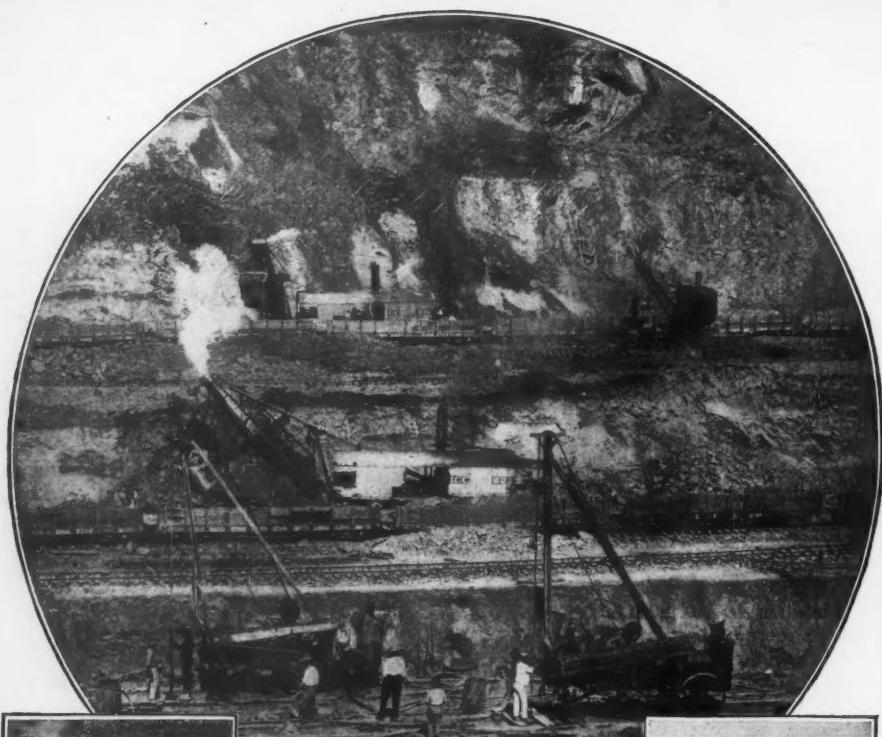
When his ship was ready to return there was delay in getting cargo or even ballast.

Of the former there were scant three hundred tons, as against three thousand brought down. As the ship could not go to sea thus lightly laden, ballast was sought. All along the line of the Panama Railroad, tangled with tropical vines, rusting with tropical moisture, useless memorials of French extravagance and improvidence, are the worn-out dredges, the broken-down locomotives, the too-light rails, and all the rest of the mechanical equipment of what promised to be a great international undertaking in the hands of the French. Hundreds of tons of this scrap-iron were loaded into the ship and carried to New York, there to be sold for junk, fetching hardly the cost of handling, and serving on the passage chiefly for the needed ballast.

"Why don't you get full cargoes back to New York?" was asked.

"Reason enough. The one shipping line that touches at Panama, the Pacific Mail, is owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad. It could, if it chose, bring freight enough to our docks to fill all our ships with return cargoes. But the game of the Pacific Mail is not to





*George Grantham Bain, photo.*

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THREE VIEWS IN THE CULEBRA SECTION OF  
THE BIG DITCH WHICH WILL CONNECT  
THE WORLD'S BUSIEST OCEANS AND  
SHOULD REDUCE FREIGHT-RATES ACROSS  
THIS CONTINENT TO ONE-SIXTH OF  
WHAT THEY ARE AT PRESENT

carry freight, but to discourage water transportation, so that all Pacific freight

the same bill was introduced in the Senate by Senator Flint, also of California. The idea

must go to the Atlantic seaboard by rail."

Shortly afterward a bill was introduced into the House of Representatives by Hon. James McLachlan, of California, authorizing an appropriation of \$10,000,000 for the construction of ten steel steamships to ply between Puget Sound points and Panama, stopping at all ports en route, and to be owned and operated by the government. A few days later

was by no means new. Indeed a bill providing for the establishment of a government-owned and operated line of steamships on the Pacific coast had been introduced by Representative William Randolph Hearst in the 50th Congress; it was sent to a hostile committee, where it languished and died. But conditions have changed since that day, and have given to the present measure a good



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EXCAVATION FOR THE CORE OF THE MIRAFLORES DAM, ABOUT SIX MILES FROM THE PACIFIC.—MEMENTO OF THE FRENCH ATTEMPT TO PIERCE THE Isthmus, DREDGE AT CHRISTOBAL.—THE NEW ANCON RESERVOIR

chance of passage. It is hard to plead now that the government cannot manage a

steamship line when it is doing so successfully on the Atlantic coast.

Let us go back a little. When in 1903 the United States bought all the rights of the French to the Panama Canal, it acquired a moderately good fleet of steamships plying between New York and Colon, and forty-seven or eight miles of railroad, the equipment of which was fit only for the scrap-pile. To-

day the steamships, with two modern vessels added to the fleet, are running regularly with good cargoes one way, and the railroad, rebuilt and newly equipped, is the terror of transcontinental roads with fifty times its mileage and a thousand times its capitalization.

A prominent railroad man once said, "With that forty-eight miles of track across the Isthmus of Panama I could fix the rates on all the transcontinental railroads of the United



*Pictorial News Co. photo.*

## The Theft of the Panama Canal

States." Other prominent railroad men knew this, but did not say it. They did better. They "fixed" the French Company, which owned the Panama Railroad and the steamship lines connecting with it. When the United States government acquired all the rights of the French Company the same financial forces "fixed" the United States authorities. And here is the curious part of the record:

**It cost the trans-continental railroads approximately \$1,000,000 a year to prevent the Panama Railroad and its connecting steamship lines, when owned by the French, from being actual competitors for transcontinental freight. It costs about \$200,000 a year to accomplish**



the same end to-day, but the roads do not pay it—the United States government does.

How did the railroads, chiefly the Southern Pacific, accomplish the purpose so profitable to them of killing water competition between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts? The method was simple enough. It has all been brought out in hearings before official committees or in reports dating back as far as that of Senator Bristow in 1908. In that report he noted that "the only loss in the currents of commerce that move across the isthmus is in the stream that flows from San Francisco, which is controlled by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company." He declared that "at present the Panama



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CUTTING THE CANAL THROUGH SOLID ROCK AT BAS OBISPO.—A STEAM-SHOVEL MOVING THE "ETERNAL HILLS" AS EASILY AS A CHILD WOULD A SAND-PILE.—UNLOADING CEMENT AT A PANAMA RAILROAD PIER AT CHRISTOBAL

Railroad ships leave New York full, but they find on the isthmus but little freight for their return. . . . Out of 219,000 tons capacity, they had 160,-714 tons of unoccupied space on their north-bound trips. . . . The Pacific Mail has failed to furnish any large quantity of tonnage from San Francisco, the aggregate now being only one-half what it was at the time the United States acquired the Panama Railroad."

In other words, the Southern Pacific had given the French Company more freight than it gives the United States company to-day.

But it did more. In connection with other transcontinental roads it paid the old Panama Railroad Company sums varying between \$75,000

and \$110,000 a month for the privilege of controlling transcontinental rates. Annually, therefore, \$1,000,000 or more was thus paid, the pretext being that it was paid for "reserved freight space" on the ships. As it was the practice of the roads not to utilize the space, the effect was to kill the Panama line as a competitor.

Official testimony and the official reports show the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to be owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad.\* The steamship company is capitalized at \$20,000,000. In its statement, as quoted before the Senate Com-

\* Whenever in this article the Pacific Mail is referred to it is to be understood that only the coastwise line to Panama is considered. The same company maintains a trans-Pacific line with admirable steamers and a service of great value to the commercial interests of the United States.



*Top photograph by Underwood & Underwood; bottom photograph copyright by The Pictorial News Co*

WORKERS ON THE GUIDE-WALL OF THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK.—THE "BUSINESS END" OF A STEAM-SHOVEL, MAN'S CHIEF ALLY IN BUILDING THE CANAL.—A PORTION OF THE WORK THAT FELL UNDER THE EYE OF THE NATION'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE

## The Theft of the Panama Canal

mittee on Interoceanic Canals, the railroad company listed among its assets \$10,010,000 of Pacific Mail stock. That extra \$10,000 worth of stock, giving control of the ships, has cost the shippers of the Pacific coast—and of the Atlantic as well—dear. It has enabled the railroad to manage the line for railroad advantage alone, not for the development of a water line between the two coasts.

The secretary of war, Mr. Dickinson, was asked by Chairman Flint of the committee,

"Did you in the consideration of the renewal of this contract with the Pacific Mail ascertain whether or not the Pacific Mail Steamship Company was owned by the transcontinental railroads?"

The Secretary of War (who, by the way, prior to his appointment to that position was an attorney for one of the chief links in the Harriman railroad system, of which the Southern Pacific is part, and a personal attorney to the late E. H. Harriman) answered:

"I never investigated it. . . . No, I do not know that they own it. . . . I suppose that is a matter that must be before the Interstate Commerce Commission."

The offices of the Interstate Commerce Commission are within five minutes' walk and half a minute's telephone call of the office of the Secretary of War. But that official, "chafing," as he testified, "very much under the position assumed by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company," allowed himself to be forced into an agreement with that company, "under duress, as you might say."

But to escape that duress, to meet the threat of the Pacific Mail that their ships would be withdrawn unless given a most favorable contract, the Secretary of War had not time to phone the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Attorney-General to find out whether there did not exist an unlawful combination between the transcontinental roads and the Pacific Mail. If indeed the Secretary did not know that the Pacific Mail was owned by the Southern Pacific, he was probably the only well-known railroad attorney in the United States ignorant of the fact.

Under the contract thus made without investigation the Pacific Mail has in fact, though not in name, the exclusive contract for carrying freight between North Pacific coast points and Panama. Its ships start from San Francisco, pass Los Angeles without stopping, pass San Diego far in the offing, and then loaf away some twenty days in Mexico, Guate-

mala, Honduras, and Nicaragua. The merchants of San Francisco complain that the line is of little value to them because of the time consumed in its voyage down the Pacific coast—from twenty-three to thirty days. The manager of the Pacific Mail responds that "it is compelled by the Mexican and Central American governments to make sixteen ports of call between San Francisco and Balboa."

But all the power of the United States government, all the influence of the Secretary of War, cannot compel the Pacific Mail to stop at Los Angeles or at San Diego. And why?

One learns from official reports that at Los Angeles alone some \$100,000,000 worth of freight originates annually for transportation to the Atlantic seaboard. The bills of lading will show each year such diverse products as \$25,000,000 worth of oranges and \$30,000,000 worth of oil; 2,000,000 pounds of hides and \$1,200,000 worth of grapes and wines. But for all this golden traffic the Pacific Mail cannot afford to swerve the course of its ships ten or twelve miles to the eastward and enter Los Angeles harbor. Much farther south they stop at Mazatlan. Proceeding thence they call at all the Mexican and Central American ports noted above. The population of all these ports combined falls short of that of Los Angeles alone. Their combined trade would be but a drop in the bucket of millions' worth of produce that southern California ships eastward by rail every year. But the Pacific Mail Steamship Company will not stop to pick up the freight of the cities of southern California, but loiters along through sixteen foreign ports where more insistent governments compel its ships to stop.

Why could not our own government, granting it the use of the Panama Railway and the Panama Steamship line from Colon to New York, exert enough compulsion to secure for Los Angeles and San Diego the same service granted to Acapulco, Corinta, etc.?

The answer is easy. The Southern Pacific Railroad does not trifle with the picayune freight shipments of these Mexican and Central American ports. But it does want all the business of southern California. Therefore it refuses to let the line of ships it controls touch at Los Angeles, where there is \$100,000,000 worth of freight to be shipped annually to the East. It is all very well to permit the freight of the ports of Mexico and Nicaragua to be carried by water in what is practically a subsidized American line, but the grip of the Southern Pacific on the business of southern

California is not to be put in jeopardy by a steamship line—particularly when the railroad owns the ships.

Still, to be fair in the matter, the railroad has another reason for keeping its ships out of Los Angeles. Its monopoly of the traffic of that city is not absolute—it is tempered by the need of a traffic arrangement with the Santa Fé. Now the latter railroad owns no ships, but it would own a line in a very few months if the Southern Pacific really permitted its fleet to compete for transcontinental business. So by a tacit arrangement the Southern Pacific ships give the port of Los Angeles the "go by," and the two roads amicably divide the freight to the Atlantic seaboard.

Now do the Pacific Mail steamships furnish any service to or from points north of San Francisco. The thriving cities of Puget Sound have water transportation by foreign lines to foreign points, but none by an American line to the Pacific terminal of the Panama Railroad. One American line only goes down the coast from Seattle and Tacoma to San Francisco and thence by way of the Mexican Tehuantepec Railroad to New York. This is the American-Hawaiian line, operating modern steamships and doing a freight business only between the two coasts. This line is owned by Americans—**Henry W. Taft, brother of President Taft, being one of the stockholders of record.** Its ships ply between Puget Sound points, Hawaii, San Francisco, and Salina Cruz, where their cargoes are transshipped by the National Tehuantepec Railway to Puerto Mexico, whence they are taken to New York by the Atlantic fleet of the same company. The through freight-rate is divided equally among the railroad and the two steamship lines—each getting one-third. The steamship lines are prosperous, paying dividends exceeding eight per cent.

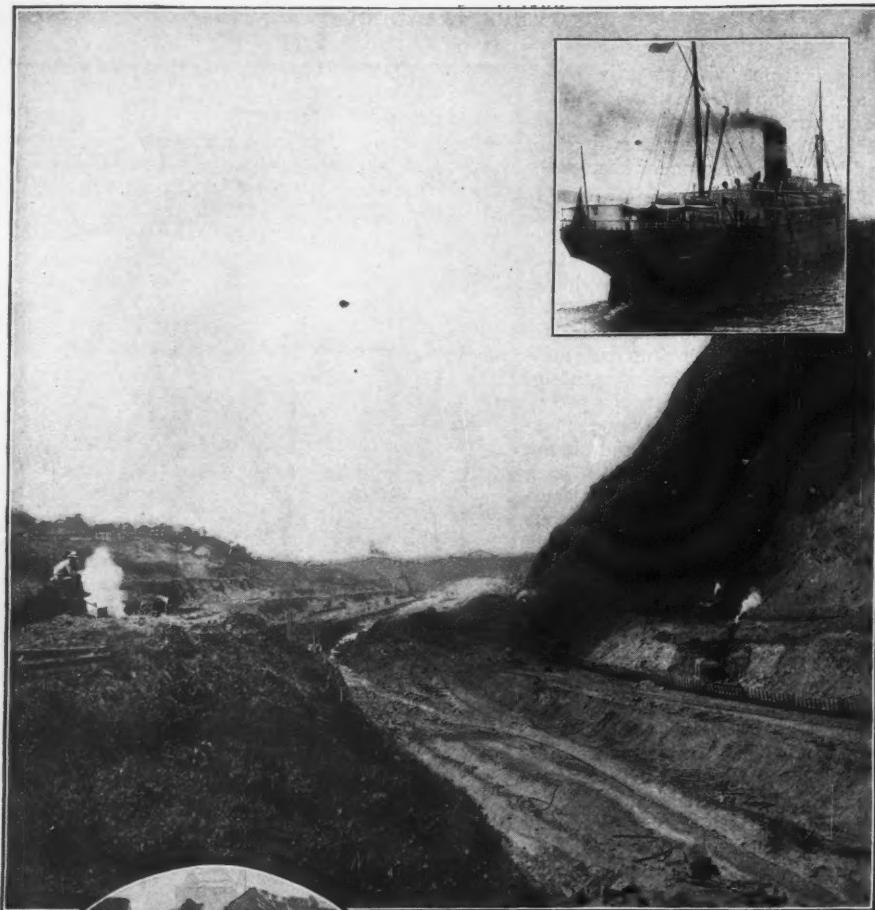
A government-owned and operated line of steamships connecting with the Panama Railroad at Panama would greatly injure the present American-Hawaiian line. The Taft administration is strongly against it. The Sec-



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WHY SHIPS RETURN EMPTY FROM PANAMA. THE HEAVY LINE SHOWS THE PORTS VISITED BY PACIFIC MAIL SHIPS; DOTTED LINE IS THE SUGGESTED ROUTE.—SEC'Y DICKINSON



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ABANDONED FRENCH MACHINERY ALONG THE LINE OF THE CANAL.—SECTION OF THE CULEBRA CUT, WHERE THE EXCAVATION IS OVER TWO HUNDRED FEET DEEP.—THE "COLON," A SHIP OF THE GOVERNMENT LINE TO PANAMA

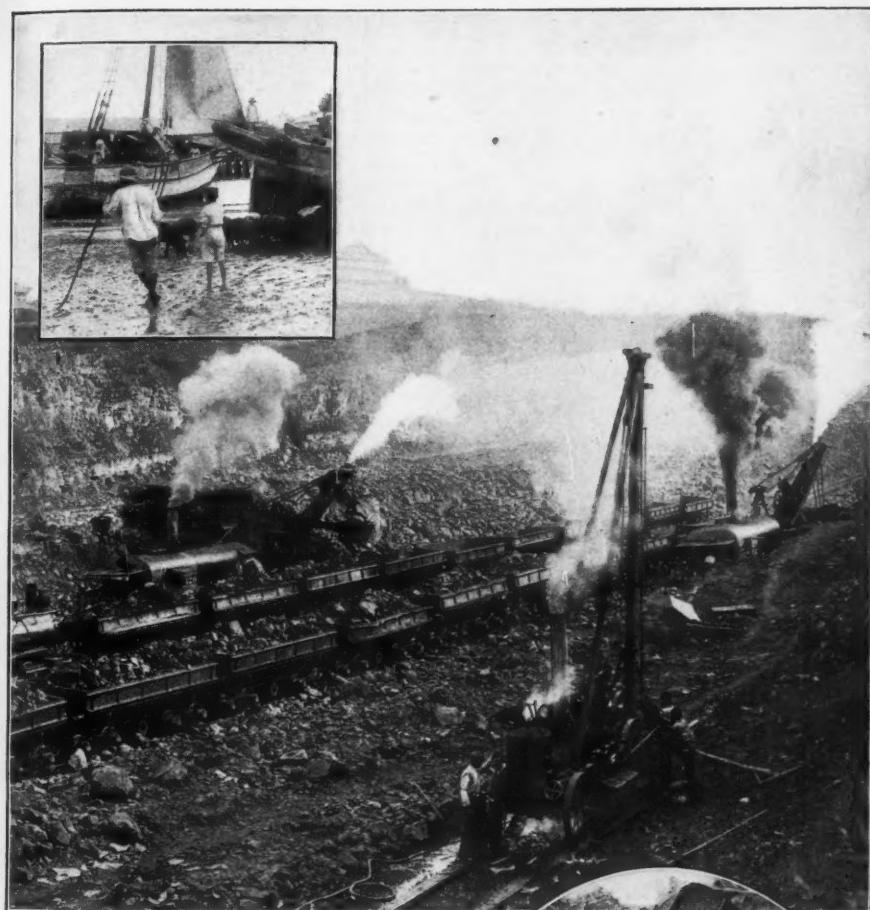
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Secretary of War, formerly one of Mr. Harriman's attorneys, opposes it. He deplores, of course, that the Harriman system should profit by his inability to secure a better northward-bound connection on the Pacific than the Pacific Mail; but he is quite helpless in the matter.

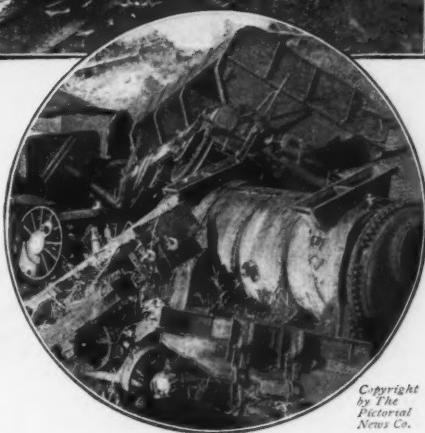
But Secretary Dickinson need not have been quite so helpless. I have referred to the bill introduced in Congress by Mr. Hearst years ago, authorizing the use of United States transports to form the nucleus of a service between Panama and California ports. This year, following out the same line of attack, the pending bill provides for the use of transports in the same way and for the same purpose. In an address to the House of Representatives, Representative McLachlan said:

"Let the obnoxious agreement with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company be canceled at once. Let the Secretary of War immedi-



ately assign the five army transports now lying idle in the harbors of New York and San Francisco to take the place of the Pacific Mail Company on the Pacific coast. Let him at once charter other steamers that may be necessary to establish a weekly service between Panama and Puget Sound. Let Congress at once make an ample appropriation for the construction of ten modern, up-to-date steamers to be placed upon this line when completed as proposed in the bill under consideration. Do this, and I believe it will be one of the notable achievements of this administration. . . . Do this, and we shall have an agency to prevent the combination of steamship lines to maintain unfair rates between the Atlantic and Pacific ports when the canal is built."

It happened that but a few days before this speech I met the gentleman who delivered it. He was mildly excited, having just returned



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UNLOADING SUPPLIES FOR THE CANAL LABORERS' LARDER.—“SOMETHING DOING” IN THE GATUN DAM SECTION.—WHAT THE FRENCH PEOPLE GOT FOR THEIR MONEY: WILL AMERICA GET MORE—OR LESS?

## The Theft of the Panama Canal

from the office of the Secretary of War, where he had been pressing his plan for the use of the idle transports, now rotting at their docks, as the nucleus of a national fleet to break down the domination of the railroads that are fencing in our Pacific coast. But the Secretary did not know about any idle transports. He did not know how many transports the United States government possessed. He did not know whether a ship out of commission, tied to a dock, deteriorated more rapidly than one in commission plowing the seas on useful duties. All that was for a subordinate bureau of the War Department to know, and the inquiring representative in Congress was politely sent thither.

From the subordinate bureau he found that there were at the time five government transports, of about five thousand tons each, lying idle at their docks, rusting and rotting for want of use. Representative McLachlan urged that these ships be put to use; that instead of being held until such time as they might be needed to carry armed men to put down some foreign menace to the well-being of the United States, they be at once employed to carry freight and passengers, and to defend two coasts from the menace of a notorious railroad monopoly.

But all to no avail. The railroads got busy, and the transports remain idle.

In a hearing recently before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, the traffic manager of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce charged that the control of the waterway route to the East by the railroads added enormously to freight-rates both eastward and westward. The chairman of the committee, Mr. Mann, of Illinois, put to him this question,

"If Congress in its pending railroad bill prohibits any railroad from owning stock in or controlling a steamship line that might be its competitor, would that not correct the evil of which you complain?"

"It certainly would, but that will not be done."

As it turned out the witness was better informed than the representative who questioned him so shrewdly. The provision prohibiting railroads from suppressing water competition by buying control of steamship lines was dropped from the railroad bill, and nothing, except the unenforced interstate commerce law, now interferes with the complete control of the Pacific Mail line by the Southern Pacific Railroad. This provision was dropped out

of the bill owing to the direct personal appeal of President Taft. Do not misunderstand this assertion. President Taft is not in favor of putting the Pacific coast, and ultimately the canal, in the power of the railroads. Indeed when secretary of war, Mr. Taft, before the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals, admitted that it might be necessary for the government, in self-protection, to own its own lines on the Pacific from Panama to northern points. His opposition to the foregoing clause in the railroad bill was based on the belief that it would put the whole bill in jeopardy.

The President of the United States is never interviewed except at his own request. Therefore I cannot quote President Taft on this subject except through an intermediary. But I can say upon unimpeachable authority that **President Taft has said that if the Panama Canal were completed he would not declare it open to the commerce of the world as long as any transcontinental railroad was permitted by law to own a line of ships plying between ports on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.**

That statement has been made by the President to too many men in high public station to be ignored by him in the future. And yet while boasting of the passage of the railroad bill in the session recently closed, neither President Taft nor any of his spokesmen said one word of regret for the defeat of the section that would have ended the iniquitous combination between railroads and steamship lines for the maintenance of rates. The first chance of the President to score was sacrificed. In the language of the game he loves so much, he "foozled."

What the control of the water route between the two coasts means to the people on either side is easily shown by official statistics. It happens that the hardest fight for the right to use the Panama Railway—and succeeding it the canal—is made by spokesmen of the Pacific coast. Hence the figures usually bear upon eastbound traffic. Perhaps no better illustration of what water transportation might mean to the Pacific coast could be offered than that of the way in which the people in and about Duluth, Minnesota, get the canned salmon that come from the far Northwest, "where rolls the Oregon." Duluth lies approximately halfway between New York and Puget Sound with its twin cities of Seattle and Tacoma. But the salmon caught in the Oregon and canned on its banks are sent by the American-Hawaiian

line (subsidized by Mexico) around to New York and thence to Duluth by rail for less than the direct roads from Seattle and Tacoma will carry it. The water-and-rail route followed exceeds seven thousand miles, and the freight has to be handled three times. The direct rail route is less than two thousand miles, with no breaking of bulk. Yet even under these conditions the people of Puget Sound are calling for a government-owned line via Panama. They give two reasons:

1. That the American-Hawaiian line, though giving as good a service as possible for a single line, is still unable to meet the demand for water transportation.

2. That the rates of that line are fixed by the railroad rates, rising and falling with them and constituting in no sense a true competitive rate.

The southern end of the Pacific coast is no less discontented than the shippers of Puget Sound. Here is a condensed statement of the chief grievance of the people of southern California, as expressed by one of their representatives:

"Last year the orange- and lemon-growers of southern California paid the railroads the enormous sum of \$14,000,000 to carry a single crop of those fruits to the Eastern markets. This was at the rate of about twenty-five dollars a ton. Competent witnesses have testified in the hearings on this bill that a ton of oranges can be carried in refrigerated ships on this proposed line from Los Angeles to New York at a profit at a rate of eight dollars per ton, or less than one-third of what we are now paying the railroads. This one item shows a saving of nearly \$10,000,000 a year to the orange- and lemon-growers of southern California—an amount equal to the cost of the proposed line."

Some years ago the merchants and shippers of San Francisco thought they could overcome this malign combination by cooperative action. So they "chipped in" and started a mutual line of steamships to connect with the Panama Railroad, then owned by the French Company. That company was then running its own line of steamers, but under agreement with the railroad companies was stopped from any actual competition for transcontinental business. What happened? Not only did the Pacific Mail, owned by the railroads, instantly drop its rates to a point below that of self-support, but the railroads themselves materially reduced their rates. Of course the cooperative line was forced out of business, and the railroad rates went speedily up to a

point that enabled the corporations to recoup themselves for all expenditures made in the congenial task of throttling competition. If the railroad companies shall be permitted to put on a steamship line of their own after the canal is completed the same tactics will be employed. The line will be conducted not as a bona-fide freight-carrier, but in such a way as to drive from the canal all independent lines which might put the railroad monopoly in jeopardy.

A government-owned fleet of ten modern ships on the Pacific, to keep pace with the eight now in service on the Atlantic, would not merely stand as a corrective of railroad rates, but would be ready at any moment to be taken over by the government for the transportation of troops, supplies, or coal to any part of the world in which American interests were menaced. These ships would be true battleships, warring for the advantage of commerce, not merely for national power. Until the canal shall be completed they would cooperate with the Panama Railroad and its ships on the Atlantic in keeping down freight-rates between New York, Seattle, and intermediate ocean points.

But after the canal is built? That's the question which day after day I have heard distinguished senators put to the representatives of commercial bodies on the Pacific coast who were pleading for the establishment of a government-owned line. "You ask an appropriation of \$10,000,000 for ten ships," was the way the question was usually put. "This is for the purpose of furnishing competition with the Pacific Mail under its present contract with the Panama Railroad. But in five years the canal will be completed, and any corporation, or any individual, can establish a line of ships straight from Puget Sound to New York. What good will the government line be then?"

It is to the credit of the public men now pressing this measure on Congress, and of the commercial representatives summoned before the committee to give their opinions, that all with one accord said,

**"The government line will be quite as needful when the canal is opened as it is to-day."**

The hostility of the railroads to the Panama Railroad and Steamship line has been proved in the past. Their enmity to the completed canal need hardly be a matter of conjecture. How can this almost certain antagonism be met more successfully than by a government-

## The Theft of the Panama Canal

owned line, operating to-day and continuing its operation after the canal is opened to commerce? To-day there are two lines between New York and Colon wholly independent of and competing with the government line. But the latter fixes the freight-rates. The manager of the government line testifies to several suggestions made by his rivals that they "get together" and raise rates. But the government did not look with favor upon joining in such a combine, and the government-owned ships still fix freight-rates on the Atlantic side of the isthmus, fix them at a reasonable rate, and the other lines, though baffled, still do business, and at a profit, as does this government line. Had the Panama Steamship line been a private concern it would have readily—and reasonably—responded to the overtures of its rivals, and the government would have had to pay heavily increased charges on every pound of freight used in the construction of the canal.

Yet with this object-lesson in fair view, with the ships in the Atlantic—all handicapped as they are by the lack of a proper western connection—earning a revenue that would enable them to pay eight per cent. on their cost, the governmental officials offer an inert and stubborn resistance to all suggestions looking toward the duplication of that service on our Western coast.

Not only does the Pacific Mail aid the transcontinental railroads to maintain exorbitant freight-rates, but it exerts a potent influence in the suppression of any expression of public sentiment.

"There is no public agitation on the Coast," said the traffic manager of one of the Chambers of Commerce, "nor any public organization to push this measure, for the reason that business men do not dare to put themselves in a position of hostility to the railroads upon which they are wholly dependent for the goods they receive from the East. But they feel strongly on the subject, and are particularly irritated by the assertion that the fleet will be useless after the canal is completed. Even if the vessels should then be laid up in ordinary, they would constitute what the naval strategists call a 'fleet in being.' That is, they would be in reserve ready to enter into the war of rates if at any moment the transcontinental railroads should attempt to put on a line through the canal to repeat the cutthroat tactics of the Pacific Mail.

"Consider what the establishment of such a line would cost and what it would mean,"

said a traffic manager to me. "The Flint-McLachlan bills call for the appropriation of \$10,000,000 for the construction of ten modern ships. The annual freight paid by the Los Angeles district alone exceeds this sum. The amount of this appropriation could be lessened one-third by using the transports now lying idle at government wharves. Freight rates between the two seaboard could be reduced more than one-half, even while the necessity of rail carriage across the isthmus continues. Every Pacific coast seaport would be given the advantage of water transportation to the East, and the Atlantic seaboard would share equally in this great commercial boom. The time in transit from Los Angeles to New York would be cut at least one-third; refrigerated ships would deliver the citrus crop in vastly better condition than now. And finally the canal when completed would be really for the benefit of the people. Any attempt of the railroads to throttle it would be defeated by the existence of this fleet of cruisers of peace, able to enforce reasonable rates, and backed by the United States government—a power against which not even the transcontinental railroads would lightly declare war."

Five hundred million dollars or more the people will have paid for this canal when completed, besides heavy toll of life and trained executive ability. Two and a half million dollars is the estimated annual cost of its operation. Designed to be a great national waterway, it can easily, through governmental ignorance or indifference, be made a mere annex to the transcontinental railways. It can be treated as the Sacramento River has been treated. There the government appropriated nearly a million dollars for the improvement of the stream, but the railroad paralleling it put on a line of steamers, drove off all competing boats, and so fixed rates that it costs as much to send a ton of freight from San Francisco to Sacramento, 125 miles, as it does to Honolulu, 2200 miles. The same tactics applied to the canal would rob it of its usefulness to Americans and make of it a waterway in which all flags save that of the United States would be continually seen.

Will the people of the Atlantic and Pacific seabards permit this assassination of a great public enterprise? Will those of the populous mid-continent who pay nearly half of the canal's cost permit such a criminal use of their funds to their own injury? If not, the means of defense is at hand and can be applied within sixty days of action by Congress.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"I AM WILLING TO REPAIR MY MISTAKE," HE SAID. "I AM WILLING TO PAY." "PAY!" SHE ECHOED WILDLY, AND WAS SUDDENLY SILENT, LOST IN GRIEF

## No Trumps

LORD DE LYS STUMBLES UPON ANOTHER RANDOM ROMANCE

By H. B. Marriott Watson

*Author of "Galloping Dick," "Captain Fortune," "Hurricane Island," etc.*

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg



ORD LE LYS laid down the third paper, and meditatively lit a cigarette. He had plunged into the frolic lightly, and now he had come to a point at which he must either go on or turn his back upon a fascinating opening. In the agony column of the first of the newspapers lying on his table was an advertisement, which he had marked in red. It ran thus:

F. C. Most urgently begged to communicate.  
DORIS.

F. C., he recalled, had arrested his passing eye, as being the initials of his Christian and his family name—Francis Charmian.

That, he supposed, was why he had answered the advertisement. In the agony column of the second paper, published two days later, appeared this:

DORIS. Will keep appointment anywhere.  
F. C.

That was his, de Lys's, plunge into some affair that obviously did not belong to him. Yet Doris had begged F. C. to communicate, and F. C. had communicated. There was nothing immoral or crooked in this, he reflected. That brought him to advertisement number three, which was as follows:

F. C. Serpentine Bridge, eight thirty to-night.  
DORIS.

He sat meditating for a few minutes, and then he rose, looked out on the spring sun-

## No Trumps

shine in the square, and dismissed the matter from his mind. After all, it was ten o'clock of an April morning, and time was not made to be wasted. He spent the day agreeably, dined lightly and early at home, and by eight o'clock was in the street in the twilight. He walked all the way through Knightsbridge and by Hyde Park until he came to Queen's Gate. Then he turned off into the park where the road divides it from Kensington Gardens and leads over the Serpentine. It was by this time fairly dark, but the lamps were lit, and he could make out the figure of a man leaning over the bridge as he approached it, though he could determine no more than this. Cabs rattled by; an electric brougham, well lighted, flashed past with a pleasant jingle of bells. He took up his station by one corner of the bridge and waited events with watchful eyes.

Now, under the lamplight, he could make out the man's figure more clearly, leaning, as it was, well over toward the water below. But it was not a man of whom he was in search. His glance passed on and tried to pierce the obscurity of the bridge. He could see one corner of the bridge opposite; but there were two corners beyond; he moved slowly across. No one was visible on the bridge save the bent figure; he moved back to his former position, and taking out a match, struck it and examined his watch. It was twenty-five minutes to nine. Suddenly, with the extinguishing of the match, the flare of which had darkened all about him, a man appeared out of nowhere, and stood by him. It was not the figure on the bridge, which was still crouching there.

"F. C.?" asked the newcomer, in a low voice.

"I don't suppose you're Doris," said de Lys, examining him as carefully as he might in the darkness.

"No, but I am come from her," said the stranger quickly. "If you are F. C., will you please come with me."

"One moment," said de Lys, as the other was moving off. "What guarantee have I that you come from Doris?"

"For one thing, the fact that I am here," said the man abruptly. "For another—this." As he spoke he held out an ungloved hand, on a finger of which was a ring.

De Lys went through the form of bending over as if to inspect it, and was about to ex-

press himself as satisfied when a whim entered his head. "Yes, I see," he said, "but, pardon me, I think I ought to have the charge of that."

"Why, what—" There seemed a certain anger in the stranger's opening tone, but he paused. "Very well," he said after a moment's hesitation. "You shall have it, and return it to the proper quarter."

He drew the ring from his finger, and de Lys slipped it on his own.

"Now, I am ready," he announced.

They walked in silence to the street, when the stranger hailed a cab. The lights of the street had revealed to de Lys some facts about his conductor. For one thing, he was a man of fifty, spare and gray, and he was obviously a gentleman. In the cab he made out other things, as, for example, that the stranger's lips were narrow, and his eyes hard and curiously lighted; his jaw full and firm for so slight a head. He turned on de Lys as the latter was making these observations.

"You do not ask me any questions," he said abruptly.

"No; why should I?" said de Lys. "You are taking me to Doris."

Something like a frown ruffled the other's brow, and after a little he spoke again. "You don't ask me who I am."

"Perhaps I know—or can guess," seemed a safe answer, and was the safer for its pendant, "If I am going to Doris nothing matters."

Again the elderly stranger seemed perturbed. He drummed his fingers on the window for a moment, and then suddenly withdrew his hand, and sat back as if he had come to a conclusion. De Lys watched him out of eyes that seemed to be busy elsewhere, and followed his example of silence. He had a certain misgiving and a much greater wonder. He had not been able to overhear the directions given to the cabman, and he occupied himself with an endeavor to trace the way they were taking. He identified the main streets at first, but lost his bearings presently in a maze of Kensington roads. He only knew vaguely that they must be somewhere in the center of the garden district of Kensington. Then the cab drew up, and his guide got out. De Lys followed, and mounted the steps which led to the door of a considerable house. The door banged loud behind him as the stranger closed it.

"I think," he said with that firm equableness which he had shown before, "that this will be the best place."

De Lys followed him through one large room into a smaller one beyond, both of which were softly lighted.

"Sit down, please," said the stranger. "A little conversation is, I fancy, necessary between us, Mr. Channing."

"My dear sir," replied de Lys politely, "I am quite sure that what you fancy you usually obtain. I am quite ready—as a preliminary, of course, to Doris."

His host, if he may be so called, bent critical brows at this rejoinder. "I am," he began with a certain pomposity, "John Swainson."

"Indeed!" murmured de Lys, seeing that the pause emphasized the importance of this announcement.

"I suppose I am plain enough," said Mr. Swainson sharply. "I am Miss Graham's guardian—or rather I was until, under the conditions of her father's will, she attained the age of twenty-five last December."

De Lys was understood to murmur that it would be a privilege to be a ward of Mr. Swainson's.

"Come, sir, we are not here to speak flippancies or to beat about the bush," said Swainson.

"I understood I was here to see Doris," complained de Lys mildly.

Mr. Swainson examined him under lowered brows, but seemed to find some puzzle. "You are either," said he austerely, "a remarkably shameless young man or a wonderful fool."

"It never does," said de Lys, shaking his head, "to decide too rashly."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Swainson bluntly, "and I

hope to get sufficient evidence for a decision before you and I part. Let me tell you frankly then that you have been brought here under a pretense."

De Lys slapped his knee vigorously. "Hanged if I didn't suspect it!" he exclaimed cheerfully.

"You have been brought here," pursued Mr. Swainson, who was obviously embarrassed by this interjection, but who stuck tenaciously to his task, "by a contrivance of mine which I think is fully justified by the circumstances of what I regard as a scandalous case."

"Oh, come, sir," protested de Lys, who was anxious to know more of his position.

"I repeat, scandalous, and I might have made the word stronger," said Mr. Swainson. "Before I broach my object let me put it thus: Last year, about this time, my ward, Miss Graham, makes your acquaintance while on a visit to Edinburgh. She is still my ward at the time, and I make inquiries. I find you

to be a member of an apparently respectable firm in the city, and I have nothing to say. Though I have not set eyes on you until this moment, Mr. Channing, I should have had nothing to say at this moment, had it not been for what is well known to both of us." He came to a pause. De Lys wished with all his heart that he would say what was well known to both of them.

"Miss Graham ceased to be my ward in December," said Mr. Swainson, resuming, "but I feel myself still bound to protect her—even against herself," he added.



THERE WAS A MOMENTARY SILENCE BETWEEN THEM; THEN THE YOUNG MAN SAID FIERCELY, "YOU'RE A LIAR"

"Come," thought de Lys, "Doris believes in me; that's a comfort." Aloud he said: "I quite understand your feelings, my dear sir. If you will allow me to say so, they do you credit. I am sure neither Doris nor myself would willingly give—"

Mr. Swainson thrust him aside with an imperious gesture. "I may say now," he interrupted with acerbity, "that if I wanted evidence as to what exactly you were I have got it. Anyone who in your position, and with the serious charges hanging over your head, could behave with such flippancy, is capable of anything. Well, I am glad. It makes my task easier, easier of proposal, and easier, I think, of fulfilment. I make you this proposition, Frederick Channing." He moistened his lips, and set his white fingers together. "At this moment there are in my house officers from Scotland Yard who will act on my signal. I summoned them here by telephone on a subterfuge. Never mind that. If you give me a signed undertaking to break absolutely with Miss Graham and write a letter to my dictation, I will open the doors and let you go. I am not anxious to be catchpoll to the law. But if, on the other hand, you refuse, I will call the officers in and hand you over to the justice you have been evading."

It came as a certain surprise to de Lys that he was involved in an affair of some consequence. There were elements of the dramatic in the situation which appealed to him, in sight of which he thrilled. But, as usual with him, he dallied with the predicament.

"Would not that be compounding a felony?" he asked after due consideration.

Mr. Swainson shrugged his shoulders. "I am not much concerned with technical terms if I can save an unfortunate young woman from her folly."

"And this letter?" inquired de Lys softly.

"Ah!" Mr. Swainson's eyes narrowed on him. "It will be a letter addressed to Miss Graham which I shall post myself to-night."

"A letter of renunciation?" suggested de Lys.

"More than that," said the older man grimly, "of confession."

"Ah! then Doris believes in me still." De Lys got that out, and the flash of annoyance in the other's eyes told him he was right. He accepted himself in the position and in the personality of Frederick Channing; he began to be eager for Frederick Channing to be innocent. All his forces were ready to be

arrayed against the enemy and on behalf of Doris. If only he knew the details of Frederick Channing's supposed and alleged crime!

"Miss Graham's opinion on matters of business is hardly one on which to pin much faith," said her ex-guardian coldly.

De Lys mused. There were the elements of a pretty tangle here, and he turned them over. On one thing he was determined—not to give any answer until he had seen Doris. He made this clear forthwith.

"You put me in a difficult position," he said at last. "My decision affects two lives and for all time. I should like time to consider; and I think you will see that it is only fair that Miss Graham should be considered in this."

"Good heavens, man, am I not considering her, first and last?" burst out Mr. Swainson, and checked himself. "Very well," he went on slowly, "I dare say it is better she knew. I will see her and bring her to you."

"I think it would be better if we consulted alone," suggested de Lys.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Swainson shortly, and went out. He was gone ten minutes, during which the prisoner made a cursory tour of his room, examining books and inspecting pictures to acquaint himself, if possible, with the characters and tastes of the inmates. In the center of the room was a card-table with a box of card-packs open. The click of the door arrested him in the midst of this occupation, and Mr. Swainson reentered, holding the door open for a handsome girl in evening dress. She was of average height, rather slight, and quick and dark of eye; and her pallor at this moment was intense. It was evident that Mr. Swainson had been explaining the situation to her. Her bosom was agitated with emotion. But as she swung in behind her guardian she stared, started, and exclaimed,

"This—this isn't Mr. Channing."

De Lys made no movement, and Mr. Swainson's glance went back from him to her.

"Well," he said dryly, "he came here as Mr. Channing, and does not seem anxious to disclaim the identity, which in the circumstances is rather remarkable."

"No, no, Mr. Swainson, I assure you there is a mistake. It is not—not Mr. Channing." She turned to him emotionally.

It was evident he did not credit her for a moment. He smiled sourly. "What do you say to that, sir?" he asked de Lys.

"I never contradict a lady," said de Lys.

"But perhaps, if you would permit us a private interview, we might advance a stage farther in this interesting drama."

Mr. Swainson looked from one to the other. It was clear he thought he held the trump cards, and that by leaving them together he hoped the woman would persuade the man to accept safety. At any rate he slid from the room, pausing on the threshold only to call his prisoner's attention to the alternative. It was sufficiently dramatic to satisfy de Lys. Voices arose and issued through the opened door, voices from below—the rumble of male voices.

"You know the choice," he said. "I think I can give you twenty minutes."

The door shut him out, and the girl, who had stood staring at de Lys, spoke vehemently as it did. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"I should like to know myself who I am, and what I have done," said he in a friendly way.

"You answered this—this advertisement," she began again tempestuously.

"Your advertisement," he interposed.

"No," she declared fiercely, "not mine, one forged in my name to trick—" She stopped. "Why did you answer this advertisement?" she demanded abruptly.

"Let us sit down, Miss Graham," said he soothingly, "and I will tell you exactly how I stand, and with what light you can shed we may be able to see our way clearer."

She sat down reluctantly, keeping her eyes suspiciously on him. He could see she was torn between anger and misery, and his pity went out to her.

"Let me begin by pleading guilty," he said in his most sympathetic manner. "I have never believed these agony advertisements genuine. I have always thought them faked, practical jokes, the larks of young fools whose idea of wit is a damp squib. That was my jumping-off place. I saw one, and I decided to test it."

"It is no excuse—it is no reason," she cried piteously.

"I admit it," he said gravely. "I am willing to repair my mistake. I have stumbled into something which does exist, which is not altogether a sham. I am willing to pay."

"Pay!" she echoed wildly, and was suddenly silent, lost in grief.

"I take it," said de Lys gently, "that Mr. Swainson was responsible for the advertisements. And I take it also that you are aware what he wants."

"He wants me to—to break with Mr. Channing," said the girl sadly.

"Will you please tell me about Mr. Channing?" urged de Lys.

"Mr. Channing is a partner, junior partner, in the firm of Grange & Channing, Solicitors," said the girl in an even, emotionless voice.

"Grange & Channing!" De Lys seemed to recall the name somehow. He remembered suddenly. "I think I understand," he said softly. "Mr. Grange's death was the occasion of the discovery of large defalcations by the firm."

"By Mr. Grange," corrected Miss Graham quickly. "Mr. Channing was ignorant of everything."

"You know that?" he asked.

"He wrote and told me so," she said simply.

"*O simplex munditiis!*" sighed de Lys to himself. "You have seen him then?"

"No." She seemed uneasy at that. "He—he—the papers say he has disappeared. But I know he is only doing what is right and necessary."

This profound faith was worthy of martyrs.

"Then you do not share Mr. Swainson's feelings in this matter?" he asked. "Remember, you have been left with me really that we may arrange to break, and so secure my safety. I can see now Mr. Swainson's motives, and his wisdom. You would do anything to secure the safety of Mr. Channing?"

"Yes," she said frankly, looking on him without shame. "I know him. I know he would be guilty of nothing base. I would do whatever he might want. I wrote to tell him so. I will go to him, if he will let me. I have told him so."

"Has he answered?" he asked gently.

"No," she said with an indrawing of her breath that was like a sob; and then she appeared to recollect. "But you have not said why you are here."

"I have apologized," said de Lys, "and I have now to make amends."

"Oh," she broke out, as if she heard not, or hearing gave no heed, "that it should seem that I had lured him to his—"

"Pardon me, my dear lady," protested de Lys. "It is I you would seem to have lured."

She stared as if uncomprehending. "Oh, yes," she said at last. "I forgot. Well, it doesn't matter about you; but it does matter that he should think I was trying to lure him."

## No Trumps

"I don't quite see how he is to think that, unless he is a remarkably suspicious young man," said de Lys, stroking his chin pensively.

She was evidently not considering him very seriously, and he endeavored to direct her attention to the present.

"Well, what are we to say to Mr. Swainson?" he asked almost cheerfully.

"Say!" she stared at him. "It doesn't matter what you say," she returned contemptuously.

"What I mean is, am I to give you up?" he explained. "Because, frankly, I don't like the idea at all."

Her eyes dropped for a moment under his gaze.

"I think I'd better refuse," he said.

"What is the use of playing with the situation?" she demanded scornfully. "Do you think it is a time for silly masquerades, when you are face to face with real life?"

He had admired her fidelity as that of the angels, but he did not know now if her emotionalism was not too strenuous. She seemed resolved on tragedy and the buskin.

"I am not playing masks," he said mildly. "I am in earnest. If I refuse to give you up I go to prison, and I am right, I think, in supposing that there is a warrant out for Mr. Channing."

She flushed. "It is a shame! It is persecution!" she exclaimed.

"Well," he suggested in his even way, "if suspicion is thus diverted, and he wants to escape, he shall have the chance."

"He does not want to escape," she protested vehemently. "He is not guilty. He—"

"Would you go oversea with him, thus branded by suspicion —unjust of course?" he asked softly.

"Yes." Her answer was defiant. Such faith removed mountains, and was touching; it certainly excused her tragedy airs.

"Very well," he said after a pause. "Go down and tell Mr. Swainson that I refuse to give you up, and that you glory in my refusal. That should make him act."

She hesitated, looking at him with all her heart, so to speak, and then: "You mean this? May God be good to you!" she cried. "Perhaps it will help. Yes, I will accept your sacrifice. You are a good friend."

She turned as she reached the door and ere she fled noiselessly gave him the fire of her fine dramatic eyes.

"A good girl, a nice girl, and a pretty girl," reflected de Lys, left alone, "but a too-emotional girl." He mused: "I should tire of a gusher first of all, I think. They are so wearing on the nerves."

As he reached this conclusion he was aware of a noise that came from the long windows behind him. It was a scratching, scuffling sound, and it drew him to an examination of the windows. One of them was shuttered for the night, but the other was only partly barred, and pushing aside the curtains he peered out. What it looked out upon he never discovered, for he found himself, to his amazement, gazing into the shadowy and unrecognizable face of a man.

"Good evening!" began de Lys courteously. "What can I do for you?"

The man, who had apparently succeeded in pushing aside the unfastened shutters which should have barred the window, came forward without a word. He gave a quick glance about the room, breathing somewhat heavily, as if from previous physical exertions.

"Where's Miss Graham?" he turned on de Lys to ask abruptly.

De Lys eyed him speculatively. The stranger was young and alert. He could not be a burglar, since he asked for Miss Graham. It occurred to de Lys that he might be one of Mr. Swainson's detectives.

"It's no use," he said, shaking his head. "The man has got away."

"Who has got away?" asked the young man.

"The man you want," replied de Lys, dallying with the situation easily.

"Humph!" The young man stared at him hard. He was rather short, bright eyed, and evidently impetuous. "Who are you?" he inquired. Really de Lys hardly knew how to answer this question. He was reluctant to declare himself in his true person, and this newcomer, although he seemed sure of his right to interrogate, was quite unknown. However, he summarily resolved to carry out the plan on the chance of this being one of Swainson's detectives.

"I am Frederick Channing," he said quietly.

The young man started, stared, gaped, opened his mouth to speak, and seemed struck impotent by something. "Whom did you say?" he asked.

"Frederick Channing." De Lys pronounced the names syllable by syllable, as for an interrogating child.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"I DON'T KNOW WHO THE DEUCE THAT IS," SAID SWAINSON, "BUT THIS IS YOUR MAN." HE INDICATED DE LYS, AND THE DETECTIVES MOVED FORWARD

There was a momentary silence between them, as the young man seemed to be taking this in, and then he said rather fiercely,

"You're a liar."

De Lys drew himself up. "In that case," he began with great dignity; but he was not allowed to proceed.

"What's that you've got there? How did you get that? Look here, what do you mean by passing yourself off as—as somebody else?" The young man was pointing in excitement to the ring on de Lys's finger.

"What—the ring?" said de Lys. "Why, it was a present. What's it to do with you?"

"Look here," said the stranger, obviously trying to restrain himself. "I should like to understand a little more of this. You say your name is Channing?"

"Frederick Channing," put in de Lys.

"That makes it worse," said the young man, goaded to anger. "Why—"

The click of the door arrested both of them in the midst of this altercation, and they turned to see Miss Graham reenter the room.

"Doris!" exclaimed the young man with mingled rapture and pathos.

"Frederick!" called out Miss Graham.

"Well, I'm—bothered!" remarked Lord de Lys.

"Frederick, what are you doing here? You must go," panted Miss Graham. "There

are detectives in the house, and you are to be arrested. Mr. Swainson—"

"But they don't know I'm here," protested the real Frederick in surprise. "No one can know, for I followed Mr. Swainson's cab in the dark all the way from the Serpentine."

"You were the man hanging over the bridge," said de Lys with a sudden inspiration.

"Why, this must be he—this is he," cried the young man, turning on him fiercely. "He's the detective."

He seemed about to lay hands on de Lys, but the girl's voice stopped him.

"No, Frederick. I confess I don't know in the least who he is, but I don't think he's a detective. In fact, he pretended to be you."

Mr. Channing eyed him suspiciously, and de Lys hastened to say,

"Don't you think we had better postpone recriminations, and face the situation?"

"I'm hanged if I know what the situation is," said Mr. Channing gloomily.

De Lys reminded him. "There is a warrant out for your arrest."

"And a detective is coming up almost at once. I told Mr. Swainson," put in Miss Graham.

"To send a detective to arrest me!" asked Mr. Channing in horror.

## No Trumps

"No, no, I can't explain—*him*," said Miss Graham with agitation.

"Let me," said de Lys placidly. "Miss Graham and I thought that by my pretending to be you it would divert attention from you, wherever you might be, and so enable you to escape quietly from the country."

"But I'm not going to escape," protested Mr. Channing almost angrily.

"Oh, Frederick!" It was plain that both Miss Graham and de Lys regarded this as a rather rash statement, and the young man displayed indignation.

"I have sufficient evidence to demonstrate my entire innocence of participation in the mad crime of my partner," he said with lofty hauteur. "I have been collecting proofs. I wrote to you I was innocent," he added reproachfully. "Why didn't you wait?"

"I believed it—I do believe it," she cried. "Of course he is innocent," she said, turning indignantly on de Lys.

"Of course he is," agreed de Lys.

"You might," continued Mr. Channing with great pathos, "you might have waited till I was proved guilty before throwing me over, and giving my ring to somebody else."

"I never—what ring?" demanded Miss Graham excitedly.

He pointed with dignified sorrow to de Lys's hand, which that gentleman endeavored to hide. Miss Graham leaped upon him like a tiger.

"What are you doing with my ring? Where did you get that?" she asked.

"I got it from Mr. Swainson," said he, surrendering meekly to the onslaught.

Miss Graham had captured it, but it would not come off.

"Oh, it's scandalous!" she panted. "Do help, Frederick!" Frederick helped, and the ring was regained after a rough treatment of the finger.

"It seems to me," said de Lys, nursing his finger tenderly, "that if Mr. Channing does not want to be arrested he had better go."

Channing regarded him with increased suspicion, as if he imagined reasons for wanting him out of the way. "I have no reason to fear the police," he said haughtily.

"I'm sure of that," de Lys said quickly, "but I thought it would look better to surrender rather than be taken."

"It is of no consequence to me," began the young man, but Miss Graham intervened with feminine perception.

"Yes, he is right, Frederick," she declared.

"Run away now and go to the police yourself."

Mr. Channing's brow lowered as he regarded them both with suspicion. "What I want to know is," he said firmly, "what exactly this man's doing here and who he is."

"I don't know, Frederick," declared Miss Graham truthfully. "He hasn't any right here."

"Then it's he who ought to go away," said Mr. Channing.

"Ah, here are the officers," said de Lys, hearing a sound without the door.

Miss Graham made a step as if to fly to Mr. Channing, but refrained. Two men, obviously detectives, stood in the doorway. It was manifest that they had not expected to find the company that met them.

"Mr. Channing?" the smaller and more authoritative man ventured, looking from one to the other.

No one replied. The officer coughed.

"I was told I should find Frederick Channing here. There is a warrant for his arrest," he said deprecatingly.

"Well, where is he?" asked de Lys courteously. "So far as I know there are only ourselves here."

The officer coughed again, and turning to his man whispered a communication, which caused the other to leave the room unaggressively.

"Won't you sit down and wait?" said de Lys invitingly, as he indicated a chair. He himself with a gesture motioned Mr. Channing to a seat at the card-table, which stood open, and he addressed Miss Graham openly.

"We may as well finish the rubber," he said evenly.

Once more with feminine quickness Miss Graham obeyed, and took her seat facing the detective and opposite the chair into which Mr. Channing had chanced to drop. De Lys took a pack of cards from the box and began to deal.

"If you would discard from strength, my dear Doris," he said pleasantly, "you would find it on the whole a better plan. I always do."

At the affectionate address Mr. Channing's face worked and his eyes flashed, but he made no other sign, probably because Miss Graham kicked him under the table.

"No trumps!" announced de Lys, as evenly as if he had been playing in his club. "The advantage of no trumps," he added, apparently addressing the astonished detec-

tive, "is that you score a great deal, if you do score at all, with comparatively poor cards. Do you play bridge?"

"No, sir," said the detective.

"Ah—a pity. It is a wonderful game, and—"

At this juncture the second detective returned in the company of Mr. Swainson, who gaped upon the party at the table.

"What the—" he paused. "I don't know who the deuce that is—perhaps Miss Graham will explain later—but this is your man."

He indicated de Lys, and the detectives moved forward.

"Pardon me," said de Lys, swinging round in his chair, cards in hand. "Who is it you are looking for?"

"For you, Frederick Channing," said Mr. Swainson sharply.

"My dear good sir, I am not Frederick Channing, as you very well know."

"Not Frederick Channing?" roared Mr. Swainson. "Then who the deuce are you?"

"We need not go into that at present," said de Lys equably. "Let it suffice that I came here at your invitation. Your play, Doris!"

Mr. Swainson's acid but gentlemanly face

was suffused. "This is mere bluff," he said to the officer. "He is Channing right enough."

"Do you identify him as Frederick Channing?" inquired the detective doubtfully.

"Well, no, I have not seen him before, but there is really no doubt." Mr. Swainson was clearly put out.

"I told you he wasn't Mr. Channing," remarked Miss Graham triumphantly.

The detective looked still more doubtful. Mr. Swainson gave way to his annoyance.

"Who may you be?" he asked angrily of Mr. Channing.

"Oh, he's a friend of mine," said de Lys cheerfully. "I hope you don't mind the liberty I've taken."

The detective touched Mr. Swainson on the arm and drew him aside ere he could burst forth at this. They conferred together *sotto voce*, and apparently came to some determination.

"One of you," said Mr. Swainson with carefully achieved calmness as he advanced once more, "is Frederick Channing, for whom the police have a warrant."

"If that is the case will the police please



"I AM SORRY I'M NOT THE REAL FREDERICK CHANNING, AND I HOPE I DIDN'T PINCH TOO HARD," HE SAID SOFTLY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

## No Trumps

take him away," said de Lys, throwing down his cards. He regarded the angry man and the puzzled man with a smile.

"Certainly," said Mr. Swainson, and made a gesture to the officer, who approached de Lys forthwith and with deliberation.

Now de Lys was seated within touch of Doris on his right, and he chanced to observe that Mr. Swainson was not looking at him, as would have been expected, but toward Doris with intentness. Instantly he made a guess at the trick which his ingenuity approved. It was to be the judgment of Solomon over again. He put out his hand furtively under the table and held it poised during the moments of the detective's approach. As the officer's hand fell on his shoulder he pinched hard, and Miss Graham uttered a cry.

It was a cry of pain, but it served for a cry of distress.

"Ah!" said Mr. Swainson in a satisfied way. "I told you so."

"Frederick Channing, I arrest you—"

De Lys got to his feet indifferently. "Good-by, old chap," he nodded to Channing. "Sorry it ends like this. Go and inform—well, you know whom."

As the young man passed him, something bewildered, he whispered,

"Give yourself up when you will—and stand the racket."

There was no anxiety to detain Mr. Channing, nor did Miss Graham accompany him. She "played the game" wonderfully, showing such distress as reduced Mr. Swainson to silence and misgivings, now that he had his

way. De Lys went through the feint of cheering her up, and when he was taken to the door in the company of the officers she followed him.

"Thank you, oh, thank you," she whispered in his ear in the dimness of the hall.

"My dear lady, it is nothing. It has only been an entertainment for me, and I hope will be little more than that to you now."

In deference to their supposed relations the officers had indulged them with privacy.

"Do you think—"

"He is innocent? Yes, he could not be anything else." Which was indeed the conclusion to which de Lys had come after a study of the naive young man.

"But you?" she faltered.

"I shall get a free drive to my own neighborhood," he said lightly, "and then convince these obstinate fellows that I am not the person I have protested I was not. I dare say they will look foolish."

"But Frederick—Mr. Channing?"

"Will have the credit of surrendering of his own accord," he said gravely. He moved away, and then paused. "I am sorry I'm not the real Frederick Channing. I hope I didn't pinch too hard," he said softly. "Where did I—"

"Oh, it was nothing—nowhere," she said in confusion.

"I think I was right in going no trumps," he reflected as he went off with his captors. "If I had tried hearts I—Don't you think we might take a taxicab?" he broke off to ask the officers.

## "The Common Law"—A Masterpiece

**I**T is averred by those who should know that Robert W. Chambers's big, new serial story, which begins in the next (November) *COSMOPOLITAN*, is the strongest, most fascinating, work of fiction since "Trilby." One thing is certain—"The Common Law" is Mr. Chambers's masterpiece, and that means a great deal when said of the foremost of living American novelists, which Mr. Chambers is indisputably. The theme of this vital, vivid story is one of the most intimate and stirring problems of modern civilization. The characters are photographed with charming literary art and accuracy direct from Society and Bohemia; the setting is New York and its kaleidoscopic life. Everybody will soon be talking of "The Common Law." Not to read it will argue oneself out of date. It will be superbly illustrated by the foremost of American character artists, Charles Dana Gibson—he of "Gibson Girl" fame. Do not for any reason allow yourself to miss this really great, palpitating serial, which begins in the November *COSMOPOLITAN*. It will be ready for you (on all news-stands) October 10th.



## Midsummer Trees

By Florence Wilkinson

Some trees drink deep drafts beside brooks,  
Delighting in gush and black moisture;  
Coolness and strength they draw up into their limbs  
And pay it out for the passer-by to enjoy  
In the shadow and amplitude of their noble branches,  
And in their clean, shining, exquisite leaves,  
Thin and translucent for green light to trickle through,  
Harmoniously curved as musical instruments,  
They instil fortitude by their robust trunks,  
Molded as individually as men's bodies ;  
Valiant and comfortable ;  
Some shaggy,  
Some glossy as lithe animals ;  
All of them full of kindness and tree-humor  
And the dignity that springs from belonging to one place.

# Leibovitz

THE STORY OF A MAN WITH SIMPLE IDEAS

By Bruno Lessing



SUPPOSE we all agree that there is nothing in life so adorable as youth. Likewise few will deny that the farther youth recedes from us the greater do its charm and sweetness seem to be. Yet there are times when youth irritates most exasperatingly, particularly when, in our maturity, we grow weary pondering over the complexities of existence and suddenly find ourselves face to face with youth's sublime confidence in the simplicity of life and the almost elemental nature of human emotions. It was a situation of this sort that confronted me.

Thorpe was young. Moreover he was a newspaper reporter. Newspaper reporters should never be young. To succeed they must be born old. Nevertheless I liked Thorpe and, for his entertainment, I took him one night into the heart of the Ghetto to point out to him a community within a community where life was picturesque and where interesting characters abounded. We were sitting in Megaloff's coffee-house when Thorpe called my attention to a man who sat near the window with a cup of coffee untouched before him, slowly stroking his beard and gazing abstractedly at the ceiling. His countenance was very pale, and he seemed ill nourished, but his eyes were wonderfully lustrous.

"I make it a point," said Thorpe, "whenever I see a chap like that to try to construct his whole history from his face and manner. It's strange how, after a while, you get so you can almost tell a fellow's whole life-history in that way."

"And what would you say that man's life-history had been?" I asked.

"Oh, that's an easy one," responded Thorpe glibly. "He's a typical East-Sider. Persecuted in Russia, emigrated here, working fifteen hours a day for a dollar and saving twenty-five cents out of it. Probably makes his wife and children work in a

sweat-shop, too. In a few years he'll go in business for himself, and probably when he dies he'll own a tenement-house or two. How is that for an analysis?"

"Marvelous!" I exclaimed.

"You'd be surprised to find how easy it is after you've practised it a while," said Thorpe.

Truth is stranger than fiction, but it is rarely so artistic. The tragedies of fiction invariably work out to some definite and well-balanced conclusion. Evil may triumph through almost every page, but in the end comes retribution. The tragedies of life, on the other hand, are frequently crude and have ragged ends or, perhaps, no end at all. Evil or misfortune not only triumphs but keeps on triumphing, and while an inscrutable Providence may at times deal out retribution our poor mortal eyes usually fail to see it. The tragedy of Oedipus, for instance, is the ideal tragedy of fiction. Wickedness runs riot until the very end, and then comes swift and dire punishment. The story is probably not true, but it is artistic. The tragedy of Leibovitz, however, was planned by fate. It is taken from the pages of life, but it is not artistic.

In a little town in the province of Bessarabia, Leibovitz, when he was young, beheld a girl who dazzled his senses and won his heart. She was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, and—so curious is the power of love—from the moment that his eyes first rested upon her face he knew that there could be no happiness in life for him without her.

Leibovitz and the girl—her name was Dora—possessed hardly a trait in common. Slender, blue eyed, with soft brown hair, Dora was brimful of vivaciousness, ever laughing and dancing and playful, while Leibovitz was quiet almost to the point of gloominess. But he pressed his suit unceasingly, and one night—it was a night such as only Russia knows—he asked her

to marry him, and, whether it was the witchery of the stars or the romance-laden perfume of the night, or whether Dora possessed a more calculating mind than her manner indicated, she consented. And they were married.

His father had left him sufficient wealth not only to carry him in moderate comfort through life, but to give him immunity from many of the petty persecutions that were daily visited upon his less fortunate co-religionists. He had served an apprenticeship as jeweler, and, after his father's death, he set up an establishment in which he employed many workmen.

"The greatest happiness in life for me," Leibovitz said a hundred times, "is merely to sit and look at you, Dora. It was good of God to create anyone so beautiful and give her to me."

They were happy, as far as outward appearances went, although Dora's mood underwent a great change and she became reserved and quiet. She was never demonstrative. Then, one day, came Gordin, and in a twinkling all was changed. Gordin was one of Leibovitz's workmen. Young, clear eyed, and handsome, his employer took a deep interest in him, and after many pleasant chats during working hours invited him to his home. Gordin soon became a constant visitor.

Why prolong the story? It is an old one—thousands and thousands of years old! It was old in Helen's day, and when the first Babylonian scribe scratched the tale in cuneiform text upon tablets of clay he was probably telling an old, old story.

There was no letter, no explanation, no trace of the pair. Dora and her lover simply vanished. Leibovitz sold his business, wound up all his affairs, and set out to search for them. The soul had been crushed out of his life. He lived like an automaton, hardly knowing whether he ate or slept. He had no intimate friends, and there were none to whom he could pour out his heart. The one idea that dominated him was to find Dora. The thought of revenge never entered his mind. The one woman of his life had gone from him—to bring her back was all that living meant to him.

Some instinct—or perhaps the half-conscious memory of some remark that Dora or Gordin might have made—led him to conclude that they had crossed the seas. Within a month Leibovitz landed in New York

and began a search of the Ghetto. Oh, the weariness of that search! The heartaches and the sleepless nights of hopelessness and despair! The days stretched into months, the months became a year, and Leibovitz daily trudged from street to street, scanning every face, inquiring from house to house, and all without result. Then—after a day's wandering through the snow—he fell ill, and for three months he lay abed, delirious when the fever ran high and calling aloud: "Dora! Dora! Come back to me!"

When he left the hospital he went to the country to recover his strength. His illness had had the effect of clearing his mind and alleviating the dumb agony of his heart. For the first time he began to view his situation with clear vision. One night after he had offered to Jehovah his daily prayer that Dora be restored to him, a sudden peace fell upon his soul. Had Sandalphon whispered it in his ear he could not have been more positive that his prayer would, some day, be granted. When, a few days later, he returned to the Ghetto, it was to settle down and wait for Dora.

It had been costly, that year of searching and the long illness that followed, and Leibovitz found himself with but a small portion of his inheritance left. With this he purchased a small jewelry-store on Avenue B, where by dint of hard work he managed to eke out a tolerably comfortable existence. The years dragged by and Leibovitz lived all alone, with no enjoyment of the days and no hope of the future save that Dora would come back. Seven years he lived thus, and then came a period of financial depression that jeopardized his business. To obtain credit it was necessary for him to journey to Chicago. He obtained the credit he desired, but upon almost ruinous terms. He had planned to take a late night train back to New York, and to pass the time he wandered aimlessly about the streets, shunning the brightly lighted thoroughfares and thinking of Dora.

He had come to one of those side streets where, after nightfall, the moral code ceases to exist. Women smiled at him: he saw them, and yet he saw them not. He hurried his pace, for the bustle of life distracted his thoughts. In the thickest of the throng, under the glare of an electric light, he came face to face with a woman who was so white and so frail that she had but to close her eyes to possess every appearance of a corpse. It was Dora.

She recognized him instantly, and a wild light came into her eyes. She seized him by the arm with a strength that he would never have dreamed she possessed.

"Come with me!" she whispered hoarsely.  
"Come. God has sent you!"

Leibovitz, trembling in every nerve, tried to speak, to question her. She did not appear to hear him. She walked rapidly, never releasing her hold upon his arm. They came to a dingy tenement, where she led him up the stairs and into an apartment that contained a bed and a table and nothing more. Leibovitz's senses reeled. Upon the bed lay a child, a girl of six or seven, whose every feature seemed a replica of Dora's.

"To-day! To-day!" whispered his wife. "Until to-day I struggled. But for her sake, to keep her from starving, I went out tonight to sell myself. And no man looked at me but you. God sent you! God! God!"

And even before he could catch her in his arms she sank upon the floor. When he raised her, her eyes were wide open, but the last spark of life was extinguished.

He had but little difficulty in learning her story. A year before, Gordin had abandoned her and the child. That was all there was to the story. Elsa—that was the child's name—had been told that her father had gone away, but some day would return. Leibovitz brought the child to New York with him and formally adopted her. The old, dumb agony had departed from his heart; peace had come to him. Not only in her features, but in every gesture, in her manner, and in all her moods and expressions, did Elsa resemble her mother, and with each day the resemblance grew stronger, until Leibovitz felt that the prayer of years had been granted—Dora was with him again. He became happy. He grew to idolize the girl, and he worked day and night to provide her with all that a child's heart craves. There was no jealousy in his soul, no bitter thought. Leibovitz, you see, was a very simple man with very simple ideas. He had wanted Dora ever since he first saw her. In Elsa he felt that he had her, and the only thought that ever gave him anguish was that some day he might lose her. That thought became a specter that haunted him at times. And one night the specter took shape. When Leibovitz reached home he found Gordin there. At first he did not recognize him. The man was in the last

stages of consumption. But Elsa ran forward, screaming with joy, and cried:

"My papa has come back! My own dear papa! I met him on the street, and I brought him here. I knew he'd come back!"

Then Leibovitz's heart sickened. He held to a chair for support, and all the room swam before his eyes. Yet he could not speak.

Gordin tottered to his feet and approached him. "Does she know?" he whispered in his ear.

Leibovitz shook his head.

"Thank God!" said Gordin. Then, after a moment's hesitation, "I am cursed," he whispered. "Eternally cursed. But I am dying. The doctor in the dispensary told me to-day it was only a question of weeks. He lied at first, but I made him tell me the truth. Do you want to kill me? You have the right."

"Will—will you take her away?" asked Leibovitz. They talked in whispers so that the child might not hear.

Gordin smiled. "I have no home. I can do nothing for her. Why do you not curse me and kill me? And throw her out into the street? Are you God?" His eyes opened wide at this new thought that had come into his head. "Are you God?" he repeated.

"You are very sick," said Leibovitz. "Lie down on the bed."

"It's a wonder," said Thorpe, looking at the man who sat near the window with a cup of coffee untasted before him, "that the government doesn't stop this promiscuous immigration."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, there's no doubt in my mind that that chap is one of those anarchists or nihilists or some other kind of half-baked thinkers who are making our economic problems harder to solve, and, Heaven knows, they're hard enough already. He comes here to accumulate wealth out of us. What does he bring us that is worth having?"

"I guess you're right," I remarked.

"You don't happen to know anything about him, do you?" Thorpe asked, as we passed out. "I mean whether my analysis was correct?"

He gazed at me quite eagerly. Perhaps I had unconsciously betrayed impatience. Even youth, at times, has doubts.

"His name is Leibovitz," I replied.  
"That's all I know."

It was a lie, but I'm glad I told it.

# WORTH-WHILE·PEOPLE



*Photographs copyright by the Pictorial News Co.*

PRESIDENT TAFT'S DAY OFF, A  
ONLY BY THE ASSUMPTION THAT

THE man that knows the ways of fish can pretty nearly understand the ways of men, and it would appear by the same law of logic that the experienced and knowing angler might reasonably be expected to be a good Chief Executive. President Taft is not a great fisherman. He brings to the sport no giant enthusiasm; the appeal of rod and reel is to him infinitely less than that of the golf-links. Perhaps the art of old Izaak Walton is not for fat men, albeit Grover Cleveland was a scientific and highly successful angler. There may be some psychological affinity which explains, to those who care to know, why avoirdupois and golfing belong one to the other; or perhaps the first is a physical error which only the latter can erase. In any event President Taft is not, to reiterate, a great fisherman and doubt-



CIRCUMSTANCE TO BE EXPLAINED  
NO GOLF-LINKS WERE HANDY

less would not be, though his corporeal self lay upon his bones in drooping festoons of flesh.

That the President cuts an absorbing figure, rod in hand, no one will idly gainsay. As shown by the relentless eye of the camera Mr. Taft is but a listless fisher even in that exciting moment when the first, faint nibble of the finny prey is communicated through line and pole. But Mr. Taft has an easy, if ponderous, way of doing important things. He has no peevishness in his make-up. He treads heavily but earnestly toward every goal, smiling the while, but carrying the lighted torch of purpose in his eyes. Still, in the matter of hooking worthy trout or sportive bass a heavy tread and an infectious smile do not constitute good bait or skilful angling.



*Specially posed for  
the Cosmopolitan*

THE PRESIDENT'S AUNT, MISS DELIA TORREY, IN THE GARDEN OF HER HOME AT MILLBURY,  
MASSACHUSETTS

**S**PEEKING of President Taft and his accomplishments, one naturally reverts to his gifts as a trencherman. He is a normal man with a supernormal appetite—a thing perhaps to be envied, for out of a full stomach the heart oftentimes speaketh. That the President is an excellent judge of edibles is evidenced by his recent motor journey of one hundred and fifty miles for the simple pleasure of eating one of his Aunt Delia's delicious pies. And it was apple-pie, at that.

The story runs that this same Aunt Delia has been a warming and encouraging influence in the life of William Taft; that she taught him the value of laughter; that she poured the sunshine of her maidenly optimism into the soul of him; that she proudly watched him grow from narrow knee-pants into man's trousers of ever-increasing girth;

that she alone among ninety millions of people has the undisputed right to call him "Willie."

Aunt Delia lives at Millbury, Massachusetts. Her home is sweetly wholesome. She herself is a gray-haired, black-habited old lady with two passions—"Bill" Taft and apple-pie. Anyone might well lay aside the cares of state to sink an appreciative tooth into the delectable crust of a well-made New England apple-pie; and that the President broke the speed laws of Massachusetts to attain the bliss of an hour's chat with the dear old lady of Millbury and absorb pie that *is* pie bespeaks a noble sentiment and an appreciation of the finer things of life. We are all the better men and women for the possession of a doting Aunt Delia and what impulse for good abides in apple-pie.



*Photograph by  
Harris & Ewing*

THE THIRTY-THREE EXECUTIVES OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY UPON WHOM DEVOLVES THE  
FULLEST RESPONSIBILITY OF OUR FIGHTING FORCES ON LAND

IN the hands of these thirty-three men lies in largest measure the welfare of our army. In event of hostilities involving this nation here are the executives upon whom would fall the burden and responsibility of preparation and action. They are an interesting coterie, able in their art, trained in the ways of warfare, men of character and purpose. None is young enough to place action before thought, and none is so old that he fancies the flight of time implies the possession of all knowledge. With such a staff as this Napoleon might have died victorious; with the backing of such brains and skill as are here reflected European history might have run in different channels than what the books proclaim. The United States army is anything but a perfect organization, however, and the man in gilded

uniform and full authority is, when all is said and done, only a—man.

In the first (top) row, reading from left to right, are Captains Cronin, Lochridge, Graves, Van Deman, Simmons, and Leitch. In the second row are Major Todd, Lieutenant-Colonel Waltz, and Captains Wittenmyer and Tracy. In the third row: Major Knight, Brigadier-General Bliss, Major-General Bell (ex-chief of staff), Brigadier-General Murray, and Major Boughton. Fourth row: Captain Furlong, Major Root, Captain Hagood, Colonel Beach, Captain Cocheu, Colonels Duncan and Macomb, and Major Swift. Fifth row: Captains Cheney, Learned, and Sladen, and Major Carleton. Bottom row: Captains Sommer and Merrill, Major Gordon, and Captains Rhodes and Lenihan.



A GRANDSON OF STANDARD OIL,  
JOHN ROCKEFELLER PRENTICE,  
AND HIS TUTOR, DR. ARCADIUS  
AVELLANUS, AT THE PRENTICE  
SUMMER HOME IN WIL-  
LIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS



A MODERN WATER-SPRITE,  
ROSE PITONOF, OF BOSTON,  
CHAMPION GIRL SWIMMER  
OF THE UNITED STATES



J. ARMSTRONG DREXEL, OF THE  
WELL-KNOWN PHILADELPHIA  
FAMILY, AT BOURNEMOUTH,  
ENGLAND, WHERE HE HAS A  
SCHOOL OF AVIATION FOR  
THE ENGLISH NOBILITY



EDWARD HOW-  
LAND ROBINSON  
GREEN, WHO HAS  
RECENTLY LEFT  
TEXAS FOR NEW  
YORK, WHERE HE  
WILL UNDERTAKE  
THE MANAGE-  
MENT OF THE  
IMMENSE FOR-  
TUNE OF HIS  
MOTHER, HETTY  
GREEN, KNOWN  
AS THE WORLD'S  
RICHEST WOMAN.  
MR. GREEN HAS  
EXTENSIVE IN-  
TERESTS OF HIS  
OWN IN THE  
MID-SOUTHWEST



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PEOPLE MOSTLY YOUNG WHO ARE WORTHY OF NOTE AND COMMENT

THE NEW SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT, CHARLES D. NORTON, A MAN OF FORTY WHO LOOKS TWENTY-FIVE  
AND WHO COMBINES TACT WITH ENERGY AND A FITNESS FOR THE POSITION.—WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN,  
WHO FIRST PROPOSED AN ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE STATE GOVERNORS. IN RECOGNITION  
OF THIS SERVICE THE HOUSE OF GOVERNORS HAS APPOINTED HIM PERMANENT  
SECRETARY TO THAT BODY, PROBABLY THE MOST SIGNIFICANT POLITICAL  
DEVELOPMENT OF THE LAST HALF-CENTURY



THE FUTURE RULER OF  
ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY  
MILLION PEOPLE PHOTO-  
GRAPHED AT ONE YEAR OLD



AS A STURDY LAD OF SEVEN IN  
SAILOR'S COSTUME. THE CZAR  
HAS ALWAYS BEEN FOND OF  
THE SEA AND SPENDS  
CONSIDERABLE TIME ON  
BOARD HIS NATIVE SHIPS



NICHOLAS II AT  
FORTY-ONE,  
AFTER FIVE  
YEARS ON THE  
RUSSIAN THRONE,  
WHICH HE  
MOUNTED AS AN  
AUTOCRAT, BUT  
WHOSE ABSO-  
LUTISM SEEKS  
DOOMED TO GIVE-  
WAY TO REPRE-  
SENTATIVE IN-  
STITUTIONS. THE  
DUMA, CREATED  
BY AN IMPERIAL  
UKASE, AUGUST  
19, 1905, IS A  
FIRST STEP IN  
THIS DIRECTION



#### THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS IN SIX STAGES OF HIS CAREER

THE PHOTOGRAPH AT THE LEFT WAS TAKEN WHEN THE PRESENT CZAR WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD; THE ONE AT  
THE RIGHT WHEN HE WAS TWENTY-THREE AND THE COMMANDER OF A COSSACK REGIMENT.—IN THE  
LATER PORTRAITS OF THE CZAR THERE SEEKS TO BE AN EXPRESSION OF ALMOST CYNICAL  
SELF-SATISFACTION, IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT HIS REIGN HAS BEEN A CONSTANT  
STRUGGLE TO KEEP AN OUTWORN SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT ABEAST OF A  
PEOPLE DEMANDING REPRESENTATION



Drawn by Gordon M. McCouch

THEY FORCED SCOTT ROUGHLY TO HIS FEET AND THRUST A KNIFE INTO HIS HANDS.  
THEN FOR THE FIRST TIME THEY CAUGHT THE EYES OF THE  
MATE LOOKING GRAVELY AT THEM

(*"The Trail of the Black Fear"*)

# The Trail of the Black Fear

A STORY OF MUTINY AND BRUTAL VENGEANCE

By Charles Clarence Meyer

Illustrated by Gordon M. McCouch

**D**ARK, turbulent seas reared their threatening heads around the little boat on every hand, tossing the open cockleshell about with merciless strength. One moment the little craft was walled about by gray-green mountains of water, the next it was thrust into the very sky. At the helm stood a tall, leathern-faced man, his eyes fixed steadfastly on the ever-pursuing, hungry waves that each time just failed to catch the boat in their relentless grasp. Two men in the stern bailed listlessly, while forward a group of five held moody and violent converse. Just in front of the two bailers, lashed firmly across the wide seat, lay a canvas-wrapped figure. There were other things in the boat—bags of biscuit, a couple of kegs of water, some oars and cordage; but most prominent, forever mute and vanquished, lay the stiff mummy-like form across the thwarts.

One of the men lurched aft toward the body, a skilfully concealed clasp-knife in his hand, but before he could cut a strand the mate rose swiftly from his bailing, revolver in hand.

"No you don't, Jones. None o' that," he yelled.

The plotters crowded behind Jones menacingly.

"He's got to go, sir; it's him wot's hoo-doo'in' us all."

"You fellows heard what I said. I promised Jim I'd bury him on land, and I'll do it if I have to kill you all."

A growl of rage rose from the men.

"He's a Jonah," yelled a voice, hoarse with passion. "It's him wot struck the reef. It's him wot swamped the other boat in launching and drowned our mates. It's him wot the sharks smell."

"Sharks smell!" Billy the cook straight-

ened his massive form by the mate's side. "Sharks smell! You damn fool, you—"

The mate gestured for silence. "Men, I meant just what I said, and you know I keep my word. You, Stumpy, I didn't think you'd turn against me. And you, Scott, and Johnson, and you, Peters!"

"The bo's'n's with us, too," yelled Jones defiantly.

"No, I ain't, Jonesy. 'S long as we're on this boat, wot the mate says goes. That's the law. You're doin' mutiny, that's wot."

Billy the cook suddenly pointed wildly forward. "Land ahead!"

With straining eyes and tense bodies the men waited until the next rise. A black jumble of mountain loomed through the smudge of waters, skirted at the base by a dim line of white.

"There's a reef," yelled the mate. "Listen!"

Above the storm, deep, steady, pulsing, came the faint roar of thundering waters. Instantly all strife was forgotten. The men gazed eagerly forward. The black mass ahead dissolved itself into land as they drove on. Steadily the roar increased until the very sky vibrated with the boom of waters. Grimly the mate cut loose the rigid canvas-wrapped figure across the thwarts and lashed it to an empty water-keg. The men watched passively: the mute form seemed to mock them in its stillness. Ahead, the white swirl of breakers stretched, a wall of churning spray.

The mate turned questioningly to the boatswain, who shook his head.

"We can't turn!" he screamed. "Swim hard if we strike, or you'll be drawn back."

Caught by the rush of the land-swells, the boat hurried forward, dropped for an instant into a deep trough, and then, rising on the crest of a monstrous billow, rushed forward like a shot. With a grinding, splintering crash the frail craft fell, and the

## The Trail of the Black Fear

towering white wall overwhelmed its occupants in a smother of waters. Down, down, down they went, fighting blindly toward the land. One by one they shot suddenly above the water with mighty gasps, in the comparative quiet inside the reef. Wearily they swam ashore and drew themselves exhausted onto the beach.

The mate stood up and counted. "Three, five, six, seven. Seven! Who is missing?"

"The bo's'n," yelled Jones. "The bo's'n's gone!"

"My God, no," groaned the mate, "anyone but the bo's'n."

"There, look!" pointed Billy excitedly.

It was only a keg, floating slowly shoreward, and from it came the gleam of canvas. The men went pale, and unconsciously the five drew together.

"Blast you!" yelled Jones suddenly, shaking his fist in the mate's face. "Blast you! That's wot did it all. An' now it's followin' us to bring bad luck ashore!"

The mate turned without answer and waded out to tow in the body. Billy the cook followed slowly. As they once more neared the shore, the five approached, clasp-knives and hunks of coral in their hands. A bullet whizzed over their heads, and sullenly they drew back.

The mate and the cook painfully toiled over the broken coral to the foot of the cliff. Tenderly they laid their burden down and raised a mound of broken coral over it, marking the spot with the half-buried keg.

"There, sir; now it's safe," Billy muttered.

The mate stood in silence by the rude mound. Suddenly he threw himself full length upon it. "Jim! Jimmy! Oh, Jimmy!" he moaned.

Billy tiptoed awkwardly away toward the beach, his face working strangely. There the mate found him, later, building a rude shelter of driftwood on the narrow strip of land.

"Better sleep here to-night, sir. It will be dark in an hour, and the men are ugly."

The cook slept like a log, snoring as soon as he was stretched out. The mate lay long, staring seaward where the reef-spray built a thousand shifting rainbows against the dying sun. The twilight faded swiftly, and one by one the stars dropped into place in the clearing sky—huge, low-hung jewels against a velvet black. Down the coast the Southern Cross swung into

view, pendent over the horizon. The overwhelming roar of the reef lulled his tired senses, and when he opened his eyes once more it was dawn. He turned, to find he was alone, and scrambled painfully to his feet, his body numb and sore with the dull ache of cold.

Billy ran up quickly. "I was just a lookin' round, sir. I thought as how mebbe the bo's'n'd come ashore. But there ain't no trace nowhere, an' mighty little wreckage."

"We must join the men, Billy, before they get started."

They hurried down the beach to where, a couple of miles below, the cliff broke in a narrow canyon, at the foot of which were a score of stunted cocoanut-trees. Here the five men squatted about a pile of tawny nuts, laboriously breaking open a breakfast. Stumpy rolled some toward the advancing pair without a word. Two or three men nodded surlily at the mate's hearty "Good morning."

"We 'u'd like to know about where we are, sir," mumbled Peters between heavy bites.

"Well, we were just north of Borneo when we struck. We drifted on the schooner for about eighteen hours before she went down. The storm drove our boat almost due east. I should say we are on one of the Philippine Islands."

"I been on Luzon," spoke up Johnson, "and on Mindoro. Gawd help us if it's Mindoro. Wot with fever and—"

"Shut up, you putty-faced croaker," shouted Billy. "Shut up an' get busy. Every man pack his own grub—at least two cocoanuts apiece. An' drink all the milk you can hold. There won't be no coffee for dinner."

The men tied the nuts in pairs with vines and strips of bark, and, shouldering them, started up the canyon, Jones in the lead.

"Why, there's a trail!" he shouted, almost immediately, "a trail right down to these trees."

The men crowded around with cheerful faces, slapping each other's backs in sudden joy.

"Come on, fellers," Jones shouted, and away they tramped, the mate and Billy bringing up the rear.

Keeping with difficulty on the half-oblit-erated track, they toiled slowly up the nar-row pass. The trail led first through a

choking maze of weeds and creepers, and then merged into a veritable tunnel of matted jungle. Strong trees bowed over under the load of tangled parasites, or were lost to view above the ceiling of green. The gloom deepened. Suddenly those in the lead began to run. The rest followed pell-mell, blindly. The mate stumbled over a vine and fell heavily, Billy over him. When they arose the last man had disappeared around a bend. The mate groaned as he took a step forward.

"Better run on, Billy, and see what's up. I've wrenched my knee."

"Not I, sir; I stays with you. Just take my shoulder, sir."

Limping along and halting, the mate struggled on, half carried at times by Billy's giant arms. As they rounded the turn, they saw the men gathered excitedly about some hidden object, a short twenty yards down the path.

They approached the group unnoticed. In the center, tightly held by Jones's hairy hand, stood a woman, naked save for the rude copper bands about her limbs.

"An' the two of them wor a comin' right down the trail," Jones was saying. "Johnson's, his got away."

"That's a lie, Jonesy. We both grabbed her together, an' you—"

"Have you tried to talk with her, Johnson?" cut in the dry, hard voice of the mate.

He nodded. "She don't know no Spanish or Tagalog, sir. She only talked once, and that was all clicks and clacks and grunts."

"Well, then, let her go. If the other one got away, you'll have the whole tribe—"

"Wot! Turn her loose!" shouted Jones hoarsely. "Let her go! You ain't God no longer, Mister Mate. This ain't no ship. When did you turn missionary, you—"

A cold ring of steel was pressed suddenly against his stomach.

"Let go, and raise you hands slowly. So. Back, Stumpy!"

The mate swung his gun in swift half-circles as he cleared the group, pulling the woman up the trail. With a strong shove he set her free. As he turned to see her vanish into the thicket he went down under a snarling heap of men.

When he opened his eyes once more he found himself half propped up against a tree in a little glade, tied firmly to it by round after round of rattan. He closed his eyes

dizzily. His head ached blindly, a furious, thumping ache. The rattan cut deep—his limbs seemed encircled by bands of fire. The stifling jungle heat smothered him.

A jumble of voices fell unintelligibly on his ear. Gradually his senses cleared and the voices seemed nearer. Through his half-opened eyes he saw the five in a group before him. Five! Somehow he had expected five. He counted again. Yes, Billy was gone. Around the men lay fragments of broken cocoanuts. Peters was still eating noisily. God, what a pig!

"Got to do it," Jones was saying, bringing down his hairy fist on his knee for emphasis. "Why, the first thing'll happen he'll have you all up for murder."

"If the damn fool hadn't got in the way—"

"Wot's the use o' bringing that in, Stumpy? He's dead, and we're all in the killing."

"All of us?" shouted Stumpy. "Before Gawd I—"

"Aw, shut up, Stumpy; I know too much about you. You can't talk at all. Now we'll draw lots to see who settles the mate."

"You can count me out, Jonesy," broke in Scott, drawing back. "You can count me out. I didn't have no hand in layin' out Billy, and you don't hold nothin' over me to threaten me, neither."

"Do you hear him, fellers! Do you hear that!" howled Jones. "Mister Scott, the perrigon of virtue, is playin' safe. Mister Scott is a-goin' to come out o' this with nice white hands so as he can peach on the rest. Mister Scott—"

Johnson laid his hand over Jones's mouth. "You holler too much, Jonesy. Let's get together and talk."

The four withdrew, Johnson gesticulating earnestly. Scott peered anxiously about him, but remained seated.

The mate closed his eyes wearily. So he was to die! He regarded his fate indifferently, in a curiously impersonal way, as something apart from himself. Billy dead, too! And killed in his defense. It was impossible! Billy could not be dead! Billy, who—

The men were coming back! He opened his eyes wide, his senses suddenly alert. Now he could hear their voices.

"You tell him, Stumpy."

"No, you!"

"Well, Mister Scott," spoke up Jones

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with an evil smile, "we have drawed lots, and found that you are the one who is goin' to mercifully put the mate out of his sufferin'."

Scott sat staring at them with fascinated eyes. He breathed hard, like one who has run far, his lips dry and bloodless.

"An' hurry up about it. We got a long march to do yet before night. Take yer knife, we ain't got no cartridges to waste."

They forced him roughly to his feet and thrust a knife into his hands. Then for the first time they caught the eyes of the mate looking gravely at them. They shifted about uneasily, not a man meeting his gaze. Scott threw down the knife and fell on his knees.

"My God, I can't do it! I can't do it! It ain't like when you're fightin' an' your blood's hot. An' him a-starin' and a-starin' right at you!"

"Get up," snarled Jones. "I'm goin' to count. An' if the job ain't done before I say twenty, you'll wish you was the mate."

The men growled hoarse approval.

"One, two, three, four—"

Scott grabbed up the knife and crawled toward the motionless figure. The mate's grave eyes met him squarely.

"I can't do it! I can't do it!" he blubbered.

"—thirteen, fourteen, fifteen," Jones's voice rasped on monotonously, "sixteen, seventeen— Ugh!"

He stopped with a grunt. A look of startled fear marked his face. From his cheek he plucked a tiny black arrow and held it up.

Johnson paled as he saw it.

"Wot is it? Wot's the matter?" Jones growled. "That little thing can't hurt nothin'. Wot is it?"

"Blow-gun!" whispered Johnson, gazing fearfully the while at the motionless wall of green about them.

"Wot you pointin' at me for?" whispered Jones, with a fearful oath. "Wot's the matter with you all? 'Tain't nothin' but a scratch."

He reeled as he spoke, and sank to the ground, quivering and shaking. The men drew back as from pollution. As he rocked back and forth on the ground he cursed them with ashen lips and gnashing teeth—horrible, vile oaths that made them wince and retreat as they heard. He choked suddenly and writhed in cramping pain.

And all the while the mate gazed on,

helpless, fascinated. He saw the men break, panic-stricken, toward the trail. He saw Scott hesitate, crouch back with open knife. He closed his eyes. So this was the end.

A moment later he fell forward, cut loose from his bonds. He struggled to rise, but his numbed limbs gave way under him.

Long after the rapid patter of feet had died in the distance, he staggered painfully to his feet. The motionless figure before him drew him like a magnet. With a shudder he noted the sprawled limbs—the tufts of grass clasped in the stiffened fingers—the blackened face with its snarling lips. Fear clutched him suddenly—black, raging fear that swept over him and left him weak as water. And the next moment he was running, blindly, furiously running up the trail.

His speed lessened to a stumbling walk. His knee throbbed with jumping pain. How hot it was! A thousand needles pricked his skin. His bare feet were swollen and red. A choking thirst burned his throat. Acrid sweat blinded him. He stumbled over something soft. Johnson's sightless eyes stared up at him from the weeds! With a hoarse scream he ran on.

He found the men stretched out under a tree, panting like tired hounds. They showed no surprise at his coming, and he lay down by them, exhausted. Peters alone sat up, his head between his bony hands, rocking back and forth and muttering to himself.

"We seen you coming," whispered Scott.

The silence grew as they lay resting, broken only by their labored breathing and the incoherent muttering of Peters. The splotches of shifting sunlight faded from sight, but still they did not stir.

A high, shrill laugh suddenly cut the air. Peters was standing with his arm extended, staring at a slender black arrow in his wrist. Again he laughed, the wild, curdling laugh of a maniac, and with arm still extended started back up the trail.

With one accord the three men plunged swiftly into the thicket and burrowed like hunted rabbits into the dense undergrowth. They lay side by side, quivering, sick with nameless dread. Again the mad laugh rang out, ending in a demoniacal, crescendo scream. The three huddled closer. A thousand deaths seemed to stare at them from out the gathering darkness. Scott moaned aloud. Stumpy struck at him savagely. Then silence—a nerve-racking blackness of silence.

The mate lay with his head buried in his arms. The night air chilled him through and through. His clothes, wet with sweat, clung to his shivering form. An eternity passed. He must have dozed, for he started swiftly at a touch on his shoulder. Dimly he saw Stumpy's face in the gray light. It was time to start. Slowly he dragged his stiffened limbs after his companions. Every shaking leaf brought down showers of dew. He moistened his swollen tongue. How good it was!

On the trail, his pain eased gradually with the warmth of action. From somewhere beyond came the mournful cooing of wood-pigeons. How peaceful everything was! And there! There at one side was a pine-tree—scraggy and stunted, but yet a pine-tree! He pointed it out eagerly to the men. It was like home. He wanted to go up and touch it.

In the gloom of giant tree-ferns the trail crossed a tiny rivulet. He drank and drank. When he rose, he passed his hand over his troubled eyes as in a dream. Scott stood before him with graying face, arrow in hand, a tiny red puncture at his throat!

Like a flash the nightmare of fear once more clutched him. He stumbled after the fleeing men and ran into them before he noticed that they had stopped. Scott collapsed, moaning. Stumpy pawed angrily at an arrow in his breast, then sat quietly down and deliberately unsheathed his knife.

With a shudder the mate ran on, blindly, hopelessly. The trail seemed a narrow thread before his tired eyes, the trees a blur of green. The vines and thorns seemed to catch at him and draw him back. His bleeding feet grew numb.

Gradually his pace dragged to a walk, but his indomitable will forced him on and on. He mumbled unconsciously to himself. He was on the schooner again, and the deck slanted up and up. The whispering breath of pines assailed his drowsy senses, and the trail swayed and swam before his eyes. He staggered and fell, his hands clasping the soft carpet of needles. With a sigh he slept, the dead sleep of exhaustion.

When he woke it was day again. He lay long in utter bewilderment, the stir of the trees sounding on his ears like the endless wash of the sea. His drowsy eyes vaguely sensed the moving branches above.

Suddenly the past flashed upon him. With an inarticulate cry he sat up and gazed

fearfully about. All around were pines, resinous, fragrant pines, closing about his view on every hand. At his feet lay a queer array of sticks and stones. He studied the pile carefully—some message evidently! The symbolism was beyond him. He shuddered as he noted a slender broken tube on top. gingerly he picked it up. It was a hollow bamboo stem of three joints, about five feet in length and blackened by use. Protruding from one end was a slim arrow—the point hacked off!

A sudden wave of relief swept over him. He laughed aloud in the hysteria of joy and drew deep sobbing breaths of the clean pine air. Then his eyes fell on a heap of food at his side—bananas intermixed with strange fruits and bulbs. He felt no surprise. A surge of hunger drove all else from his mind, and he ravenously broke his fast.

Satisfied, he stretched his aching limbs and laughed at the pain. A fever of impatience to be off overwhelmed him. With rapid fingers he shaped rude sandals from his tattered trousers and bound them about his swollen feet. Stick in hand he hobbled down the trail. In less than a mile it merged into an open, well-marked road, scarred by recent travel. Far ahead he caught a glimpse of the sea. His pace increased, and mile after mile slipped rapidly by. Snatches of songs came to his lips—songs that he had not heard for years.

The pines disappeared, and the jungle walls once more lined the way. How beautiful it all was! He paused to gaze at a tree covered with yellow bloom, over which countless butterflies, big as saucers, hovered. Green and blue parrots with red bills chattered across his path. A monkey hung on a vine over a limpid pool, drinking out of its tiny hand. On every side was life—life and peace.

The trail dropped steadily downward now. He thought he heard the roar of the sea once more. A quick turn in the path opened a sudden vista. He stood spellbound.

There, just below, lay a half-hidden cove, behind a spume-topped reef. With quick eyes he swept the scene—the squat quay, the tiny white steamer with its buff upper works, the dugouts, lying on the sand like stranded sharks, and there, gleaming above the tangled green, the fluttering Stars and Stripes.

With a sobbing cry he threw out his hands, and raced recklessly down the grade.

# The Spinster

HOW LOVE IN SORDID TRAPPINGS CAME LATE  
INTO THE LIFE OF A SOUL-STARVED WOMAN

By Mary White Slater

*Author of "The Story of Judith," "The Birthday," etc.*

Illustrated by Harvey Emrich



CHORUSING scream of crudely feminine laughter escaped through a quickly closed door of the servants' sitting-room and blew along the corridors to the library where Miss Dering sat alone. She knew it was the young maids, Martha and Milly, with perhaps a few of their kind, in glee over the Sunday-afternoon freedom and finery, in love with life and unrestrained as a group of mongrel puppies.

Miss Dering had been browsing through "Henry Esmond." She rose now, a little restless from the stillness of her brother's great house, and took her book to a warm corner of the front veranda. Sitting there in the flicker and tremble of the sunshine, midst the slow siftings of dead leaves, she made her usual pretty picture—a pink-cheeked, silver-haired porcelain lady, fresh lipped, with the outward gaze of an abiding girlhood. Looking down the canopied lane of the village street, shaded and sun-flecked under slovenly autumn sycamores and maples aflame in yellow and red, she reflected pleasantly on Lady Castlewood's late flowering into the fulness of life in old Virginia, lingering agreeably on the fact that the lady must have been well up in the forties when Colonel Esmond married her—"a tender matron, beautiful in her autumn and pure as virgins in their spring."

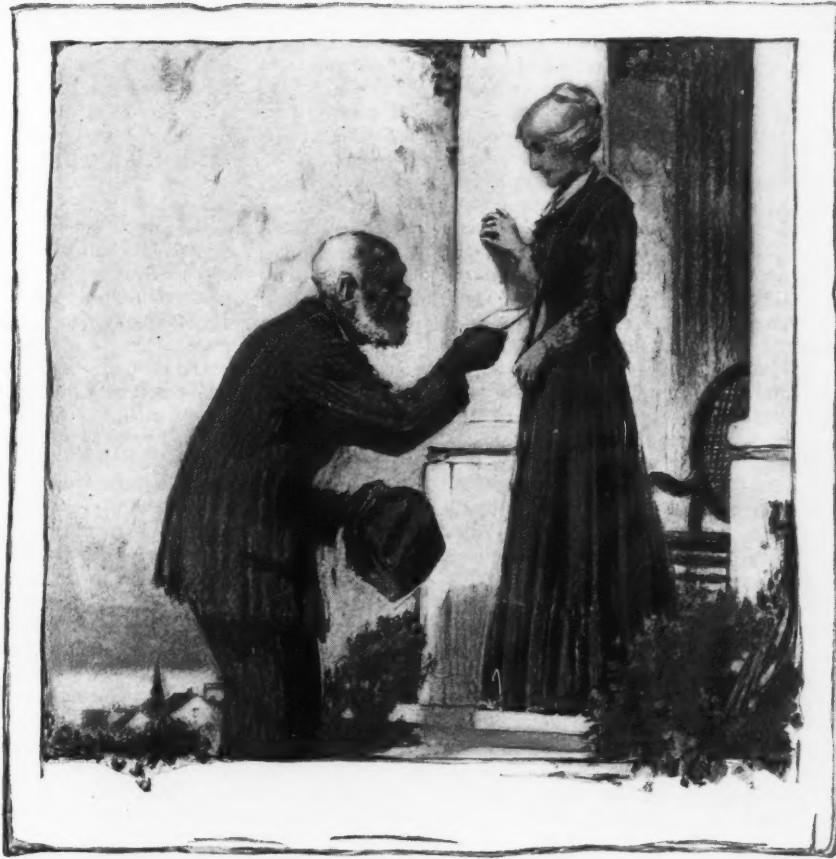
A troop of girls in white trailed by idly festive through sun and shadow, breathing a silvery chaos of laughter into the Sunday stillness. They smiled and waved at Miss Dering. She understood these girls even better than the others. They were eager creatures of dream and vision, on their way down to the Irondale House on the river to see the Eastern Express come in, because train-time offered dramatic possibilities for seeing and

being seen. The train's mellow warning echoed among the Ohio and Kentucky hills, and sent them shrieking joyously and hurrying along to that stamping-ground of inquisitive Sunday idlers. Miss Dering had gone to meet the train many a time in earlier years with her own particular bevy, and she alone of that sunny tribe had missed her particular fulfilment.

Musing thus, her eye caught the familiar figure of old Ellick, the negro factotum of the Irondale House, slouching up the street with insinuating importance and a thick pink smile in all directions. As he drew nearer, Miss Dering noticed that he projected from the thumb and finger of a very black hand a gleaming white envelope. The lady mildly wondered as she watched, smiling indulgence at the race-idiiosyncrasies of the trusted servant, but rose alert as a bird when he stopped agrin at Maple Lodge, made a slow impressive detour by the circular garden walk, as the longest approach to the house, and then on highly consequential tiptoes delivered the note into her hands. His grin widened.

"He's done come, Miss Angela! Reckon you's jes' as s'prised as we'un's." Imprisoned delight broke into rich, throaty chucklings. "We done give 'im de bridal chamb'eh."

In the seclusion of the library Miss Dering drank the tingling champagne of the two-line note; Judge Harlowe had just arrived, would take supper at the hotel, and would be pleased to call immediately afterward. She sat down in a palpitation. The culmination was a long-expected one, but she was shocked at the instancy of it. Yet it was like him to drop into Irondale from Philadelphia like this—and without a word to her; his action was usually precipitate when once he had made up his mind about a thing. Miss Dering burned. Well, it was more than foolish



"HE'S DONE COME, MISS ANGELA! RECKON YOU'S JES' AS S'PRISED AS WE'UNS. WE DONE  
GIVE 'IM DE BRIDAL CHAMBEH!"

for her to pretend to disguise the import of this second visit of Judge Harlowe's. It could mean only one thing. When the riot of her heart and nerves had subsided into the quieter but rapid pulse of sustained excitement, Miss Dering went up to her bedroom on newly enterprising feet.

She brought from her wardrobe a white muslin bag, and loosened the draw-string from the silvery shimmer of a gray silk dress, which she spread neatly upon the bed. Over its soft moonlike luster she stood a while, admiring, agitated, yet thankful that faithless Barbara Bowers had at last delivered the garment after weeks of delays and broken promises: her accusing thought was that Barbara sacrificed everyone to brides, and old

maids to everyone. The light of a faint smile hovered in her countenance as though a tiny lamp had been lit back in her eyes; a surprise might be waiting for that autocrat of the needle one of these days. She went ruminating to the dresser, and took a small box from the top drawer. Should she wear the heirloom? She glanced into the mirror, feeling a little ashamed and foolish; it would look like decorating herself. She took from the box a tiny real-lace handkerchief. Its delicate odor in her nostrils brought back the festal éclat of her brother's wedding day fifteen years before, when she had last carried it, and steeped her in an ineffably sweet suggestion of herself coming late but happy into that hour when every woman walks a heroine.

## The Spinster

Should she wear it to-night? It would certainly add a distinctive touch to the gray silk costume, and the judge, formed by a long line of gentle Philadelphian ancestry, was a connoisseur in such things. And Rachel, her sister-in-law, was not there to interpret the greatness of the occasion. A guilty satisfaction went with the thought of the empty house and that Judge Harlowe, too, was aware of her brother and sister-in-law's absence in Europe.

A premonition that Judge Harlowe might arrive earlier than his note indicated sent her into a fluttering alarm. She began her toilet immediately. Cold water could not cool her cheeks. Before the white-draped mirror she brushed the silver masses of her hair into a soft pompadour that framed her face like a delicate cameo. She looked at herself anxiously. Familiarity with the reflection dulled Miss Dering's appreciation of her own beauty, but she met no sense of disappointment in the charm of a face which, though no longer that of youth, was drawn by a race-beauty of bone into the large, finely environed eyes, the slim-bridged nose, the firm oval of cheek and chin, and the notable loveliness of the Dering mouth.

A half-hour before tea-time found her dressed and sitting daintily pensive in a flower-dashed armchair by an upper window. This then, she mused, was the zenith of her days: to-night would see her at church with Judge Harlowe, an engaged woman in the light of more than Irondale fame. She recalled that other Sunday of his first visit to Irondale six months before; walked with him again to church through the delights of spring; felt again the sharp glances of the congregation pierce her skin like javelins, while he of the great leonine head and shoulders sat serene, unconscious, giving a kindly interest to the dry-throated youngster in the pulpit and twinklingly pleased with the pretty young soprano, who, with rakish hat perilously poised, insisted that she would praise, would magnify, would glorify God. How instantly his presence had charged her jaded familiarity with a fresh sense of the humorous! Indeed how electrically he had charged her whole dull life since their first meeting in Philadelphia less than a year ago! She leaned back with closed eyes, a happy tilt to the corners of her mouth.

"I tell you it was—it was Judge Harlowe!"

"Sh!"

The girls were passing under the trees below on their return from the station. Miss

Dering shrank farther into the chair. Her mouth drooped, and a grinning ghost entered upon her mental banquet—the ghost of all Irondale sniffing and speculating over the same thing, and that the one strictly personal affair of her life! For to this shady town of her birth, girded by green hills and a fickle river into its particular garrulousness, she was still a girl, awaiting under their keen eyes the possible bridegroom. To the women of her own age, long ago married into aging responsibilities, to the youngest matron secure in the dignity of wifehood and motherhood, even to old Ellick, the negro servant, she was still an expectant girl.

Disconcernation stiffened into anarchy. She wished that she could run away with this, her one belated happiness; that she might steal the next two hours from the consciousness of even her lifelong friends. Then consolation came with the thought that the thorn of this equivocal girlhood would not much longer scratch; her lane had been a long one of walking alone, a detached old maid without a life-work in a community where such a woman's marriage makes her chief asset for social significance between birth and death; a liberating happiness was at hand, for as mistress of Judge Harlowe's home in Philadelphia she would come into the dignities, duties, and tendernesses she had hitherto missed.

A knock announced the maid with a card-tray. The judge had indeed arrived early—before the lady's tea-time, though she could not have eaten a mouthful.

"Show the gentleman into the library, Martha, and say I shall be down at once."

Martha stood, a hulking girl, a great bud bursting from its sheath, her cow-eyes widening over the unwonted elegance of Miss Dering's toilet. "And sha'n't I serve tea?"

"No, Martha, the gentleman took tea at the hotel. If I want anything later, I'll get it myself."

Miss Dering went to the mirror, but saw nothing, her ear caught by the gritty vibrations of the man-voice in the hall below in colloquy with the maid. She went out into the upper hall and, leaning over the baluster, waited until Martha had gone. When she had descended the stairway, the judge was immediately towering over her, her hand was being painfully crushed, and she was trying to smile unwinningly up into his purposeful eyes. Then she found herself placed in a chair before the library fire, facing the dominating

eyes of her guest, conscious of a carefully closed door and her heart in a plunging premonition. She had a feckless idea of staying the impending avalanche of those eyes by a reference to the sudden chill of the evening; her voice fell weak as a snowflake on a mountain. The judge was leaning coercively toward her, focusing a sunlike gaze upon the flower of her face and asking her to marry him. And having opened his attack with his ultimatum, the gentleman settled back into his chair in visible relief, waiting.

The lady flushed, inarticulately demurred, looked into the fire, a troubled remoteness in her tender eyes.

He studied her with a bathing gaze of honest, affectionate blue. "It isn't possible"—his voice was gentle, helpful—"that this comes as a surprise to you; that you have not yet made up your mind?"

A new flame mounted to the tips of Miss Dering's ears. She sat dumb, low-lidded.

"Putting it to you even on the grounds of mere expediency," he groped cheerfully, "we are suited in age, tastes, and the need of comfortable companionship. We are both detached specimens taking up space in the obscure niches of other people's cabinets. We need a nook of our own, my dear Miss Dering, to talk or be silent in."

A slight upward flutter of the lady's eyelids, a little winged flash on the crest of the silence.

"Then we can be of perfect mutual assistance," he continued confidently. "I can give you a delightful social placing in Philadelphia, and you can confer upon me a lovely, sympathetic companionship—and your fortune, though small, is still enough to secure financial independence for us both."

Miss Dering flinched visibly. Again the disconcerting silence intervened. She pressed the bauble of priceless lace into a wrinkled mass. She had treasured it for twenty years, this frail reminder of a gentle grandmother, and Miss Dering was always loyal, careful.

"I need not say," elaborated the now profoundly troubled judge, "that I deeply deplore the necessity for any pecuniary consideration on my part, but you should know that I have very little income but my pension, outside of my salary, which may possibly cease at the end of this term. So it is absolutely necessary that the lady I marry should possess a competency at least sufficient for many of her own wants. I should prefer you, my dear Miss Dering, to any other woman, however rich."

The silence reeked with sickening disappointment. Here sat Angela Dering, pink cheeked and child eyed with the wistful romance of fifty years of youth, tricked out for her first love-scene and meeting instead an expedient proposal of marriage—and that her very first! Her philosophy of life was embodied in the satin sentiment of her Watteau fan, where the illuminated love of man for woman was the one inevitably sweet fact of human experience. With an evergreen aptitude for faith and hope, she had continued to dream on, through a prolonged girlhood, that some time the sun would filter through stately forest trees upon her own love-scene. She had believed as a child believes in heaven.

How had the brilliant jurist erred in this, the most delicate case of his life! With what fine arrangement had he stated the technicalities of the affair, ignoring the strong call of his own great heart and the eager, ready response of hers! He had proclaimed his sixty years of age fit complement to her fifty years of youth; he had made considerations of finance, social position, personal comfort, instead of simple love, to this pink-and-silver dreamer of a woman who was still but a girl in a garden, the flush of belated expectation on her cheek—the Indian summer glow of the emotion of youth never yet dulled by satisfaction. From under the forest trees he had come to her at last—bearing a previous examination of her bank-account!

Miss Dering gave a nervous little gulp. "I fear," her tardy voice came in low tremolo, "that I—must decline the honor."

"Decline!"

The judge was shocked, disappointed, indignant. He looked at the fire. The lick of the flames on the asbestos logs was not hotter or bluer than the choleric blaze of his eyes. He could have sworn that she had liked the idea from their first meeting some months before! And she knew very well that he was not given to making miserable journeys in that hated sleeping-car environment for casual reasons. And he had timed his second visit just six months from the first, so that she would have ample time to realize, consider, and decide. In the name of all that was reasonable, what conduct could have been more enlightening? She ought to have saved him from this. He stared hotly back at the fire, scourged by a crucifying phrase from old Latin days—*varium et mutabile semper*—his first warning abstract on woman. He would never have thought it of her. He shot a swift

## The Spinster

glance at the lady out of the corner of an anxious eye; she was studying the peeping gray mouse of her shoe, looking all that was sweet, dependable, reasonable, persuadable. He rallied the coercive force of one habituated to authority.

"But why, Miss Dering, why? You surely are not happy on sufferance in another woman's home? You don't find the life—er—a—irresistible, do you?"

"N-o," murmured the lady of the indignant heart-beat; what right had he to constitute himself judge, jury, and counsel, as though she stood a prisoner before his court?

"Then there is your negative position as a single woman in the married tyranny of a small community, where you have nothing vital to do. Let me take that look of self-depreciation out of your eyes, my dear Miss Dering, and make you an arbiter of joy to others. I don't mind telling you that my own situation in my daughter-in-law's house is far from ideal. You know something of what Jack and I are to each other. I would endure much to be near my boy, but he and his wife have some constant source of disagreement. It's ruining poor Jack, and I bear the brunt of their reflected moods. It's intolerable at times, and her polite antipathy to me is a daily cold douche to my amour-propre. And there's my dear old home—the tenants vacate in December—all furnished and ready for us. Come, my dear Miss Dering, look at this matter sensibly, I implore you! We can infinitely benefit each other."

The more naked his sincerity the more monstrous its indecency before the lady's delicate fancy. Her mood was unrelated to logic. "I am sorry"—she traced a filmy pattern in the lace square spread on her knee—"to disappoint you, Judge Harlowe, but I really—cannot—accept—the honor."

"But why, Miss Dering, why? You owe me a reason—an explanation." He looked at her averted face, a profile soft and lovable, yet full of a fine resistance, felt himself suddenly elephantine before her gazellelike daintiness, and was struck to the soul with a miserable conviction. "Is it—that—after all—you find me personally disagreeable to you?" The judge's face, normally pink, went magenta with solicitude.

"No-o," evenly, but to a desperate twisting of the lace heirloom, "indeed—it is not that." Miss Dering was tearing the lace into shreds; he knew very well it was not that; was he utterly sordid, blind to all sense of finer things?

"The fact is"—she flushed deeply under the fluttering curtains of her eyes—"I beg your pardon, Judge Harlowe, but I've always had a fancy, when I married, to—love and be loved."

Miss Dering turned quite white. Having realized the degeneration of the heirloom and the fall of her house of love, she sat aghast at the destruction of her hands and the shamelessness of her tongue. Let all things end for her now—she had insulted the judge and her grandmother's memory.

He mopped an encrimsoned face, stared at her globe eyed, confounded. When he spoke, it was with subdued, courtly sincerity touched with perplexed, aggrieved reproach. "I would trust your loving attitude toward the man you honored by marriage, my dear Miss Dering, and I beg you to remember that I prefer you to any woman in the world."

The lady was not dealing in preferences. She rolled the heirloom into a ball, she looked into the fire. If he loved her it would be a simple thing to say so; and he had not the slightest curiosity, evidently, as to whether she loved him. He took it for granted that under the forlorn circumstances of her life she would go to him like a lonely dog in need of a master; she might just as well have been any other good woman with the proper pecuniary equipment! Well, she was lonely, but not that lonely.

The judge, profoundly uncomfortable, punctuated the silence by a monstrous clearing of his throat, and the huge leathern chair creaked protest at the hideous catastrophe of his next move.

"I—ah—er—ought perhaps to mention to you, my dear Miss Dering"—trying to be casual, his face shot the beet-root purple of a violent blush—"that—er—a very wealthy widow of my acquaintance—ah—has given me to understand—er-r-r—that my—addresses—would not be disagreeable to her." The last words were blurted in the reckless despair of one who sees too late and flounders in a mire of blunder.

Miss Dering threw the lace ball into the fire. Good-by to the heirloom and to her dream of love. Expediency was the law of life—she would die single.

"I appreciate the compliment of your preference, Judge Harlowe"—she brought her dainty body to a glacial height of frigidity—"but I absolutely decline the honor."

When Judge Harlowe shot out of Irondale on the midnight flier, Miss Dering lost the one

incarnate hero of a life's imaginings. Numb'd by a profound inner tragedy, the loss of an ambition, the death of a hope, flat, doleful days closed round her. She had now to accept for good the drab monotony of her lot in Irondale, of adjusting herself to a social trolley of stultifying trivialities where all her duties were the undervalued miscellaneous services expected of an old maid with plenty of pin-money, where all her ties were adoptions and all her emotions the pale reflections of the vital experiences of others. Her bridal popularity had collapsed into the flaccid insignificance of confirmed old-maidhood. Up to now her youth had seemed to lie tight in its firm green calyx of unspoiled illusion; she felt herself suddenly old--much older than the married women of her own age who had wonderingly granted her that lingering youthfulness. Their faces bore the marks of a vital grip on life, of having been loved and wed, of having nursed their young and tasted the sweet and bitter of human fruition: it had, after all, been her futile fate to wither in the bud, to miss the dignity of woman's ineffable joys and sorrows. All unspent, robbed even of dream and vision, she must now go listlessly down the slope of life alone.

The affairs of the fall house-cleaning, of putting the home into perfect condition for the near return of her brother and his wife, compelled her into

alert supervision of the madcap maids. That Rachel should find the place a pink of perfection became her single motive. She made china-closets gleam and brasses glow. But when evening came and she sat in the stately serenity of the library, the little drama of her life passed before her with the prompt fulfilment of a moving picture. How short and sweet had been her few belated days of maidenly expectation--days rendered vital by the postman's knock and his possible burden, those very occasional, short, crisp messages addressed to her in master-strokes and crackling with stiff, conservative import, where she had somehow read love between the lines; days rendered exquisite but terrible by her careful, stilted answerings of the judge's curt explosions. He had never really written or said a word of love to her; she had put into his messages the measure of her own desire; the whole tissue of her romance had been built upon his visit of six months before and a few hasty notes.

Still, a visit from Philadelphia to Ohio, followed by a series of letters from a man of his age and temperament to a woman he had met for the first time while she was on a brief, customary shopping trip to his native city, might have meant all she had wanted it to mean. Well, it had meant something; and he had come and told her what it meant. It was no fault of his that she had wreathed a garland of love-



Emmett

FAMILIARITY WITH THE REFLECTION DULLED MISS DERING'S APPRECIATION OF HER OWN BEAUTY, BUT SHE MET NO SENSE OF DISAPPOINTMENT IN THE CHARM OF THE FACE

## The Spinster

romance about his honest figure of expediency. In the pariahlike poverty of her soul, she had dared to be exacting of the kind of life-bread offered her. Late in the Indian summer of her starved existence she had deliberately turned away from a propitious sun; she had dared to reject Judge Harlowe!

It was something for an old maid to marry a Philadelphia judge under any conventional conditions, to acquire a home, a distinctive social placing in a charming world, and to be made increasingly necessary to somebody's comfort. She lashed herself for the veriest fool, then had the last word with that fool—that she could not have acted otherwise!

When, before retiring for the night, she darkened the library-scene of her one little drama it seemed that she had also switched off the lights of her soul; she dragged herself upstairs weighted by an alien feeling of being deficient, mute, a million miles outside the garden of vital human sympathy and service. Sad—she had not even a sorrow she could call her own; bereft—she had really never had anything to lose. She envied bereaved women their possession of graves and tender memories. She had nothing to weep for, nothing to rejoice in, nothing to await.

If any vestige of hope lingered in her secret breast, it was killed by a newspaper announcement some weeks later of Judge Harlowe's approaching marriage to a woman of wealth in his home city. Miss Dering met the surprise, wonder, and carefully offhand inquiries of her brother and sister-in-law with the reserve that family relationship often imposes; they shared her shamefaced fear of exposing the inner emotions. Knowing that the mean conviction of town-gossip would interpret the fact to her discomfiture, she withdrew more and more into herself, begged for new domestic tasks, spent days in almost complete seclusion. After that announcement nothing mattered for her. Over hem-stitching and lettered embroideries for the linen of the house of Dering, she sat like an old-time girl at a sampler, etching meanwhile into the toughening fiber of her gentle heart her own capitulation to fate: Angela Dering, Spinster, born in Irondale, Ohio, 1860, died—probably in an old ladies' home.

For the confirmed withdrawal of hope from her long-trusted horizon acted like a spiritual blight, made the future stretch colorless before her into dull years where life held no personal note, no intimate joys, no sense of being

necessary to anyone. Having foregone her one chance of purposeful existence, she dreaded the approach of old age, which might bring for her a period of uselessness, desperate with the haunting sense of being in the way. She grew morbid in her solitudes, picturing herself a ghost among ghosts in that shade-land that borders death, an old ladies' home. She had always known of one, a gentle hostelry where the qualifications for admission after life's conquering vicissitudes were five hundred dollars and a black silk dress; where the patterns of the teaspoons, the sprigs on the teacups of more adventurous days, lit the limbo of emulous reminiscence.

One date of morbid interest lay ahead, the last outpost of significance in her lessening life. Judge Harlowe's wedding day was almost at hand. One March afternoon she was carefully dusting the treasures of a library cabinet, absorbed in melancholy reflection; the tiny porcelain men and women in beribboned perukes and with hands on their hearts were embodied dreams, kept under glass for hopeless old maids to dust; they had only a fictive relation to life, which was really a series of mean expediences and blunders. Her sister-in-law entered pertinently.

"Pray put down that fragile piece, Angela. I have a piece of news that will surprise you. Judge Harlowe's son has killed himself, this paper states, and the marriage is indefinitely postponed. Insanity is hinted at as the cause of the suicide. Here, you may take it. I'm due at the club at two o'clock."

Left alone, Miss Dering sank into a chair, stunned by her sister-in-law's neat thunderbolt. She could take in nothing of the printed horror. The newspaper slipped to the floor, while she sat quiet, staring opaquely, her spirit absent from the body, gone in its unknown dimension to the distant scene of terrible trouble; then slowly the suffering sense came back to her sad eyes, which took on a doglike agony, wistful from the strain against their limitations. The bleak winter hills, the black northern barrier of Irondale, hunched great shoulders stolidly against her, indifferent, taunting. "This trouble is none of yours," they glowered; "go back to your dusting—to your linen. You have no troubles." Bringing her suffering gaze back to the library, fate seized her with a more cutting irony: there stood the great chair where last had sat the blundering giant, her friend who had paid her the compliment of preferring her to any woman in the world.

What she saw now was a giant with a great head bent, a proud back bowed, an idolizing father cruelly bereft, publicly scourged; a nostalgia of the heart, a need to help him, grew in her till her throat ached with a thousand knives and her very veins flowed tears. Then the conjured inhabitant of the chair was lost in a blinding suffusion. Miss Dering had found something to weep for.

The end of that day brought the same shy and lonely figure into the tea-table group. Miss Dering cut the loaf on its carved wooden platter from the Old World without dropping a crumb, tossed the salad in its huge Delft bowl, making the pretty picture that everyone took for granted; no one guessed or cared to guess that this day outwardly so quiet had brought the first opening of the floodgates and torrents from the tight glacial heights of a spinster soul and left it quickened to new life and interest. Was the "certain wealthy widow" at his side? Was she who had signified to Judge Harlowe that his attentions were not disagreeable to her "making good"? Was the marriage still to be? If not—Miss Dering did not carry the catechism further; but the little lamp in her eyes was lit again, shone tremulous and clear.

She waited, not acknowledging to herself that she waited for anything. She went about her chosen household duties, laying greater stress on their perfection, turning steadily away from a reckoning with the subjective processes of her soul that kept the light burning as time

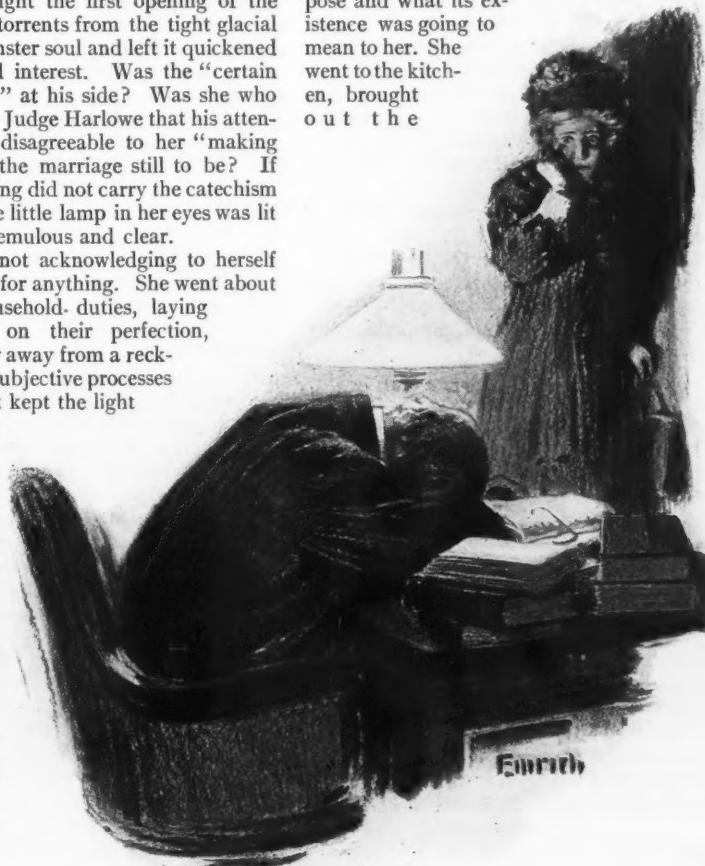
went on. So that when her brother looked casually up from his paper at the breakfast table some weeks later, Miss Dering continued peeling an orange.

"I see the wealthy Mrs. Warrington, fiancée of Judge Harlowe, has sailed for Europe and the marriage is declared off."

"H'm"—the

mistress of the house tapped an egg-shell—"I don't blame her.—Did you order the eggs, Angela? I want you to make the pound-cake for the whist meeting here to-day.—I suppose she didn't care to identify herself permanently with the family. Insanity was hinted at, you know."

Miss Dering finished peeling the orange, but with a hand electrified. The curtains of her eyes hid a light grown suddenly incandescent, and far away in the unacknowledged, insistent places of her soul something awoke, stretched itself, staggered to uncertain feet—a new-born dumb thing obeying at birth the prompt law of its being. She did not hasten her breakfast by an instant; deliberately delayed her own vision of this infant purpose and what its existence was going to mean to her. She went to the kitchen, brought out the



Emrich

HE WAS SITTING AT A TABLE, HIS GREAT GRAY HEAD BOWED ON ARMS THAT  
ENCLOSED HIM INTO A DARK CIRCLE OF GRIEF AND DESOLATION

## The Spinster

scales, flour, butter, sugar, eggs for the pound-cake, testing the oven with the hair-splitting care that had yesterday stood for a vital thing in life; and while the cake sent its nutmeg redolence through the house, and she carefully washed, wiped, and put away the utensils of her task, her infant was leaping triumphantly and tugging at her spirits. Not till after luncheon, in the privacy of her room, did she fall to appraising this first, hot-blooded purpose of her very own. The burden of its dynamic cry that set her pulse to the poise and strength of an engine was—John Harlowe is desolate and needs you; you are desolate and need John Harlowe.

It was enough. She set about packing a small valise that had figured in her dreams of a wedding journey. She must now travel alone, unheralded, unawaited. While she busied herself in the vain hope of hastening the hour of her departure, which could not well be before an early-morning train of the next day, a voice dominant yet tender and deeply reproachful keyed her inner self to courage: "I should prefer you, my dear Miss Dering, to any woman in the world." Miss Dering was in the grip of the erstwhile hated monster, expediency.

Her sister-in-law did not think the state of Angela's wardrobe warranted the shopping trip. "You don't need a single stitch—you have more unused clothes now than any woman in Irondale."

"I am going because I need the change, Rachel."

The tense quietness of the reply held a pinpoint of anarchy, evidenced by a crimson flag in the cheek, a nervous enlargement of eye, and an unwonted resistance of lip. Her sister-in-law gave Miss Dering a queer, considering look, then assented indifferently.

"You will do as you please, of course, Angela, since your money and your time are your own. I simply say that you don't need any new clothes. But if you're going, I wish you'd get me some D's for the spare-room pillow-cases. They'll be ready for you when you get back."

To Miss Dering's later memory, the railroad journey of that day was never more than the vague tissue of a dream, in which she seemed to have been magically carried to John Har-

lowe past flying farm-lands, approving villages, over accommodating rivers, through unresisting mountains by her talisman of an all-absorbing, irresistible purpose. She never recalled the securing, at ten o'clock that night in Philadelphia, the cab that placed her at his door. She only remembered stepping from the train gripped by a subjective vision of the judge sitting late at his office, perhaps his sole refuge for privacy, and that she must have been dead to all consciousness of time or convention, blind, deaf, dumb to everything but bringing renewed joy of life to two forlorn souls.

The outer offices were brightly illuminated but deserted. She found herself at the entrance to his private room. The door stood open. He was sitting at a table, his great gray head bowed on arms that enclosed him into a dark circle of grief and desolation. An open book pushed aside made show of a futile attempt at professional absorption. She stood there, unable to speak, to break from the hammering, tightening pulse of a trance. Something in the ache of her must have reached him; he turned, started up, towered before her a bewildered giant with eyes bloodshot under hair uncouthly ruffled and face bleached to a strange pallor.

"Angela—you—here—at this hour?"

A swift, scalding surge of her old-time delicacy, a sickening sense of convention never broken before in her life, flooded her with horror at the thing she had done; the romantic imp that lurked in the depths of her soul deserted her at the very crisis of its own begetting; the sleep-walker awoke and knew she had dreamed. The failure of heart sent her weak and dejected. She stood confused, mortified, her fingers working on the hand-satchel; then the change in him, the sadly relaxed lines of his face, the tearless pain in his fevered eyes, impelled her to a desperate sense of his need. She made a last grasp at her retreating courage, brought unshrinking, steadfast eyes to his, opened lips touched to a tremulous pathos and a little gasp of dismayed anxiety.

"I am fresh from the train. I—couldn't help coming—oh—John—" He had gathered her like a flower in a freshet, opening at last to its full purpose of life.





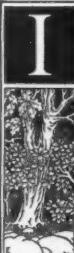
# The Ashman

A FICTION PHOTOGRAPH FROM REAL LIFE

By Keene Abbott

*Author of "Home," "Youth," "His Mother," etc.*

Illustrated by Edward Poucher



N an up-town district the car had been crowded; now it contained only two passengers—Miss Brookton of the *Daily News* and a droll, small man with so large a derby hat that the weight of it, pressing down upon his leathery ears, made the tops of them fold over.

As his eyes met the smiling eyes of Miss Brookton, he said politely, "Nice day, mom," and, in answer to the look of mild astonishment in her face, he added, almost apologetically, "Guess you hardly know me."

"Yes, I do." The haste of Miss Brookton's assertion seemed to implore pardon for her belated recognition. "You're the—the—"

"Ashes man, yes, mom."

Although he was known to her in winter as a carter of ashes and in summer as a carter of other refuse whom she rather frequently employed, it is not strange that she had been slow to identify him. For this time, this

once, he was clean. His face was not smudged over with its usual bristling growth of beard and dirt, and he had the appearance of having recently come out of a misfit-clothing establishment.

Eying his swollen telescope case, which, with the shakings of the car, jounced cumbersously upon the slatted floor, Miss Brookton said to him, "I don't wonder that you're taking a vacation." Then, with a growing sense of how very unpleasant his work must be, she added, "I should think you would need a vacation every little while."

"I'm takin' a short lay-off, but my job ain't so bad," he replied, and after an interval of rumination, he went on: "They tell me that all kinds of sickness gets started from filth and dirt. Leastways, that sounds reasonable; now don't it?"

Miss Brookton said it sounded reasonable.

"Well, then," he added, "I ain't got no kick a-comin' on my job; I don't care for many lay-offs." After another period of

reflection he suddenly exclaimed: "Lord A'mighty, when I see the kids playin' around, all strong and hearty—well, it *does* make a body feel awful friendly with hisself to keep up the idee that he's helpin' little boys and girls to stay all nice and strong and healthy!"

With the breadth of interest which a newspaper woman displays in regard to all sorts of people, Miss Brookton said: "Nobody but a father would have such an idea as that. How many children have you?"

For some time the man did not reply. He sat looking at the parcel on his knees, and he looked so wistfully at that lumpy thing with its diminutive pair of rubber-tired wheels squeezing out through a torn place in the paper that one could scarcely fail to guess what was going on in his mind.

"How many children?" he repeated. "Well, not—not *any*—as you might say." But by and by he was slowly adding: "When her ma died, of course she had to be 'dopted out. A man, you see, a man don't rightly know how to bring up a little girl—not a man like me, I guess."

He snuggled the parcel under his arm, and with his thick, brown, sunburned hands lying weightily upon his knees, he fell to looking straight ahead, out of the car window.

The man, it appeared, was going to see his little girl and help her to celebrate her birthday. And the worst thing about it was that he had no right to go; for in giving the child into the keeping of people whom he knew would be good to her, he had been obliged not only to give up all claim to his Elizabeth, but also to promise never to see her again. For they were quite the usual



"A MAN, YOU SEE, A MAN DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW HOW TO  
BRING UP A LITTLE GIRL—NOT A MAN LIKE ME, I GUESS"

thing in the way of foster-parents: they had wanted the child for their very own, and since she had come to them so early in her life, it was their belief that she would ultimately outgrow all recollection of her own father and mother.

So it was that when the man arrived in the city where he had hoped to see that heart of his heart, he felt ashamed, guilty, as though he

might be some scapgrace deserving nothing better than to be locked up in jail. At first, however, he made pretense that this was to be a very festive day. Having reached his destination in the middle of the night, he went to a hotel and engaged one of the best rooms; but as for going to sleep, he could not manage that; he was too excited. Nor did he succeed in eating his breakfast, although he had intended to spend a whole hour—perhaps more than an hour—over his meal, for that, he had thought, would be an agreeable way of dragging through this dreary period of waiting.

After breakfast he did a number of things to make the time go by. He had his shoes shined, he got a fresh shave, he tried to smoke a cigar, he even tried to read the morning paper. Then, finally, seven o'clock struck; and now, at last, it would be all right, he thought, to go out to the house. His plan was to march bravely up to the door, brusquely ring the bell, and calmly tell the people that he had come to help celebrate Elizabeth's birthday.

Most excellent idea! Yet when he reached the expansive residence, with its smoothly mowed lawn, its trim, clean walks, and its stone-pillared veranda entwined with clematis all regally abloom, he did not feel one little

bit like going up to the house. He walked thoughtfully by, and presently returned on the opposite side of the street.

Why not wait until to-morrow? he asked himself, and dismally set to reasoning about the situation. Maybe he had come too early; maybe, if he were to go over there and ring the bell, it would be a great annoyance to the family; maybe, after all, it would be better, more convenient, to see Elizabeth next summer instead of now.

And yet he did not go away. No, he merely walked completely around the block, and presently came back to the house of the purple clematis. But the place still seemed to scowl inhospitably at him. If everything about it were only not quite so well kept and smug! At first he had been awed by its self-satisfied air, and afterward he grew a little angry at sight of it; he let himself get more angry, for that, he felt sure, would brace up his waning courage.

He grew brave at last, indeed he did; he grew so brave that he went marching along the clean-washed cement walk, up the stone steps, on across the thick rugs of the veranda, and quite up to the impressive oaken doors. Nor did he hesitate very long before pressing the little bronze button to ring the electric bell. But when he found himself looking into the face of a befriended house-maid he did not know what to do or what to say.

"I am—I

want—" he faltered, and then paused, reflected as best he could, and began again. "Mrs. Levitt, the nurse, she lives here—what?"

"Go to the side door," said the maid, but the man was so busy with the thing he was trying to tell her that he did not understand.

"Mrs. Levitt," he repeated, "Mrs. Levitt, the nurse, she *don't* live here any more—what?"

"You better go around to the side door," the maid insisted, and there was something so insolent in the toss of her fluffy yellow head that the man spoke sharply to her.

"Look here, young miss," he said, "I want to see Mrs. Levitt. I want to see her right away, right now, right here. You go tell her so."

This abrupt change from abashed humility to challenging assertiveness so astonished the girl that she thought best not to close the door upon the visitor.

Presently he heard voices and laughter in an up-stairs hallway. Then came a crispy rustle of starched petticoats.

Mrs. Levitt appeared. Red-faced and expansive, she wheezed excessively with her shortness of breath, and her heavy double chin was set aquiver with every step she took.

"You, Bill Marley!" she gasped as her cumbrous proportions reached the threshold. "Well-a-well, if



HE WALKED THOUGHTFULLY BY. . . . MAYBE IT WOULD BE BETTER, MORE CONVENIENT, TO SEE ELIZABETH NEXT SUMMER INSTEAD OF NOW

## The Ashman

this isn't just like you! I kept writing for you *not* to come, so *here* you are!" She had not intended to give him any sort of welcome, but in spite of that austere determination she found herself gripping his hand in sheer friendliness. "Only came to annoy me, didn't you?"

"Yes—I mean, *no*, mom."

"Paid no attention to my letters. Just came, and be hanged to me!"

"Yes, mom."

"Well, don't know as I blame you. Been half expecting you. Only—well, good land, Bill, they simply won't have it, and I can't say exactly that I blame *them*, neither. They do so love that little girl, and they're going to do everything in this world to make her life happy and sweet. She surely has got herself into their hearts, just as if she was their own flesh and blood."

The man smiled, swallowed, and again shook hands with the nurse. "That's nice, that's awful nice," he said, and after a pause he was reflectively suggesting, "I do wish I could see her once; if only I could just get a teeny squint at her and find out how much she's grown!"

"Now see here, Bill Marley, don't you begin that. I just can't stand it."

"Course, I don't want to hold her in my arms, or nothin' like that," said he, "but I was thinkin' that maybe you could have her stand in yonder, back of that big front winder. Then I could walk along, sort o' accidental, and jest *happen* to see her."

"She'd recognize you," the woman protested, "she'd be sure to."

"Then she *ain't* forgot me—what?"

"No, Bill."

The man smiled, laughed aloud, and again shook hands. "No," he presently urged, "she wouldn't see me. I'd get behind one of them rose-bushes, and only jest peek at her."

"And that—would it satisfy you?"

"Lord knows it wouldn't," Marley exclaimed, "but it would help some." After an interval of silence he added regretfully: "Course I might not see her eyes very good, and her eyes, you know—well, they're jest like her mother's. Don't you think so?"

"Very like her mother's," the nurse agreed.

And with quiet emphasis the man said, "You never *see* such eyes—what?"

The woman's handkerchief was a very busy handkerchief for a moment, and she impulsively seized Marley's arm. "Come on in here, you great silly thing!" she ex-

claimed. "You're going to make trouble for both of us, and I despise and detest you, but come on in. Elizabeth is still abed, always does sleep late, a regular sleepy-head. Do walk quiet, for goodness' sake! And see here, sir, will you promise only to look at her, and then go away?"

"Sure!" the man whispered; it was a whisper that fairly echoed, and in entering the house the stiff, hard soles of his new shoes clacked loud and creaked alarmingly. As he ascended the broad staircase he paused more than once, clinging fast to the carved banister, so dizzy was he with his success and his anticipations.

At the door of the chamber where Elizabeth lay asleep he halted yet again, for in yonder was such whiteness, such cleanliness, and such a spurting of yellow sunshine through the shutters that it did not seem right for him, so awkward and clumsy, to be going in there.

Near the door was the bed, and on it a child in a snowy nightgown, with a frost-work of frilly things at throat and wrists; and among the tumbled brown curls upon the pillow, a long sunbeam with motes of dust floating in it was shining so brilliantly that one of the curls did not appear brown, but seemed rather to blaze with copper light.

"'Liz'beth," the man whispered. "My little girl!"

She was not the same as she had been; two years make such a difference in the life of a child! He had always thought of her as remaining three years old, forever three, always the same wee woman she had been, but here she was, grown much taller, much thinner, with most of the dimpling plumpness gone. The curls, how much longer they were! Even the eyelashes seemed longer, but it was the same face, the same freshness of red lips, the same whiteness of the slender neck, the same, the very same little girl, but now five years old instead of only three.

"'Liz'beth!" the man whispered for a second time, and at that moment the child gave a sleepy little grunt which was almost a whine of drowsiness, and her face moved upon the squashy white pillow. She partially turned over, then yawned and stretched herself, putting up her little hands, with the small, pink-tipped fingers spread wide apart.

"She's waking up, you must go now," said the nurse, but the man only pushed by her, and bent down over the bed. And the child looked up into his eyes, smiled alluringly, then puckered her mouth for a kiss.

"You know me, then! You haven't forgotten me!" said the man, and now he felt her arms going snugly about his neck, and heard her far-away voice saying very sleepily, "Dada, Dada," and, after another yawn, "Dada come."

The man lifted her in his arms, cuddled her close, and sat down upon the side of the bed, pressing her firmly against his shoulder and feeling her breath upon his cheek.

The little girl made no ado over the presence of her father; it must have seemed as natural to have him there as pretty dreams are natural. With a kiss she accepted him; with another kiss she went to sleep in his arms, and the man looked and looked and could not get done looking at her.

Down there—see!—there

were the wee pink toes that he used to fondle as he repeated the story of the piggies that went to market. And it was strange, the nurse thought, with what gentleness so big and awkward a hand could stroke the hair of that little Elizabeth. As Mrs. Levitt observed this she used her handkerchief again, her red eyes being much affected, it appeared, by her hay-fever. And presently she went off, leaving those two alone, but at the end of ten minutes she came wheezing and panting hurriedly back. Her face was inordinately red as she bent over to whisper something into the man's ear.

"The clock is striking," she said. "If you don't want *her* to see you here, you will have to be going now."

But the man made no movement to put down the child; he only went on looking at

her, doting upon her, pressing her more hungrily against his shoulder.

"If you don't put her down now, and go away, it will make lots of trouble for me," said the woman.

"The first time in two years. I ain't troubled nobody much," said the man.

"Very well," the woman answered, "if you want me to lose my place, just you stay where you are. Hark!"

There was a sound of a door quietly opening, and afterward came a whispery rustle as if it might be the stir of a silken morning gown.

"She's coming now!" gasped the nurse.

The man said nothing. He merely laid the child back upon the bed, kissed her silently, lingeringly. Then with infinite care,

to prevent waking her, he laid the little parcel he had brought—his birthday offering—beneath the coverlet in her arms, and went away. Near the door he passed a woman, or thought he did, although in truth it was only the house-maid who was now hastening to answer the bell-call of her mistress. Marley did not recognize the girl; he did not look at her. He went on down the staircase, not hurriedly, but deliberately and with dignity.

On the morning of the next day he was back at his work again, doing it with his usual thoroughness; he even whistled a little, being quite oblivious of the disagreeable features of his toil.

"Well, did you have a good time when you went to see your little girl?" Miss Brookton inquired, when she next saw him.

"Great!" said the ashman.



WITH A KISS SHE ACCEPTED HIM; WITH ANOTHER KISS SHE WENT TO SLEEP IN HIS ARMS, AND THE MAN LOOKED AND LOOKED AND COULD NOT GET DONE LOOKING AT HER

# What Are You Going to Do About It?

## 4. The Man the Interests Wanted

By Charles Edward Russell

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—The influence of monied interests over legislative acts is an old, old story in this year of wholesale revelations of bribe-giving. Also commonplace is the stooping of men in public life to acts that soil their souls. The new note is struck in the putting up of an unwilling—though subservient—man of national prominence as a mere pawn in the game of defying the people at the fountain-head of their liberty. William Lorimer sits in the United States Senate by virtue of votes cast by men who, by their own admission, were paid for so voting. He, apparently, did not know these facts, which make the activities of big interests all the more insidious, and should urge every man who prizes the franchise to take thought of what he is going to do about it.



BOUT three years ago a young lawyer came to Chicago from a Western state and joined a great law firm. No doubt he was, in a way, a type. His university training and experiences had made him conservative; his trend of thinking and his chosen reading had fortified him in the comfortable belief that all is well with us; and his ambition prompted him to the successful and lucrative practice that is won by assiduous dexterity toward the powers that be. His work developed along unusual lines. Daily there came under his notice, first, the evolution by which the business industries and the actual control of America are passing into the hands of a few colossal combinations; and, second, the true manner in which legislation is now secured and justice administered.

He was compelled to see things as they are and not as they are joyously painted for us. The courts, the council, the executives, the city government, the state government, the secret and malign influences that master all these, passed under his review. He saw graft triumphant, widespread, and in its real citadel unassailable; the transparent farce of the punishments that are so barrenly attempted; the difficulty of punishing any man before whom the corporations throw up their mysterious shields. At first he pushed aside the evidences of his senses, being resolved upon optimism. After a time he found himself pondering upon the appalling significance of these conditions, and as he pondered his disillusion grew. I saw him the day before

yesterday. He had withdrawn from the great law firm; he had given up his practice; he had resolved to spend the rest of his life in warfare upon these enemies of the Republic at last revealed to his complacent American mind. Nevertheless, with an underlying conviction that it is too late; for a voice, he said, told him that nothing on earth can destroy or even check the development of the power of accumulated capital and interwoven corporations in America, now become the greatest engine of blind force ever known among men.

With this little prelude, which, as you deem it, may or may not apply to the theme in hand, we are ready for the next chapter of our story.

Perhaps we may begin in the manner of a scenario. Two men meet in the lobby of the Briggs House, in Chicago. Both are chosen servants of the sovereign people of the state of Illinois, being members of the Legislature thereof. The first legislator says to the second legislator,

"I should like to have my money to-day."

The second legislator takes the first legislator to a room upstairs. There he discloses about his waist a great double belt of cloth, so stuffed with rolls of money that in places hard lumps protrude. From this belt he takes seventeen fifty-dollar bills and gives them to the first legislator. He says:

"Here is \$850. With the \$150 I gave you before it makes \$1000, which is all of your Lorimer money. The rest that is coming to you I will give you in St. Louis, July 15th."

So they part. On July 15th the first legislator is in St. Louis, at the Southern Hotel.



SENATOR WILLIAM LORIMER, OF ILLINOIS, AN EXAMPLE OF THE INFLUENCE OF MONEY IN POLITICS. HE HAD NO DESIRE TO BE A SENATOR, PREFERRING TO REMAIN A LOCAL BOSS; BUT ONCE IN THE SENATE HE SERVED FAITHFULLY THOSE INTERESTS THAT, PRESUMABLY, SENT HIM THERE

Five other representatives of the people of Illinois are in the same place. One by one they go into a room upstairs, where an agent of the legislator of the money-belt hands to each of them \$900. It is the annual division of the Illinois jack-pot.

This is the story as nine months later Charles A. White, the first legislator in the Briggs House incident, publishes it to the world. It sounds like a market report of transactions in apples or dressed flooring. "Your Lorimer money," says White in this

narrative. By that he means money paid to him for his vote for William Lorimer, now junior United States senator from Illinois. Mr. Lorimer is a Republican, White is a Democrat. Fifty-two other Democrats in the Legislature voted for Mr. Lorimer, deserting the candidate of their own party as chosen by the party primary. With fifty-five Republicans that also deserted the choice of their primary these elected Mr. Lorimer.

On the roll-call there are extraordinary scenes. Bitter speeches are made by Demo-

## What Are You Going to Do About It?

crats that do not desert their party primary. One of these, Representative George W. English, in a savage onslaught, practically declares that the election is being bought. Another, Representative Groves, says that he has been approached improperly to vote for Lorimer. Senator Isley, in remarks of deep significance, denounces the whole transaction. The minority or Democratic leader, Lee O'Neil Browne, makes an explanation of his own vote for Lorimer. It is unconvincing. He says: "The Democrats have heard the call of duty. They cannot cash their talk or the dreams they have had of electing a man of their own, and it is up to them to do something." But he resents the remarks of Representative English, and says that if English means to impute improper purposes to the Democrats that vote for Lorimer he is a liar, and invites him to step outside the chamber, after which "one of us will never make use of such words again."

Mr. Browne is the second legislator, alleged in White's narrative to be the wearer of the belt and the dispenser of "Lorimer money."

Upon the publication of White's story, Mr. Lorimer makes denials and protests, ringing with righteous wrath. White's story is a lie. He was not elected by bribery. His enemies are plotting to undo him. He has lately started a bank, and rivals are trying to ruin the enterprise. As for White, Mr. Lorimer says he knows him not at all or in only a casual way.

On May 28th, four weeks after White's story has stirred the country, Mr. Lorimer rises in his place in the Senate to exculpate himself. It is the first time he has addressed that august body. Part of his speech is almost incoherent; all of it is badly and crassly constructed. Many times he denies White's charges, putting in the denials at intervals after long, vituperative, unseemly attacks upon the Chicago *Tribune* and its publisher. The Chicago *Tribune* is the paper that first printed White's story; Mr. Lorimer has long been at enmity with it; he pours out upon it the concentrated hatred of years. Of Lee O'Neil Browne he says:

"He is all in all a strong, high-minded, God-fearing, honorable man. I recall a pleasant chat that I had with him on an occasion when we were discussing the hereafter, and during the course of which he told me that he believed the Bible from cover to cover. Such a man will not stoop to so low a level as to become a bribe-taker or a bribe-giver."

So he goes on, defending himself, accusing his foes; and even while he is speaking in Washington, State Senator D. W. Holstlaw is in Springfield confessing to Prosecutor Burke that he had been bribed with \$2500 to vote for Lorimer. It is but one of many such confessions. In Chicago Browne had been indicted, and Representatives Michael S. Link and H. J. C. Beckemeyer had confessed to the grand jury, each that he had received \$1000 of the "Lorimer money." Link said that for his vote for Lorimer Browne had paid him in St. Louis, and he had received \$900 from the jack-pot. Beckemeyer's statement was almost identical. Link said that in Springfield he had been approached by a "lumberman," who took him joy-riding and broached a vote for Lorimer. The ride ended at a hotel, where he met Lorimer himself and promised to vote for him, but nothing was said about money; that was arranged for later by Browne.

To these corroborations many incidents were added. Prosecutor Burke of Springfield, working independently, gathered formidable facts, some of which have not yet been made public. A long list of indictments appeared at Springfield, and a short list at Chicago. Each was made on the basis of facts that widened the circle of information. Representative George W. Myers, a Democrat, testified that on the morning of Lorimer's election Browne sent for him and said,

"We are going to put it over to-day, and I want you to come along."

"I can't do it, Lee," said Myers.

"We have plenty of state appointments," said Browne, "and plenty of the necessary."

"I can't do it," said Myers again, and the conference ended.

White furnished much additional circumstance. He supported his testimony with a mass of letters and telegrams from Browne, many of them apparently of the most incriminating nature. He said that every step of his negotiations with Browne he had reported daily to Otis and Sidney Yarborough, his friends, to whom he had exhibited the bribe money; and these men corroborated his statements. To show how lightly these things were regarded at Springfield he said that the day before the Lorimer election he met a fellow Democrat of the Legislature, who said,

"Have you been up to the trough yet?"

"What trough?" said White.

"Why, haven't you been up to the trough?"

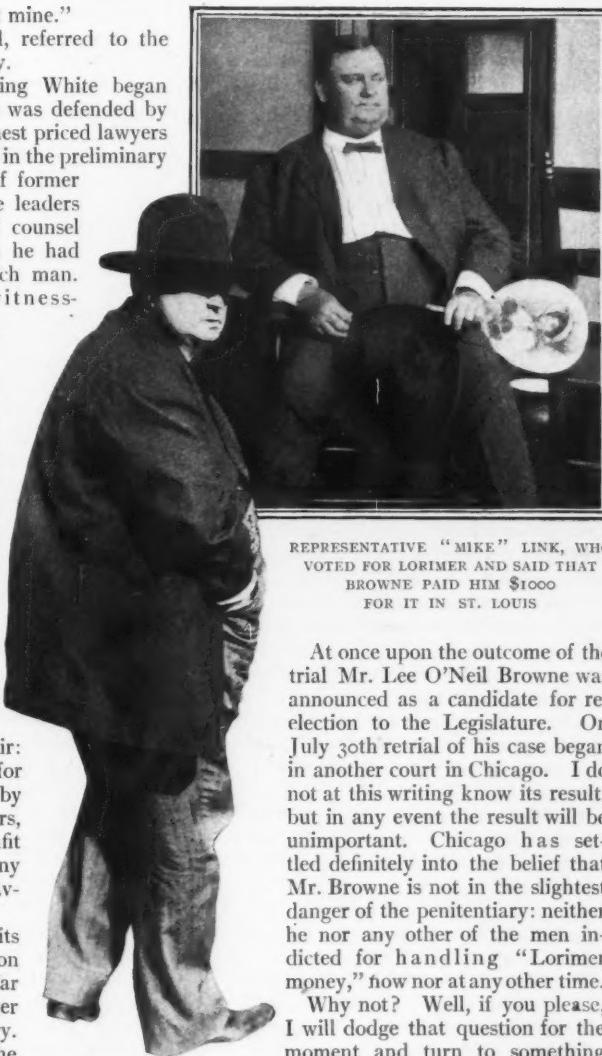
"No."

"Well, I have, and I got mine."

These remarks, he said, referred to the distribution of bribe money.

Browne's trial for bribing White began June 7th in Chicago. He was defended by three of the ablest and highest priced lawyers in Chicago, and he had also in the preliminary argument the assistance of former Judge Haney, one of the leaders of the bar. His array of counsel caused some comment, as he had not been known as a rich man. White went upon the witness-stand and told his story in all its details. Many other witnesses, including Link and Beckemeyer, told theirs. Some of the incriminating documents were introduced. Browne sat with his lawyers and looked at White, and White sat on the witness-stand and looked at Browne, and an American citizen, sitting in the court-room and looking at both, had mental nausea at the sight of them. Here were two products of the representative system of government calculated to fill the patriot with despair: both chosen to make laws for their country, one clothed by his party with very high honors, and both so manifestly unfit that their presence in any office whatever seemed a travesty and a revolting jest.

The prosecution put in its full case, the corroboration I have mentioned and far more; the jury heard day after day sworn details of the story. With general amazement the town observed the nature of the defense, which was next to nothing. White's character was attacked; Browne's was praised by witnesses, some of whom, it appeared, hardly knew him. Browne did not take the stand; no denial of White's allegations was submitted to the jury. On June 24th the case was closed. Five days the court waited for a verdict. On June 29th, after being out 115 hours, the jury returned and reported that it could not agree. It stood eight for conviction and four for acquittal.



REPRESENTATIVE "MIKE" LINK, WHO VOTED FOR LORIMER AND SAID THAT BROWNE PAID HIM \$1000 FOR IT IN ST. LOUIS

At once upon the outcome of the trial Mr. Lee O'Neil Browne was announced as a candidate for re-election to the Legislature. On July 30th retrial of his case began in another court in Chicago. I do not at this writing know its result, but in any event the result will be unimportant. Chicago has settled definitely into the belief that Mr. Browne is not in the slightest danger of the penitentiary: neither he nor any other of the men indicted for handling "Lorimer money," now nor at any other time.

Why not? Well, if you please, I will dodge that question for the moment and turn to something else. Here are a few conclusions concerning the Lorimer case that to persons favored with an inside view of political realities seem reasonably certain:

1. There was paid for the election of William Lorimer to the United States Senate about \$150,000 in bribes to legislators and about \$50,000 in incidentals. Since then legal and other expenses have added probably \$100,000 to this investment.

2. Mr. Lorimer was perfectly correct when he said that he had paid not one cent for his

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election. Even if he were so minded he could not pay any considerable sum for any purpose. He is not rich enough. It is even probable that he never had knowledge that any money was paid in his behalf. He did not wish to be a senator, and the place, which was really thrust upon him, interfered with his own cherished political plans.

3. There were in the business world certain great dominating influences or combinations that very much desired to have Mr. Lorimer in the Senate. No bribe money will ever be traced to these splendid doors. A certain law firm somewhere was accustomed to receive annually from these enterprises money to be expended at discretion to secure certain needed results. From this fountain-head the handy conduit of the retainer fee ran unobserved to men that dealt with the leaders and brokers of legislation, distributors of jack-pots, and the like. These completed the transaction, and the desired results were apparent—as they usually are under such conditions. It by no means follows that the men directing the great central business and financial concerns knew one thing about any bribery, nor that the lawyers knew, nor that anywhere along this familiar chain of practice was one criminal flaw upon which the courts can seize. At the top are very good men that are also very able and inconceivably powerful. In the middle are men supplied with funds and desirous to please the powerful good men at the top. At the bottom are obscure persons that actually achieve the things desired by the powerful good men, and no human power can show a line of communication between all these.

In view of these conclusions one may understand why the prosecution of Mr. Lee O'Neil Browne and others fills experienced observers with sardonic amusement. It is like beating your gate-post because your house has burned down.

Searching for further light upon these recondite matters, let us take a glance now at the man upon whom a senatorship was conferred thus against his will. Mr. Lorimer is and has been for many years the Republican boss of Cook County, wherein lies Chicago. The boss. At once you have a mental vision of a man with horns. Having reached the conclusion, in our comfortable American fashion, that nothing is involved in these problems but bad men and good men, we are all of the opinion that the boss is a bad man. Probably he is a saloon-keeper; certainly he

is a low, vicious person with whom no member of our set could associate. All bosses are bad men. Well, not Mr. Lorimer, certainly; he does not belong in that category. He is no bad man; not he; there is no better man in public life. He is strictly and sternly moral; he is a devout man in faith and by rigid practice. He has not one bad habit; he has not one low associate, not one leaning toward evil. His private life is almost strangely immaculate. He is the model family man; his life at home is too fine and good to be dragged into the public view. He abhors vice as a Puritan might abhor it; he ardently supports the church and charity, not for political advantage but from conviction. He keeps faith with other men; from his own point of view he is scrupulously honest. He walks one straight path and has always walked it. It was my fortune for some years to observe closely his methods, and I do not believe that he ever did anything that seemed to him of questionable probity. He always seemed to me consistently devoted to a code of honor in which he could not discover a flaw.

At the same time he always seemed, for one in his position, singularly dull. Perhaps he was too dull to be crooked. "He seemed to lack the necessary liveliness," says Stevenson, defending one of his characters from the charge of drunkenness. Perhaps it was so with Lorimer. God knows why he should ever have been a conspicuous leader. He cannot make even a passable speech, he has no brilliant qualities, he commits a thousand dull blunders, he never arouses a spark of enthusiasm in any human breast, he can see no farther than his hand. He is, or seems to be, just a large, honest, good-natured, fatuous person, and year after year he has been the dictator of the Republican party in Cook County, the most influential Republican in the state, and the close personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt.

Dictatorship must be an easy job in this country.

Yet in his curious career there is much to demand admiration. In recent years we have grown far away from the ideal of a man that begins life with his two hands and wrests success from the grip of adversity; but, after all, this alone illustrated the free opportunity of America, now rapidly vanishing. Mr. Lorimer is such a man. He came to this country from Manchester, England, when he was five years old. His boyhood was a fierce struggle with destitution. He educated him-



self while he worked in a packing-house, sold newspapers, or drove a street-car. He got into politics, was elected town constable, was appointed to the Chicago water office, rose to be superintendent, and in 1892 was a delegate to the Republican National Convention. Two years later he was elected to Congress, where he served six years. In 1900 he was defeated, partly by carelessness, but in 1902 he regained his seat and held it until he went to the Senate.

For twelve years or so he has been a boss, with a great and powerful machine under his absolute dominion, and he has not by one cent enriched himself from its operations. How has he managed it? Well, in this way. From the beginning he snuggled up close to the packing-house interests. He saw that those interests were a great power and steadily becoming greater, and his English instinct was toward humble respect for power. Fidelity to your employer, master, or benefactor is a virtue of the English. While he was superintendent of the Chicago water office arose the first of those futile outcries against



FOUR CHARACTER STUDIES OF LEE O'NEIL BROWNE.—BROWNE LISTENING TO ARGUMENT AT HIS TRIAL.—W. S. FORREST AND CHARLES ERNSTEIN, SENIOR AND JUNIOR COUNSEL FOR BROWNE

the packers because they were stealing water from the city mains. Mr. Lorimer was not much versed in economics, but he was able to perceive that the packers must have the water, by whatsoever means they obtained it, and he rendered to them substantial service in his office. The packers not un-

naturally appreciated this, and henceforward he was their representative in politics. When he first went to Congress it was from the old packing-house district, and at Washington he conscientiously looked after the packing-house welfare. In return, the packing-house interests liberally subscribed to the expenses of his campaigns and to maintain his machine that was so useful to them. He had a taste for political management; the first essential of political management (in existing conditions) is a steady supply of real money and enough of offices to get and keep the interest of the henchmen that are allured in that way. The packers provided the money, and Mr. Lorimer got the offices from the administration.

After the manner of the successful boss everywhere he has

## What Are You Going to Do About It?

had no more of partisan prejudice than he has had of conviction on any other subject, barring religion. In the old days he was elected from a Democratic district by an arrangement with Tom Carey, the Democratic boss of that region. This useful principle he has consistently observed in all his career. The packers had no partisan feeling; neither had he. He could see no reason why the Republican machine and the Democratic machine should compete. Let them unite after the manner of the packers and agree upon a division of territory (since both were in the same business), only, of course, keeping up the proper and necessary show of combat. When he took charge of the Republican machine in Cook County he maintained for years a close agreement with the Democratic machine by which the Democrats got the city offices and the Republicans got the county. This greatly simplified matters and saved much trouble.

In 1900 Mr. Lorimer let his district slip away from him, and the defeat must have afforded him much instruction. The census excused a recasting of the districts, and a district was fixed up for Mr. Lorimer that he couldn't lose if he tried. It would have made the original gerrymanderer gasp. The boundaries ran across lots and wandered up dark alleys until the whole looked like a tangled shoe string. The normal Democratic majority in the district was 6000, and when the gerrymander artists got through with it the normal Republican majority was 8000.

At Washington Mr. Lorimer was useful to the packers in and out of Congress. When Commissioner Garfield whitewashed the beef trust in 1905 Mr. Lorimer was believed to have aided in that extraordinary work, and according to current report it was he that was chiefly responsible for Roosevelt's blundering indorsement of the report that he subsequently repudiated. Lorimer assured Roosevelt that there was no such thing as a beef trust and that Garfield's work was all right, and his fondness for Lorimer led Roosevelt to repulse and browbeat men

that came to protest against the commission's findings.

Against all the effective features of the original Pure Food bill Mr. Lorimer fought with tenacity and skill. He, with Vice-President Sherman, Speaker Cannon, and Mr. Wadsworth, was chiefly responsible for the changes that left the bill a flaccid jest. Mr. Lorimer was perfectly frank and square about his position; he made no attempt to side-step. In the campaign of 1906 his seat,

made certain for the election, was threatened in the primary, and he went about his district openly defending his course on the Pure Food bill and eulogizing the packers. At his meetings he exhibited specimens of canned beef, some said to be seventeen years old, some seven years old, and some newly packed, and he invited his hearers to test all and detect the difference, while he ridiculed the stories of "embalmed beef" and the meat scandals of the Spanish-American War. In Congress he was always a "good Indian"; he was regular and went with his party. He was good to all the Interests; particularly he was good to the lumber trust, whose profound influence in American politics no one has adequately described.

Meantime at home he bossed Cook County, and he obviously planned to boss the state—for the sake of the power that goes with bossing, not for any office. Therefore in the senatorial election of 1909 he was in favor of Governor Deneen, that he might get Deneen out of the way and gather to himself the state-wide control that was the summit of his ambition.

Otherwise than as a boss and a faithful friend of the Interests his public record is as sterile as the Barcan wilderness. He has never originated nor supported nor shown any intelligent interest in any project of real importance to the American people. An exception is usually made concerning the deep-waterway plan, of which he is fulsomely called the father; but it is an exception without merit. Mr. Lorimer did, indeed, compel the Illinois Legislature to authorize a bond



EDWARD HINES, OF THE LUMBER TRUST, WHO HAS ADMITTED THAT HE EARNESTLY DESIRED TO HAVE LORIMER ELECTED

# LA-SALLE STREET NATIONAL BANK LA SALLE STREET TRUST COMPANY

Office of  
Organization Committee  
The Rookery

Telephone Wabash 2125

Chicago, March 17 1910

Hon. Charles A. White,

O'Fallon, Ill.

Dear Sir:-

I have been instructed by Senator Lorimer to inform you that, in organizing the La Salle Street National Bank and the La Salle Street Trust Company, he is desirous of giving his personal friends the first opportunity of becoming stockholders in the new Banks.

While the stock has already been over-subscribed, he wishes you to know that if you desire to subscribe, you will be taken care of out of Shares specially reserved by him for his personal friends.

Yours very truly,

C. B. Murray

Chairman, Organization Committee.

LETTER WRITTEN TO REPRESENTATIVE WHITE AT THE DIRECTION OF SENATOR LORIMER. WHEN WHITE'S CONFESSION WAS PUBLISHED LORIMER DENIED THAT HE KNEW HIM EXCEPT IN A CASUAL WAY. HERE HE IS CALLED A "PERSONAL FRIEND"

issue of \$20,000,000 in behalf of a deep channel from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico; that is true. The fact that Mr. Lorimer is at the head of the Federal Construction Company, whose chief business is the building of waterways, is cited to show that his interest was not unselfish. We may safely disregard all such comment as trivial or prejudiced. But on November 1, 1907, the Chi-

cago *Examiner* published a detailed analysis of the Deep Waterway bill that gave to it a far more disturbing aspect than any pretense of personal interest could throw over it. The *Examiner* said that the deep-waterway project was "merely a scheme to loot the state treasury in the interest of private water-power companies." It showed that these companies had rapidly acquired rights along

## What Are You Going to Do About It?

the route of the deep waterway, and the first expenditure would be to compensate them. To one of them, the Economy Light and Power Company, the payments would not fall short of \$10,000,000.

And the Economy Light and Power Company is only another name for the Commonwealth Edison Company, the electric monopoly of Chicago, which is closely interlaced with the Chicago traction interests, the Chicago Telephone Company, and the great, secret water-power trust of America, which in turn is interlaced with the lumber trust, which is connected with the Morgan-Guggenheim interests, owners or controllers of twelve billion dollars of this nation's wealth. How does that strike you? And on the other side, if you go back again to the beginning, you will find the Commonwealth Edison Company interlaced with the beef trust and the railroad combine and the steel trust and the great bank chain and the other colossal interests from which the strings come home to No. 26 Broadway, New York. That does look interesting, does it not?

It was such influences as these and not the poor insignificant Brownes and Whites that elected Mr. Lorimer against his will. Two weeks before the election a beef-trust magnate said,

"We want Mr. Lorimer in the Senate, and intend to make every effort to put him there."

He was elected, not in Springfield, but in Washington. If for a moment we could bring ourselves to note anything of real importance to us we should think long about this. He was elected in Washington: Springfield had little to do with it; the people of Illinois, whom he is paid to represent, whose servant he is supposed to be, had still less. A power greater than they lifted a hand, and the thing was done.

In this way: The term of Senator Hopkins, of Illinois, was about to expire. He was particularly obnoxious to the Interests, not because he was a valiant friend of the people, for he was not, but because the Interests never could depend upon him, and because his way was too autocratic and indifferent and beyond control. The Interests, therefore, desired to have him defeated. In the old days they might have compassed this with surpassing ease, but Illinois had now adopted a direct primary law that gave the people something to say about the choice of their senators. Republicans and Democrats in their respective primaries were to vote for senator, and

the legislators were supposed to be governed by the result of this poll. The primary came on, and Senator Hopkins carried it by 50,000 majority. Apparently therefore he would have to be elected. But when the Legislature met certain Republican members were found willing to ignore the primary law and to vote for other candidates, and these were enough to prevent an election and to produce a deadlock.

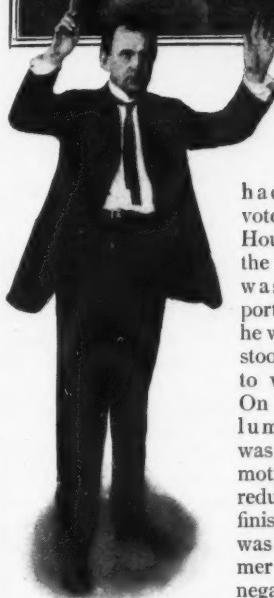
Meantime at Washington the tariff bill was introduced in the House, and there Mr. Lorimer voted steadily on the side of the Interests. I will give some specimens. On April 9th the lumber schedule was up. A motion was made to put hewn lumber on the free list. Lost, Mr. Lorimer voting in the negative. A motion was made to put rough lumber on the free list and reduce the duty on finished lumber. Lost, Mr. Lorimer voting in the negative. A motion was made to put all lumber on the free list. Lost, Mr. Lorimer voting in the negative. And so on. By the first week in May all the critical schedules had passed the House, Mr. Lorimer voting with the Regulars. Thanks to Speaker Cannon, no doubt was ever entertained about the tariff bill in the House, but the Senate, with La Follette, Cummins, Dolliver, Clapp, and other raging Insurgents, was a very different matter. The bill was in actual danger in the Senate. A conference was called of certain senators that are faithful to the Interests and the tariff barons. As the story goes in Washington, this conference decided that Mr. Lorimer was needed in the Senate, and the word was passed to put him there.

Mr. Edward Hines, alleged to be the representative of the Weyerhaeuser interests, was in Washington about this time. He has admitted that he was in conference with Senator Aldrich and others, that later he earnestly desired to have Mr. Lorimer elected, that he did "everything possible along honorable lines" to secure the result, that he talked with legislators, that he urged them to vote for Lorimer. He is understood to have journeyed from Washington to Springfield in behalf of the Lorimer cause, but this migration, according to newspaper report, he would not admit. I do not know that these facts have any relation to Mr. Lorimer's election, but they seem worth recording on their own account.

On May 26th, Mr. Lorimer was chosen. He had done all he could in the House; he now moved over to the Senate, and we find him there voting again upon the schedules he



JURY BEFORE WHOM BROWNE WAS  
TRIED ON THE CHARGE OF BRIBERY.  
AFTER BEING OUT 115 HOURS  
THE JURY FAILED TO AGREE  
AND WAS DISCHARGED



STATE'S ATTORNEY WAYMAN  
ADDRESSING THE JURY  
IN BROWNE'S TRIAL

ished lumber above the rates fixed in the House. This was the crucial vote of the schedule, and Mr. Lorimer justified his reputation as an unswerving Regular. He supported the motion, which was carried.

So runs his story. And now the Interests want to throw him over. A committee of the Senate is to investigate his election, and from the make-up of the committee and from some other facts the indications seem plain that if any irregularity can be shown poor Mr. Lorimer will be sacrificed. The misfortune of attracting the undesired publicity is, in the view of the Interests, far worse than any crime; it is unpardonable. And here is the true moral of such a career. How easy and certain seems the promise of political success

had previously voted upon in the House. Thus when the wood-pulp duty was up he supported it, although he was once understood as promising to vote against it. On June 23d the lumber schedule was reached. A motion was made to reduce the duty on finished lumber. It was lost, Mr. Lorimer voting in the negative. Senator Aldrich then moved to increase the duties on all grades of rough and fin-

held out for subserviency to the corporations! They are supreme, they make or break, they hold everything, they give out all the rewards. No wonder the ambitious young man in politics keeps close to them; you can hardly expect him to follow any other path. And yet in reality he that treads upon it is, in the old phrase, like a man crossing a precipice on the uncertain footing of a spear. One slip, and down he goes, and all the powers that smiled upon him and led him on while he was prosperous turn cold rock against him.

There is one other thing. What shall it profit us that the Brownes and the Whites should be punished and the Holstlaws be broken and ruined? By this time we should have done with the childish concept that this evil is an affair of individuals. What shall we gain by turning out one set of hired men and turning in another? It is not for the sake of bad men nor because of them that the Interests bribe public officers and corrupt public morals and make a sty of our government, but for a very different reason that before we get through ought to be plainer than day to all of us.

GOV. CHARLES DENEEN, OF  
ILLINOIS, LORIMER'S  
CHOICE FOR SENATOR



# Paris Plays America Will See

By Alan Dale

**O**NE month of continuous theater-going in Paris has made me feel so intrepid, and so absolutely callous, that the idea of an arctic expedition no longer affrights me, and for two pins I'd fly from Dover to Calais in any old aeroplane. For to endure throughout a Paris season, one needs a constitution of iron and the imperturbability of a clam. It is a harassing ordeal. The Paris manager opens his theater to a crowd of mendicants who are allowed to make the lives of all patrons miserable. There is no hope. There is no means of securing ease and immunity by one payment. From the moment one reaches the theater portals, a series of petty and exasperating payments sets in; horrible beggars dog one's footsteps; if one is accompanied by a lady, the case is even more desperate, and there is no redress. A more hideous system of polite torture (not always too polite, either) could not conceivably be devised, and the odious evil never lets up. It is as bad to-day as it was when I was a laughing lad. Like a flock of nefarious night-birds, these harpies creep into the theaters, and sting the good nature of the most benign.

How an artistic nation like the French can tolerate for one moment the disgusting improprieties of the impudent beggars who sell programs; seize one's coat, hat, stick, and belongings; make a real business of showing ticket-holders to their seats; and work a hundred hateful tricks to secure a few coppers, is more than I can conceive. I have often tried to reconcile it all with French ideas. It is always incongruous to me. I say to myself, "Be calm; it is the custom of the country"; I exert my will-power, I remember that these old beggars are my "brothers"; that a hundred years hence it will not matter at all. I even get pathetic and lachrymose. Nothing avails. As the curtain rises, I am invariably in a state of indignant carmine, wishing myself many leagues further. It does seem awfully funny to me that people subject themselves to all this for pleasure. As I go



to the theater for duty, of course my case is different. One does many things for duty that one would not contemplate as a luxury. But I look around these ignobly administered Paris theaters and see hundreds there for sport or pastime, and I marvel. I suppose they get used to the torture, as eels get used to being skinned. Perhaps the process in either case is very much the same.

French people deplore the evil, but are too lazy to look for redress. French managers are, of course, unwilling to make a change that is not asked for. Why should they pay their own servants when their patrons do it? So the crowd of mendicants increases. During a performance one often hears these scoundrels and scoundrelleses counting up their ill-gotten gains, and criticizing those who have swelled them. I could fill pages with the trials and the tribulations that I have endured. Often I have felt that if I could give a dollar bill to some messenger, and get him to distribute it among the theater hirelings while I enjoyed myself, or tried to do so, it would be a most happy investment. This year in Paris, in addition to the price of the ticket, and the five or six extra payments that are extorted at the door, one has to yield ten per cent. of the price paid for admission to the *droits des pauvres*. That is supplementary. For instance, I paid fifteen francs for my seat at the Porte St. Martin to see "Chantcler," and the ticket was not mine until I had handed out a franc and a half for the *droits des pauvres*.

However, I'll try to forget my own woes. I will endeavor to omit any further mention of the unoiled machinery of Paris theater-going. It is a very vexed question, and no work on my part will solve it. After all, the play is the thing—a remark which I wish to goodness had never been made. Nothing in a Paris theater distracts one's attention from the play. The theater itself is usually an abominably old box, destitute of any modern improvement and still indulging in the horror of an advertisement curtain between the acts. The seats are cramped, dirty, and uncomfortable; and if you have an aisle seat you



MADAME SIMONE, CREATOR OF THE RÔLE OF THE HEN PHEASANT IN "CHANTECLER."  
IN PRIVATE LIFE SHE IS THE WIFE OF A SON OF PRESIDENT CASIMIR-PÉRIER.  
AND THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN RECENTLY IN HER HOME. THE HEAD  
IN THE FIREPLACE IS AN EARLIER PORTRAIT OF MADAME SIMONE

## Paris Plays America Will See

soon discover that there is no aisle, for they let down an awful thing with springs, upon which somebody sits, blocking up the aisle with sublime indifference to a fire department. However, in a French theater, you are not afraid of fire. Sometimes you almost wish that one would occur so that you could fight your way out.

I am not going to describe "Chantecler," but if you won't give me away, I will tell you a few little gossipy things about it. In the first place, it is not a success. It is a bitter disappointment to the Parisian public. To be sure, it is hard to get good seats at the Porte St. Martin, and the prices have all been augmented, but "Chantecler" is a sort of a circus to which transients, hayseeds, Cookies, and all foreigners go. Just as in New York all the visiting country folks rush to the Hippodrome, so in Paris, just at present, all the greenhorns make for "Chantecler." Personally, I enjoyed the magnificent spectacle made by the gorgeous plumage of the birds, and the unique settings. I have tried to read "Chantecler," and I have failed!

But you will laugh when I tell you how the failure of the piece is partly accounted for. The *boulevardier* says that M. Lucien Guitry's performance of the title rôle is responsible for much of the frigid reception that the "masterpiece" has been accorded. It is asserted, with downright emphasis, that Guitry underplayed the part, and made no effort at all to lift it into any significance. Guitry is a splendid actor with a magnificent delivery and an "elegant" stage presence. And I, for one, cannot believe that any actor would be little enough deliberately to underplay a part. Much as I hate gossip, I cannot avoid giving utterance to it in this important case. Guitry is accused of attempting to avenge himself upon Rostand for a particularly private grievance. In fact, there is said to be a woman in the case. And all evidence points to the fact that it is true.

At a "conference" the other day, Rostand recited some of his own "Chantecler" speeches and indicated the manner in which they should be spoken. Immediately following that "conference," it was announced that Guitry would withdraw from the cast. He has already done so. It now remains to be seen what M. Magnier, who played the part in Brussels, will do with "Chantecler" at the Porte St. Martin. In the meantime, Guitry and Rostand are at relentless loggerheads.

I am bound to say that all this "Chantecler"

gossip is very much more interesting than "Chantecler" itself, and I refuse to see M. Magnier play Guitry's part, because I simply couldn't endure the whole thing over again. Perhaps Miss Maude Adams will do more than either of these French actors. In the cast at the Porte St. Martin, Mme. Simone as the hen pheasant certainly proved Mr. Frohman's good judgment in keeping Miss Adams from that part. Jean Coquelin as the dog and Felix Galitaux as the blackbird were really the most entertaining features of the performance.

Paris has certainly done all it could for "Chantecler." The piece is boomed all over the French metropolis. There isn't a "revue" in which it isn't burlesqued or satirized. It has been done to death. One sickens of it. It is almost a disease, and what we are going to do when it gets to New York and demands dispassionate treatment I cannot quite imagine. New York has guyed it before it has seen it. What will New York do when it has to sit down and judge cold-bloodedly? I hate to contemplate "Chantecler's" first night in Manhattan.

The real success of the Paris season is Henry Bataille's four-act play, "La Vierge Folle." Oddly enough, it is a play that can be (and will be) done in New York without any undue expurgation. Although it says many things that we don't usually say at dinner, it has a perfectly married woman who is its "heroine." Moreover, the theme of the play is the ennobling force of wifely devotion, the fervor of the marriage tie, and the tragedy of infidelity. What more could American audiences ask? There is no flippancy, no frivolity, no plea for emancipated conditions, no "French subtlety." It is all plain sailing to a distinctly commendable goal.

At first you think that the heroine of "La Vierge Folle" is going to be the young girl Diane, who is played by the charming, young actress Monna Delza. Diane is lured from the paths of rectitude by a famous lawyer, over forty years of age and married. There is a horrible scandal in the family when the truth is discovered, and it is rather interesting to listen to all the arguments and dissertations. Although we have grown accustomed to consider the "perverted morality" of France, it is a fact that in real French life the note of morality is rigid and even puritanic. The distress in which Diane casts the family is most poignant, and the priest who is called in to advise the dis-



FIVE FAVORITES OF THE PARISIAN STAGE  
CORA LAPARCERIE (TOP), EVE LAVALLIÈRE,  
MONNA DELZA, YVONNE DE BRAY, AND  
BERTHE BADY

tracted parents says many really gorgeous things.

Then the wife of Diane's lover emerges, and the whole tenor of the play changes. The character of the wife is a superb one; in fact, almost too good to be true. But it has many touches that are really artistic. She gives her husband every chance to extricate himself from his predicament. On the eve of his elopement, of which she has been warned, she is there to save him from himself for the sake of his career. She saves him from Diane's brother, who is vowing vengeance. She allows him every latitude. She cannot keep him if all her prayers have failed to move him; and they have failed, for he elopes after a tremendously touching and effective scene, worked up with true French "suspense," and holding you tightly in its merciless grip.

The wife follows the eloping couple to London. Once again she pleads with her husband. This time she is a bit too noble and too self-sacrificing. She helps him to make his own terms. It is this: When he has tired of Diane, when he has grown old and weary, he will return to her so that they can spend their old age together. He must promise her that so that she may have that one thing to hope for and to anticipate! He does promise. He is almost as gaudily ignoble as she is noble. A more driveling cur has rarely been staged. In this scene with his wife he is irresistibly moved, and he almost weeps a French weep, and he remains true to Diane. He loves her, and although he loves his wife he cannot live with her. It is rather a puzzle. You feel that he never could resist his wife's fervid pleading for the sake of a raw chit of a girl. But this forty-year-older does. To make the situation more difficult, the rôle of the lawyer is played by a man who looks many more years than forty, and who is very fat. How two perfectly charming women could throw away their lives on a worthless man who looks many more than forty years, and who is very fat, is a puzzle.

In the last of the four acts the wife still hovers around the hotel in London in which her husband and Diane are living—to protect him from the vengeance of the girl's relatives, who have sworn to kill him. Wifely devotion in this play goes so far that it is within an ace of eliminating our sympathies. It is an ecstasy of self-sacrifice that is not exactly intelligible. Just the same, the part is beautiful, and any actress might esteem herself lucky to get it. The girl is finally so touched by the woman's

devotion that, rather than keep the husband and wife apart, she shoots herself. The final curtain falls when the lover, moaning over her prostrate body, sees his wife in the background. The conclusion—well, it is left to you.

Mme. Berthe Bady, who is a great favorite in Paris, played the rôle of the wife, which was, in fact, written for her by Henry Bataille. Mme. Bady is no beauty, nor has she even the semblance of youth. But she is an excellent actress, and in "La Vierge Folle" she did many things that were delicious. Her touch was delicate and artistic, and she made an effort to avoid emphasizing the somewhat exaggerated nobility of the woman. The piece has splendid opportunities for New York, provided that it will be well cast. Unless some skilled actress plays the rôle, "La Vierge Folle" will come a cropper.

You have to buy seats weeks in advance for "Le Bois Sacré" at the Variétés. All Paris is flocking to see it, and has been flocking for a long time. It is a comedy that is absolutely dependent upon its cast. Mr. Frohman has it for New York, but I really cannot "see" it there without the capital actors who give it such an unctuous flavor at the Variétés. The story is not very subtle. The heroine is a "feminine lady novelist" who covets the decoration of the Legion of Honor. "Le Bois Sacré" is the field in which the "immortals" work, and Francine wants to be an "immortal."

She is married and loves her husband in a most delectable manner. Just the same she feels that unless she is "decorated" her life is wanting in zest. And how shall she acquire the decoration? She visits the Director of Fine Arts—a character who is most amusingly sketched and means a good deal in Paris, though it may mean nothing in New York. She discovers, of course, that if she will permit him to make love to her, the "Legion of Honor" can easily be hers. But—she is an "honest woman," and she will not let him kiss her, and she smacks his face when he tries. She thinks up another way of winning him. He is married to a flippant, butterfly little woman who has many love-affairs. She conceives the idea of getting her husband to flirt with this little woman, whose influence with the Director of Fine Arts will thus be turned in her direction.

That is the gist of the story. Of course the husband does flirt and does overflirt,

and the "feminine lady novelist" is finally disgusted, and although she gets the "decoration" it has no further charms for her, and she tears up her manuscripts and goes into domestic life forever.

The character of the little butterfly woman was so gorgeously played by Eve Lavallière that one can scarcely imagine anybody else touching the part. Lavallière is a little slip of a woman with a pinched face and enormous eyes—the cutest thing I have ever seen. She curls herself up in an armchair and says the most persuasive things, with an expression of unsophisticated innocence that is appalling. She frivols all over the stage and cuts up hidden capers that are positively delicious. The part is awfully funny, but it will have to be "toned down" for New York. Oh, it will have to be radically "toned down," and even then I don't see it at all. In one act, that takes place at a charity bazaar, Eve Lavallière does a Russian dance with Max Dearly that would draw crowds to any vaudeville house.

The rôle of the "feminine lady novelist" was played by Jeanne Granier, the ever-verdant Granier, who was once a comic-opera favorite. Granier, who is very much like Marie Tempest, and quite as subtle, gave an adorable performance from start to finish, and it was an artistic joy to watch her work. With such artists in the cast as Jeanne Granier, Eve Lavallière, Max Dearly, Prince, and Guy, no play could possibly fail. They have made of "Le Bois Sacré" one of those successes that are overwhelming. A more delightful performance I have never witnessed. But I cannot quite imagine "Le Bois Sacré" in New York. I foresee a dreadful calamity unless some very special actors are provided. We have no Jeanne Granier, and still less have we a Lavallière. However, I will not look for trouble.

One other play, "Le Danseur Inconnu," is to be shipped to New York. I thought it exceedingly tiresome and eminently conventional. It didn't seem a bit like Paris. For that reason it has been a success here. A play with an American hero, called "Mon Ami Teddy," at the Renaissance, has had a long run, and it encloses that hearty creation Yvonne de Bray, which is my excuse for mentioning it. As for "Xanthe Chez les Courtesanes," with Cora Laparcerie as the one "honest woman," I dare not go further than mention its title. It is really—er—well, you know—er—positively—er—shocking!

# *Plays of a New Season*



*Photographs by Sarony*

BILLIE BURKE, WHO WILL OPEN THE SEASON WITH A REVIVAL OF "LOVE WATCHES,"  
IN WHICH SHE SCORED HER FIRST SUCCESS AS A STAR



*Photographs by White*

TOP SCENE: CAMPBELL GOLLAN, HILDA SPONG, AND ARNOLD DALY IN "THE PENALTY."

SIDE PHOTOGRAPHS: NORMAN THARP AND LAURETTE TAYLOR.

BOTTOM SCENE: A. H. VAN BUREN, LAURETTE TAYLOR, AND MARION

ABBOTT IN "THE GIRL IN WAITING"



*Photographs by White*

TOP SCENE: EMMA DUNN AND FRED PERRY IN "MOTHER." SIDE PHOTOGRAPHS:  
LINA ABARBANEL AND RALPH HERZ IN "MADAME SHERRY." BOTTOM  
SCENE: EMILY ANN WELLMAN, E. H. KELLY, AND MADAME  
MATHILDE COTTRELLY IN "THE CHEATER"



*Photograph  
by Moffett*

MARIE DORO,  
WHO IS TO BE  
STARRED  
IN "MISS  
ELECTRICITY"

JULIA MARLOWE, WHO WILL AGAIN APPEAR WITH E. H. SOTHERN IN CLASSIC REPERTOIRE, "MACBETH" BEING THE ONLY NEW PLAY ADDED THIS SEASON. PHOTOGRAPH BY THE STRAUSS-PEYTON STUDIOS.—FRANCES DEMAREST AND CARL MARTENS IN "MADAME SHERRY"



*Photograph  
by Hall*

ESTELLE  
RICHMOND,  
PLAYING IN  
"THE SUMMER  
WIDOWERS"

MAXINE ELLIOTT, WHO WILL AGAIN PLAY  
"THE INFERIOR SEX," HER SUCCESS OF LAST  
SEASON, WHICH SHE EXPECTS TO CONTINUE  
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR. PHOTOGRAPH BY  
THE STRAUSS-PEYTON STUDIOS.—TWO MEM-  
BERS OF THE "MADAME SHERRY" COMPANY



SCENE WITH EDDIE FOY IN "UP AND DOWN BROADWAY." SINGLE MARGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS: PHYLLIS GORDON, EMMA CARUS, AND MADEMOISELLE ADELAIDE IN THE SAME PLAY.

OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS (LEFT TO RIGHT) ARE OF WALTER PERCIVAL, HELEN HAYES, ADA LEWIS, AND WILL ARCHIE IN A SCENE IN "THE SUMMER WIDOWERS"



*Photographs*

*by White*

A BEVY OF GIRLS FROM "GIRLIES," "THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT OF THE DRAMATIC SEASON." WITH JOSEPH CAWTHORN AND MAUDE RAYMOND AS THE STARS. MARGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS ARE OF (TOP) TEDDY

HUDSON, LAURA GAYNELLE, (BOTTOM) LAURA GAYNELLE, DOLLY PACEY, AND JULIA MILLS, WHO ARE ALL APPEARING IN "GIRLIES"



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

HE SAID, "WHEN DID YOU PUT THAT PICTURE IN THERE?" I SAID, "A LONG TIME AGO."  
THEN HIS EYES FILLED WITH TEARS, AND HE SAID, "WILL YOU GO  
BACK WITH ME TO-MORROW?"

(*"Her Diary"*)

# Her Diary

ONE WOMAN'S HEART-STORY TOLD BY THE CALENDAR

By Pauline Wilson Worth

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens



May 15.  
LEFT New York this afternoon. Will be on the water thirteen days—that seems a long time to me, but suppose I will get accustomed to it. I wonder if Dick knows that I have gone.

May 16.  
I don't think much of this ocean-voyage talk; it is entirely too slow for my American blood. I haven't seen a good-looking man on board; the gentleman on my left, on deck, is interesting as far as men go, but he isn't at all good looking. I have been away twenty-four hours. I wonder if Dick is sorry that I am gone.

May 17.  
I suppose I should not have taken this trip if I had not been piqued at Dick. The gentleman on my left says when you are piqued to take a long walk. If I did that I would be a regular Weston. Got a wireless from Dick asking when I was coming back. I sha'n't answer it.

May 18.  
Answered Dick's wireless. Played shovelboard all day with the man from Philadelphia—it is a dandy game, such good exercise.

May 19.  
I don't like shovelboard—had to get the stewardess to dress my hair for me. They tell me the best way to get the soreness out of my arms is to keep on playing. It seems to me that is something like putting turpentine on a cut.

May 20.  
There is an old gentleman on board who is president of some fresh-water college down in Kentucky. He thinks it his duty to establish a salt-water college on board this ship. He has recited the same piece of poetry to me

eight times. When he gets to the tenth I'm going to call a ten-strike. He asked me today who was my favorite poet. I told him either Bernard Shaw or Ella Wheeler Wilcox, I had never been able to determine which. He looked very grieved and advised me to cultivate Tennyson, then he started on his piece for the ninth time, but I got him interested in a passing ship.

May 21.  
The gentleman on my left gets more interesting. He told a funny story to-day about a maid his mother had. She was from Alsace and had never seen a monkey until she went to a circus. When she came home she tried to describe it. She said, "It wasn't an animal and it wasn't human, so it must have been a German." Life aboard ship isn't so bad, after all.

May 22.  
My! What a storm we had last night! I was awakened by my steamer-trunk skidding back and forth across the floor like a rat. I was frightened almost out of my wits. I got up and looked out of my port and saw the waves dashing mountain high, and I crept back to bed and said the Ten Commandments, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States. Isn't the Constitution the one that starts out, "Know all men by these presents"?

The gentleman on my left is certainly funny. He made the purser laugh to-day, and in the vernacular of my small brother that was "going some."

Dreamed such a strange dream about Dick last night. I thought that the boat was sinking and Dick was there, but he didn't try to save me, and the gentleman on my left came up and lifted me into one of the boats and I looked for him to follow me, but he had gone back after some women and children. I was so relieved when I woke up and found it wasn't true.

## Her Diary

May 23.

Land ho! How good land looks after eight days of water. We went ashore at Ponta Delgada to-day, and how I enjoyed poking around in the quaint little city. It seems so apart from the world. Mrs. Warner enjoys my enthusiasm. She has crossed so many times that she no longer has the thrills, and she says the second best thing is to be with some one who does have them.

May 24.

Stayed in bed all morning just for the fun of squandering time—it really is as much fun as squandering money (not that I know anything about the latter personally). The gentleman on my left says he can always tell when people are in love by the way they stare at the sky-line for hours at a time. Wonder if he is getting personal. I wonder, too, if there will be a cablegram awaiting me at Naples.

May 25.

Concert on board. Why do people always sing "Absence" and "Forgotten" when a concert is supposed to be a cheerful affair? Not that it affected me any, because I am fancy free, but those things *do* affect *some* people. Wish now I had told Dick I was going, so he could have come down to see me off anyway.

May 26.

Don't like Gibraltar—too many soldiers—reminds me of Dick, only that he is much more handsome in his uniform than any of those English chaps. Maybe I am inclined to take all of these places too personally.

May 27.

Didn't go on deck this morning because my eyes were too red from a cold. Mrs. Warner said that the gentleman on my left was inquiring for me. I asked her if he was still on board.

May 28.

Had a dance to-night. I didn't dance very much because the first officer wanted to show me how queerly the moon rises this time of year, and the man from Philadelphia had written a poem he wanted to read to me, then the rest of the time I spent with the gentleman on my left. He is a physician, and his name is Wilson C. Wilson. He said I had the prettiest eyes he ever saw, and I told him that Dick always said that. He sat up very straight and said something under his breath that sounded very like "Damn Dick." I

asked him what he said, and he said he was wondering if I were going to Amsterdam.

May 29.

Got into Naples too late to land, and I stayed up on deck till Mrs. Warner came after me. It was so beautiful I hated to come in. Naples looked like a monstrous crescent of diamonds, and in the dim light we could see a castle on the hill. I can't describe my feelings, but I don't wonder that the Italians are full of love, poetry, and song. I was humming "Italia, Italia Beloved" when the gentleman on my left wheeled around suddenly and said, "Who is this Dick, anyway?" I told him it was mean of him to bring me back to realities so abruptly. His face brightened, and he said, "Don't you really like to be reminded of him?" "No I don't, because I have to wait until morning for my cablegram from him." He didn't say anything more, but when I shook hands with him he held my hand so long that I got embarrassed.

May 30.

Got my cablegram. Guess that young man is eating humble pie. My answer wasn't very encouraging; only this, "Arrived safely." I find that the Italians do not celebrate Decoration Day in a befitting manner at all.

May 31.

"Alice in Wonderland"—I feel that I will never get enough of this wonderful view. My balcony overlooks the bay with old Vesuvius smoking peacefully in the background—I am perfectly willing for him to remain in the background. He looks as if he were totally oblivious of the awful destruction he had wrought in one of his fits of temper. The gentleman on my left drove by to-day; he looked very fit in his tan suit and panama. He is much better looking than I thought him at first, or is it the contrast of six feet of splendid American manhood against the undersized, stupid-looking foreigners. Gloves are cheap here, got enough for the whole family for the next five years.

June 1.

Rome. Met Dick's chum in St. Peter's. He gave me the interesting news that Dick is very much taken with the captain's daughter at the post. Guess I was right all the time—toe up the long letter I had written him. Our guide was a very handsome Roman; he had big brown eyes like Dick's. We met the

gentleman on my left in the Vatican. He looked badly—hope he isn't taking Roman fever. We had only a few words, guides are always in such a hurry. He asked me if he might call this evening. I told him yes, but didn't think until this minute that I forgot to say where I was stopping. How stupid.

P. S. Was just called to the telephone—it was Dr. Wilson. He said he had driven to something like twenty hotels, but that he had gotten enough pleasure out of saying "Miss Alice Sutherland" twenty times to repay him for it all. Might he call to-morrow evening?

#### June 2.

Rome is interesting—a wfully interesting. We went to the Colosseum, Pantheon, and Forum this morning and out the Appian Way to the catacombs this afternoon. The gentleman on my left went with us, and it was so cold and creepy in the catacombs that I asked him if I might hold on to him. He answered, "All your life, if you will." I said, "I don't expect to spend my life in the catacombs."

I DIDN'T DANCE MUCH BECAUSE THE FIRST OFFICER WANTED TO SHOW ME HOW QUEERLY THE MOON RISES THIS TIME OF YEAR, AND . . . THE REST OF THE TIME I SPENT WITH THE GENTLEMAN ON MY LEFT

#### June 3.

A letter from mother telling us to rush our trip and meet them in London the twenty-

fourth. Dad has to go to Scotland and Ireland on business and wants us with him. Got into Florence this afternoon. I don't know whether I'm homesick or bilious, the feeling is very similar.

#### June 4.

I can't learn to like this Italian coffee. Every place you go you think it is as bad as it can be made, but the next place you go you find it is still worse. Sent Dick a postal saying that I hoped he was well. Nothing like writing interesting postals. This country should be run with a great deal of uniformity, judging from the number of uniforms in evidence. A man in citizen's clothes is such a strange sight the natives stare at him with pity in their eyes.

#### June 5.

Venice is charming. We took a ride in a gondola. I am thinking that a gondola ride in the evening with Dick and a well-trained gondolier wouldn't be half bad. How I love the birds at St. Mark's! I should like to take a dozen of them home. Dick wouldn't like them, he never

did like pets; I remember how angry I was with him one day for kicking a dog. The gentleman on my left said he sat up all night



## Her Diary

one time with a sick dog and saved its life. He said he would have been haunted by its big pleading eyes had he left it to die. He must be very tender hearted. I am now drinking tea—if there is anything I hate worse than tea, it is Continental coffee.

June 6.

Sent some more postals—took another gondola-ride. Saw a yacht with the Stars and Stripes flying—it is the prettiest flag on earth, don't blame Dick for fighting for it. I didn't know I was patriotic until I got out from under my own flag.

June 7.

On the train en route to Lucerne. This is a beautiful country. Little Swiss villages with their stone houses of curious architecture and such pretty effect. I can't describe it, because just as I get the description to an interesting place we go through a tunnel, and that spoils my inspiration. Just went through the St. Gotthards' tunnel. It took fifteen minutes to go through, and it cost fifty three million francs—not to go through it.

June 8.

Lucerne. Raining—homesick. If I could see an American I would fall upon his neck regardless of his age, color, or previous condition of servitude. Tried to buy some rubbers so I could tramp around in the rain, but they all seemed modeled after the Venetian gondola. The clerk said, "You wisha vera Americano thank you," and with that he brought forth some curios that might have been house-boats or flat-cars. The foreign idea of "vera Americano" shoes is certainly great.

June 9.

Still raining. They tell me it is too early to come to Switzerland, and I will take their word for it. A letter from Dick this morning; he is very angry because I came away without telling him. He said he knew another girl who would not treat him that way—Dick always was nasty when he was angry. The gentleman on my left has a sweet disposition. One day he went to sleep in his deck chair, and I watched his face. In sleep one's true character always shows on the face. All the lines in his face are kindly. I wrote a postal to Dick and asked, "Who is the other girl?"

June 10.

Interlaken. Still raining. Rain always did make me blue. I am truly a sunflower. An-

other letter from Dick begging forgiveness for the Lucerne letter. As I think it over that has been the way of our entire engagement. I am glad it is broken—it is best not to have anything to worry over. Then, too, he is free to be nice to the captain's daughter. I wonder, by the way, if he knows the engagement is broken. I was looking over the paper to see if the gentleman on my left was registered at any of the hotels. Found several Wilsons, but no Wilson C. Wilson. Isn't that an odd name? I like it.

June 11.

Still raining—can't see the Jungfrau this morning. We have decided to go on, as the natives tell us it will continue to rain for some time.

June 12.

In Heidelberg. Seems to me that the gentleman on my left said he was coming here to see a friend of his who is a student in the university. I hope his friend hasn't any of those horrid scars on his face. The American men are so much better looking than any foreigners I have seen. Took Dick's picture out of my locket to-day. I don't care to wear the picture of another girl's sweetheart. The snapshot I took of the gentleman on my left is fine—I wonder if I dare cut out the face and put it in my locket. I sort of hate to wear an empty locket, and I haven't any pictures of anyone else with me. I will think it over.

June 13.

I dare.

June 14.

Mrs. Warner is anxious to go to Cologne. I should like to stay longer in Heidelberg in order to find out if the students get time to study any between duels. We went through the old Schloss Castle to-day. How I revel in ruins, and yet how they sadden me when I think of what they represent. I used to know how much money I had when I had five dollars, but I don't know any more. Between francs, liras, centimes, marks, and pfennigs I have brain-storm.

June 15.

On the Rhine. I can't see anything to rave about. Of course there are a lot of old castles scattered along the banks, but I will stake the Hudson against it any day for beauty. I am anxious to get to Paris. When I do get there I shall go to Cook's office and



*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

HOW I LOVE THE BIRDS AT ST. MARK'S! I SHOULD LIKE TO TAKE A DOZEN  
OF THEM HOME

## Her Diary

sit there all day just in hopes that some of my friends will come in after their mail. I am so tired of Germans and Italians with their upturned mustaches. It takes a millionaire to keep clean in this country. Anybody can view the masterpieces of Raphael or Michelangelo, and anybody can have Venetian lace, corals, mosaics, and Roman pearls, but you have to have money to get a bath.

June 16.

In Cologne. Sent some postals—bought some cologne. Got a letter from Dick—he can't understand my indifference. Guess it's a new experience with his royal highness. Of course I care, but I will never let *him* know it. I wonder where Dr. Wilson C. Wilson is and what he is doing. As I think of it *he* used to gaze at the sky-line for hours at a time himself. Could *he* be in love? Maybe *he* too is running away from somebody. I wonder if she is pretty.

June 17.

Mother writes me that Dick looks very splendid in his new lieutenant's uniform. She says he is very devoted to his captain. (I wonder why?) Such a funny thing happened to me to-day. I thought our waiter couldn't speak English, and when he brought the dessert, which was a fairy-like concoction, entirely too fragile for a healthy American appetite, I remarked to Mrs. Warner that I could eat ten of them. The waiter promptly brought the plate back to me with a hardly concealed smile upon his face. Yes, I took another one, but not ten.

June 18.

On our way to Amsterdam. I am sure the gentleman on my left will be there, for didn't he ask me particularly if I was going there?

June 19.

In quaint little Holland, and how charming it is! The funny little caps and wooden shoes are lovely. I shall try to take one of these Dutch girls home for a maid and keep her always in her native costume.

June 20.

We went to the island of Marken to-day, and I never enjoyed a day more thoroughly. When we were going through the lock into the Zuyder Zee we were met with the "Star Spangled Banner" and "America." We all looked up and saw a bugler standing high above us. Now I have heard these songs all my life, have helped sing them in a desultory

manner at various celebrations, but I found out when I heard them in that funny little boat in that funny little sea, thousands of miles from home, that there were runs and trills and tremolos and crescendos that I had never heard before. I applauded until my hands were blistered, and when he struck up "Dixie" all I could do was pound on the table. One woman from Chicago jumped up and beat the table with an umbrella and said, "They always make fun of us for doing this, but I always do it." I told her that my great-grandfather didn't fight in the Revolution, my grandfather in the Civil War, and my father in the Spanish War for nothing. But to return to the island. It is the most charming place imaginable. We felt that we had indeed gotten out of the world. The costumes were so peculiar, the men with their balloon trousers (almost as balloony as the ones the college chaps wear; I wonder who had the fashion first), the women with their tight, brightly colored bodices and full short skirts and wooden shoes. The men are all fishermen, and they are so stolid and hard looking. I wonder if they know what love is.

I am so anxious to get to Paris. We seem to have lost all our ship friends. I am trying to persuade Mrs. Warner to skip The Hague and Brussels, because we are going to do this all over again anyway, and I do want my mail so badly.

June 21.

My plans were successful, and here we are in Paris. Who should get on the train at Brussels but the gentleman on my left! We were so glad to see some one we knew. He was more charming than ever. He wanted to know where we had been all this time. I told him it had been a scandalously short time, that we were really ashamed to have skimmed the country so, but on account of the arrival of Mother and Dad we had to rush our trip. He said it seemed like a year to him. I am sure he is in love with some girl in New York.

June 22.

We have a mutual friend! How small the world is, after all. Now isn't that a bromidic thing to say, but we will let it stand. Brother's chum met us at the station, and he knows Dr. Wilson! It was quite a surprise party all around. He tells me that Dr. Wilson is a surgeon of very great skill—seemed awfully surprised that I had never heard of him, but I have always been such a scatterbrain. He said that he was so tremendously humane

that he couldn't help but be successful. I knew there was something good and strong in that man.

I must send to Cook's for my mail—have been too busy to think about mail. I wouldn't be surprised if there would be another letter from Dick. Seems years since I knew Dick.

#### June 23.

Letters, letters, letters—from everybody. It is so good to get letters when one is so far from home. No letter from Dick. Come to think about it, I haven't written him for some time. I am really getting awfully negligent with my correspondence.

Dr. Wilson took us to Versailles to-day. I really can't remember what we saw, but I know it was a glorious trip. I love the Paris shops. Wish I had a million dollars to spend on my friends. Chaperon says I spend it as if I did have a million. I am now borrowing money from her. I call her chaperon because she doesn't like it. Every time I say it she says, "My dear, please say Mrs. Warner; it's much prettier."

#### June 24.

We went to the Louvre to-day and from there to Napoleon's tomb. I am not an authority on art at all, but I enjoyed every minute in the Louvre. I would like to stay in Paris about a year and most of that year in the Louvre. That reminds me of a girl at our hotel. I asked her how she liked the Louvre, and she said, "Pretty well, but I think you can get better bargains in gloves at the Bon Marché."

When we got to Napoleon's tomb we met the gentleman on my left and Robert Marsden, brother's friend. I told them that at such a place I always envied men because they could uncover their heads. We all took a little spin around the city, just to try Mr. Marsden's new machine, then we had the gayest little dinner at the Grand.

#### June 25.

Mother and Dad came over to-day. I told them they were the handsomest couple I ever saw. Dad says he isn't going back across that channel until airships are perfected.

Mother told me very confidentially that I was looking radiantly beautiful and asked me when Dick was coming. I said "Dick?" and she laughed at me, then wouldn't tell me why she laughed. I wonder if she knows about Dick's captain's daughter.

#### June 26.

The gentleman on my left is called home. He said he wouldn't go if it weren't that the life of a child is at stake; a very serious operation, and the parents think no one else can perform the operation successfully. I told him that he could probably get away very soon again. He said that wasn't the question in point. I suppose he hates to go back where the girl is. I wish I knew whether she is a blonde or a brunette. I think she must be blonde, because he is very dark.

#### June 27.

We were sitting in the summer garden tonight, and the chain of my locket got caught in the vines and broke, and the locket fell on the walk and flew open. I tried to get it first, but Dr. Wilson picked it up, and when he saw the picture in it I tried to run. He stopped me and didn't say a word until I looked up into his face, then he didn't have to say anything, it was all in his eyes. I believe I said that he was not good looking; that is because the words "good looking" are entirely too inadequate. He said, "When did you put that picture in there?" I said, "A long time ago." Then his eyes filled with tears, and he said, "Will you go back with me to-morrow?"

Visions of Dick, Mother, Dad, Mrs. Warner, and the girl in New York all whirled together in my brain. Again I tried to run, again I was unsuccessful. "Don't say no. I have wanted you from the first day I saw you, and the thought of the other man has almost driven me insane. You will have to decide quickly. We have only twenty-four hours to catch the boat, and I can't go without you now."

#### June 28.

On board the *Lusitania*—too happy to write.



# The Gray Brotherhood of Infamy

## By Ex-Convict Number 7654

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—That the criminal is hopelessly lost is disproved by the experiment, first made in the United States, of the reformatory system. The New York State Reformatory in Elmira, which was established in 1876, was the first institution of its kind in the world and was the direct result of the growing feeling that the felon has within him the elements of reformation. This sentiment had brought from the United States government, in 1871, a call for the nations of the world to cooperate in a great international congress for the discussion of all matters relating to the prevention of crime and the treatment and regeneration of the criminal. The first International Prison Congress was held in London in 1872. It established a permanent organization known as the International Prison Commission, made up of one official representative of each nation and meeting every second year. The congress itself meets every five years, and is now assembled in this country inspecting our experiments in the reformatory, the indeterminate sentence, and the parole systems of dealing with crime.

Following the establishment of the New York State Reformatory, the movement gained great headway, until to-day all but six states in the Union have one or more institutions modeled along similar lines. Approximately thirty-eight per cent. of those convicted of felonies are inmates of reformatories—a proportion which clearly indicates how sweeping is the revolution in penology in this country. There are 103 corrective institutions in the United States and only fifty-eight penitentiaries or state prisons.

The problem of the reform of the convict is one of several which the International Prison Congress, which will be in executive session in Washington, D. C., from October 2d to 8th, 1910, will try to solve. This problem is of immediate importance in this country, where, according to the statistics of the American Prison Association for October, 1909, there are approximately 400,000 offenders against the law whose offenses fall within either the misdemeanor or the penal class. Fully ninety per cent. of these criminals will at some time obtain their freedom. When this time comes, each one of them must face the problem of his future in relation to his past. His status is nil. He must begin at the beginning, with the handicap of having served time in jail. What is to become of him? If society does not take cognizance of his existence as a human being with needs, he must perchance take cognizance of society in the only way left him—crime. If we cannot reform society, except through the slow process of evolution, we can reform the criminal. If we recognize the fundamental principle that, in the vast majority of cases, a criminal is the product of heredity and environment, we must also recognize that he has within himself the qualities of regeneration. How to accomplish the regeneration is the problem. The reformatory, the indeterminate sentence, and the parole systems have gone a long way toward the solution, and it is confidently expected that the eighth International Prison Congress will pass strong resolutions recommending, to such of the nations as have not already followed the lead of the United States, the adoption of the regenerative method of dealing with the offender.

The following authentic narrative was written by a former inmate of Sing Sing and Dannemora prisons. While he has been successful in his rehabilitation, he lays bare the inhumanity of the prison system, and proves his own experience to be the exception.

THE circumstances which were the cause of a man's having to undergo a term in prison and the conditions under which he lived there are things that, above all else, he most ardently desires to erase from memory. It is so with me. I have lived for more than four years under armed guards and behind an iron-barred door in a three-by-six cell. I have been a unit in a collection of units, with no personal identity save a prison number. But, more than poverty and privation and degradation, is the sickening solitude that leaves a man cooped up to feed his soul on the pitiful dregs of what might have been. It is behind me now, and the leaving of it brought me face to face with the inevitable problem that is the hope and the fear of every man who wears the garb of a convict. "What shall, or can, I do when released?" is the question he puts to himself, and the poor

devil for whom all problems of mere physical existence have been solved for years finds himself at once in a grapple with life. The odds are against him always. Sometimes he has money to start with; again, old friends will lend a hand. His best ally, however, is his own character, and upon the manner in which he meets these obstacles depends his whole future existence. The gild of the Good Samaritan still thrives, and it has been my good fortune to come under the notice of some of its active members. This story, which in itself is a portion of my solution of this problem, will tell the tale of it.

The average man who needs money will strike the boss for an advance on his salary, cut down expenses, borrow from a friend, or in some other legitimate way "raise the wind." If these resources fail, his desire must wait on his pocketbook. But this is not the

method of him in whom a healthy self-denial has no place. The commands of necessity are an imperative law to him, and, having the need for money, scruples vanish before it. He gets it as quickly as possible, with no regard for consequences.

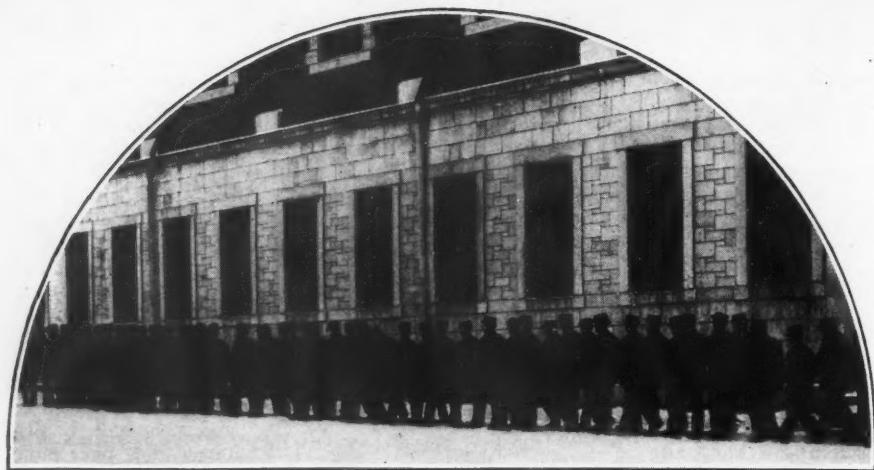
So it happened that some few years ago, legitimate sources failing, or proving too slow, the quickest way for me to raise moneys seemed to be burglary. That idea was generated from having seen Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," at the Princess Theater in New York a short time before. Mr. Bellew's apparently simple method of "confiscation" appealed to me, and I decided to imitate him. So one January afternoon I attempted to force an entrance into an apartment in the upper residential section of New York city. Just as I had forced the lock, I heard the street door open and shut, and, ceasing operations, I looked over the bannisters to see who had entered. As I ascended to the third floor I had turned low the gaslight on the second and third landings. It was therefore quite dark, but as I peered down through the gloom there was a shadowy figure of a woman ascending the stairs. I waited, hoping she would enter one of the apartments below, but when I saw that she was about to climb further, I leisurely descended and passed her. I went slowly, hoping she would as-



AN ILLUSTRATION OF A HUMILIATION THAT HAS BEEN ABOLISHED. THE CONVICT NOW WEARS ONE-COLOR SUITS INSTEAD OF STRIPES

cend above the floor where I had been engaged, and had nearly reached the ground floor when there came to my ears a terrified scream of "Burglars! Robbers! Police! Police! Help!" Quickenning my speed, I reached the sidewalk and turned toward the avenue. A policeman was standing on the corner. I had to go about seventy-five yards before I could reach the corner, and did not dare to run. I had gone about one-half the distance when once more came the woman's cry. To run then would have meant instant capture, so I stopped for a second and looked back in the direction from whence the cry came.

By this time the policeman was running toward the house. After the brief stop for appearance's sake, I hastened on my way toward the avenue and boarded an opportune car. A woman passenger had signaled to get off at the next corner; the car stopped, and the delay was fatal. Upon noticing the car, the officer dashed madly up to it and shouted, "Hey, dere, did youse see annywan git on this ca-a-ar a minute ergo?" I looked from the policeman to the conductor and waited for the latter's reply. He answered: "Sure! A young feller just got on; there he is," pointing to me on the rear platform. I was facing the opposite direction and had suddenly become blind, deaf, and dumb. A hand was



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AFTER THE LONG DAY AT SING SING. CONVICTS RETURNING FROM THE PRISON SHOPS TO THEIR COARSE MEAL AND SUCH REST AS THEIR ROUGH COTS WILL PERMIT THEM.

placed none too gently on my shoulder, and a threatening voice bellowed, "Hey, young feller, this copper wants yer," and I was yanked around to face the conductor. I looked at him with the best grace I could muster and inquired, "What's the matter?" Everybody talked at once, and at the word "burglar" from the policeman, I remonstrated, and tried to bluff him, but it was no go.

I was yanked off the car by the policeman, who took me down the street to where the lady of the cries stood surrounded by a flock of consoling friends. The policeman accused me; my vehement denials and protestations of innocence, together with an indignation that threatened damages for a false arrest, somewhat staggered the good woman. She was not sure; it was rather dark in the hall; and nothing was taken, so, rather than have any trouble, she would make no complaint. At this I volunteered to go on to see the captain of the precinct. "But, mark you," I said to the policeman, "some one will pay for this, and pay dearly." The bluff nearly went, but he called it on a chance, clapped a pair of handcuffs on me, and with the woman following and a vociferous crowd at our heels, we marched to the station house. The jig was up, and I knew it, for the small matter of a jimmy in my inside vest pocket could not be explained away to a New York police captain.

It happened that in this particular precinct there had been a number of robberies committed recently, and the captain's face

lighted up with glee when the desk sergeant reported a burglar. After a few words with the woman in the captain's private room her uncertainty was suddenly changed to absolute identification, and then he ordered, "Bring him in here."

As I stepped inside I received a punch in the jaw that knocked me off my feet. The door was closed behind me, and the captain gave me a beating that I can never forget. I was "beaten up" properly and in such fashion that in a minute's time I was almost senseless. Blows on my face drew blood, one eye was puffed out; half choked and altogether at the mercy of my captor, I was jerked to my feet and savagely told I'd be done for if I didn't own up to a partner and tell where he could be found. My continued protestations, between chokings of his heavy hand, finally convinced him that I was alone in this, and, with a final kick, I was dismissed. My pedigree was then taken by the sergeant, and after a search that revealed the jimmy I was taken down-stairs to a cell.

Thrust in behind a grated iron door, I dropped exhausted upon a bench. Events had followed so fast that at last to get alone was in itself a relief. My brain was in a whirl of disorder; my face was bleeding, and I felt of the rapidly puffing eye and remembered the pain of the beating. Soon a keeper brought in two men and placed them in cells on either side of me. They at once began a conversation as to their joint affair, a policy raid. After several fruitless attempts to draw me out by asking leading

questions pertaining to my arrest, they were, after some hours, released on bail, so they said. Before leaving they offered to communicate with my friends, if I would give them an address, but it was too obvious a trap to fall into, and I declined to have anything to do with them. They were placed there by the captain in order to "pump" me. Shortly after these men left I was led out to the captain's room. Seated there were two women. Immediately upon my entrance, and without any preliminary explanations of any sort, the captain pointed to me, and said, "That's the fellow who robbed your house"; but the women shook their heads. My persecutor was visibly disappointed and persisted in his accusation, but it was of no avail. I was subjected to the same treatment four times, but on each occasion those who looked me over said I was not the one they were looking for.

A restless night, broken by the noises and oaths of a couple of drunks who were brought in later, followed. A kaleidoscopic mass of thoughts came dancing across my brain: the anxious home folks waiting and wondering, the outcome of all this, horror at what the future might bring, and a thousand thoughts of what my friends would say when they

learned of my plight. But I resolved to keep the knowledge from them, and, with the exception of my immediate family, my former friends are, to this day, ignorant of my whereabouts.

About seven o'clock my cell was unlocked, and I was conducted to the sergeant's desk and presented with the articles which had been taken from me the night before. I was handcuffed and led out to a patrol-wagon. I had supposed we were going to the West Side Court, and when we had driven below Fifty-third Street, I asked where they were taking me, and was informed "Headquarters to have yer picture taken."

At Mulberry Street I was conducted to a room in which were about two hundred detectives, and commanded to stand on a raised platform while they looked me over. I was told to walk a few steps, then I heard some one say, "Look him over carefully, men, he is a burglar; whenever you see him on the street bring him in." In another minute I was led out and into a room where my photograph and Bertillon measurements were taken. I remained in there half an hour and then went back to the patrol-wagon, on my way to court. Arriving there, I secured a lawyer to whom I gave a hurried



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IN THE PRISON SCHOOL AT SING SING. PRISONERS DEFICIENT IN EDUCATION ARE COMPELLED TO ATTEND SCHOOL ONE HOUR EACH DAY. TEACHERS ARE CHOSEN FROM AMONG THE CONVICTS

## The Gray Brotherhood of Infamy

account of my case. I gave him what money I had and promised him more, and he consented to act for me. To him I gave the address of my home, and he promised to send word of my arrest there immediately. After pleading "Not Guilty," I was remanded to jail to wait for the grand jury. That same afternoon I had a visitor from home, and bitter tears were shed while that visit lasted.

Two days later I was transferred to the Tombs, where I remained three weeks before appearing for trial. On the sixth day my friends sent a lawyer to defend me at my trial, and every day after that I went down to the counsel-room and consulted with him.

After three weeks of anxiety, my day to appear for trial came, and it was with many misgivings that I crossed the "Bridge of Sighs." Arriving in the court building, I was put into a large iron-barred cage, in company with about fifty other men. This "pen" was filthy from tobacco-juice, scraps of meat, bread, paper, and all sorts of remnants. The air was foul, and the stench from unclean bodies and soiled linen was nauseating. Men of all sorts were there; thieves of every grade, "peter men," forgers, "strong-arms," "moll-buzzers," burglars, amateur and professional, of all ages, from the mere boy to gray-haired men. Some were indifferent to their fate and boasted of their skill in their special lines of grafting, while others sat silent and thoughtful. Five young Jew pickpockets were laughing merrily over the portrayal by one of their number of the plight of the "sucker" whom they had "touched" for his "roll." A short distance from them sat two "strong-arm" men from the West who had come to New York to get some "easy money," but had been arrested instead.

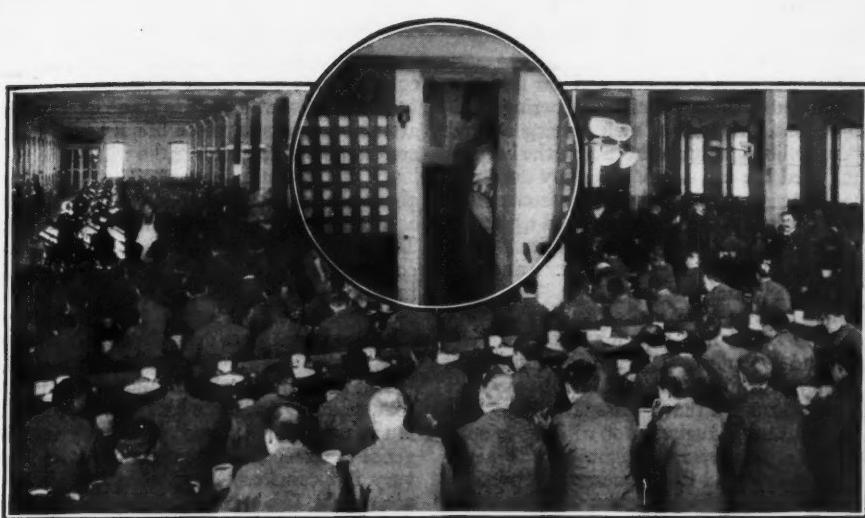
A list of names was occasionally read off by a court attendant, and those who answered were let out on their way to court. At last my turn came, and I was conducted out into the court-room, and the question of my liberty or imprisonment was placed in the hands of a jury. My lawyer put up a strong defense, but the verdict was "Guilty." I was not surprised; I deserved it. My trial was conducted fairly, and I was justly convicted.

The next morning, in company with four other prisoners, I was taken to the prison van and driven to the station en route to

Sing Sing. We were shackled to one another, and as we rode along conversation was chiefly about where we were going. One of the number had been in Sing Sing before, and he gave the rest of us many tips concerning what to say, how to act, etc., when we reached there. At the Grand Central Station we were put in a "smoker." Across from where I sat, shackled to another man, were four passengers about to engage in a game of poker, and as they studied their hands I looked at them and wondered if the whole affair were not a dream. However, as the train started, the fellow beside me, with a sudden movement, jerked the shackle on my wrist, and I immediately realized that it was *not* a dream, but a stern fact. After an hour or so, I was awakened from a reverie by the sheriff who had charge of us saying, "There she is, boys," and he pointed to a long, gray building on an elevation. That one glance was sufficient to send my heart thumping wildly against my ribs.

We walked from the station to the prison, and after crossing the threshold of the prison, were led down a short flight of stairs, where our shackles were removed. A prison guard took us in charge, and we followed him through a great iron door into the prison proper. Bars and steel and dreary stone at last enclosed me, and I was a prisoner in Sing Sing. Then came a hustling initiation into the Gray Brotherhood of Infamy. First I went to the clerk of the prison in the state shop, where I was searched and given a suit of prison clothes and underwear; then the prison barber shaved me and clipped my hair close. A bath with my four companions came next, and the shower put life into me. When I emerged from the bath-house, where my street clothes were taken from me, I was transformed into a gray-clad convict with a number stamped on my clothes. An interview with the deputy warden in his office came next, and here my pedigree was taken and I was questioned as to what sort of work I was capable of doing, and assigned to a shop.

From the deputy's office I was conducted to a cell and locked in. I realized at last that I was in prison, and my heart sank. The first half-hour in that prison cell can never be forgotten. The rush of the preliminary incidents had left no time for thought, but here the clang of the door and the cold cheerlessness conveyed an impression of the finality of all this, and despair



Photographs copyright by Underwood & Underwood

NOON DINNER OF TWELVE HUNDRED CONVICTS (THE GRAY BROTHERHOOD OF INFAMY) IN SING SING PRISON.—DAYTIME APPEARANCE OF THE CELL OF CONVICT NO. 8c6, WITH THE BED FOLDED AGAINST THE WALL TO MAKE ROOM

was immediately there with me in the gloom. The walls and ceiling had probably been whitewashed at one time, but now the dust and dirt lay thick upon the huge blocks of undressed stone. The place had a close, unhealthy smell, and on the walls and ceiling were many dark splotches which, upon closer inspection, proved to be blood. These bloody stains, I afterward learned, represented the last valiant stand of the ubiquitous bedbug, with which the prison was overrun. On an iron cot riveted to the wall were a round-shaped straw mattress, a pillow, and two blankets; nothing else was visible except a bucket. The lower part of the cell door was of solid sheet-iron, the upper portion being punctured with square holes about an inch in diameter. The cell itself was about six by three feet.

I supposed the bundle on the cot was intended for my bed, but in its present condition no one could lie upon it without danger of rolling off onto the floor. Therefore I threw it down and jumped on it till I had flattened it into some sort of shape. Then I lay down. I was lying there, wondering if I would live to the end of my "bit," when a face appeared at my door, a pock-marked, sinister countenance, with small gimlet eyes set deep in their sockets and the jaw of a prize-fighter. I was startled by the sudden apparition and did not make a sound, wondering who he was, and what he wanted.

Finally he whispered, "Hello, in dere, got any terbacco?" I said no, and he continued, "Come to de door, so's I kin git a peep at yer." I did so. He looked me over for a moment, and then thrust a pipe, some tobacco, and a few matches through a hole and told me to "smoke up." He asked me what I was "in" for, how long I had "got," and a few more questions. When I asked him what he worked at, he said, "Oh, I'm de guy what cleans de tier; I'm de gallery man." He returned later with my "supper," three slices of dry bread and some hot "boot-leg," by courtesy called coffee. While munching bread and sipping coffee, I heard the sound as of many men tramping on a stone floor. I stood at the cell door, listening, and presently could distinguish the rhythmic swinging step of a long line of marching men. A few seconds later the prisoners were filing past my door, some peering in as they went by. A keeper stopped to peer in at me, but said nothing. Each man was counted by two keepers, then a steam whistle was sounded from the powerhouse, and the great prison was closed for the day.

I was aroused the next morning by the loud clang of a gong. It was cold and damp and dark as midnight. Everything returned to me with a rush of memory. Something crawled across my face, and I put up my hand and discovered a bedbug. I lit a

## The Gray Brotherhood of Infamy

match and held it over my pillow and saw a number of these vermin scampering in all directions. Sounds of men stirring around were audible, and in a short time the keepers unlocked the cell doors. But my door was not opened. After the other prisoners had gone to their breakfast, I received a plate of hash and bread and "coffee." That day I was examined by the prison doctor and also by the chaplain.

The gallery man visited me again that day. I asked him how long he was "in" for, and he replied, "Oh, I'm just finishing a twenty-year bit." He said it with such an air of unconcern that I thought he was fooling me, and I laughed, not wishing to spoil his joke, whatever it might be. It never entered my head that a man could possibly serve so long a time in prison and live to tell of it. When I had finished laughing, he looked at me queerly for a moment, and then angrily remarked, "Well, what in hell are yer laughin' at?" "Oh," I replied, "I beg your pardon, but I thought you were joking." "Joking!" he scornfully cried. "Well, if yuh had to 'do' twenty years, yuh wouldn't tink it wuz much uv a joke, take it frum me." His manner conveyed the truth of his statement, and I looked at him with wonder, I was so surprised. It was hard to believe that a human being could live for twenty years in such a dreary place, and now, after more than four years of prison life, I still have the same feeling.

The next day I was marched to the printing-shop where I had been assigned to work. Having a practical knowledge of the trade, I was looked upon as a valuable acquisition. I was handed a piece of "copy" and started in to work. I was kept busy at my case during the days that followed, and the months sped swiftly by. The men in the printing-shop were regarded as the best class of prisoners in the institution, intellectually. Many bankers, brokers, lawyers, and doctors came and went during the time I was there. Everyone took pride in his work and was gentle and considerate of the feelings of others. Occasionally we were allowed to speak to one another for a few minutes, and, among other topics, politics, religion, and literature were discussed.

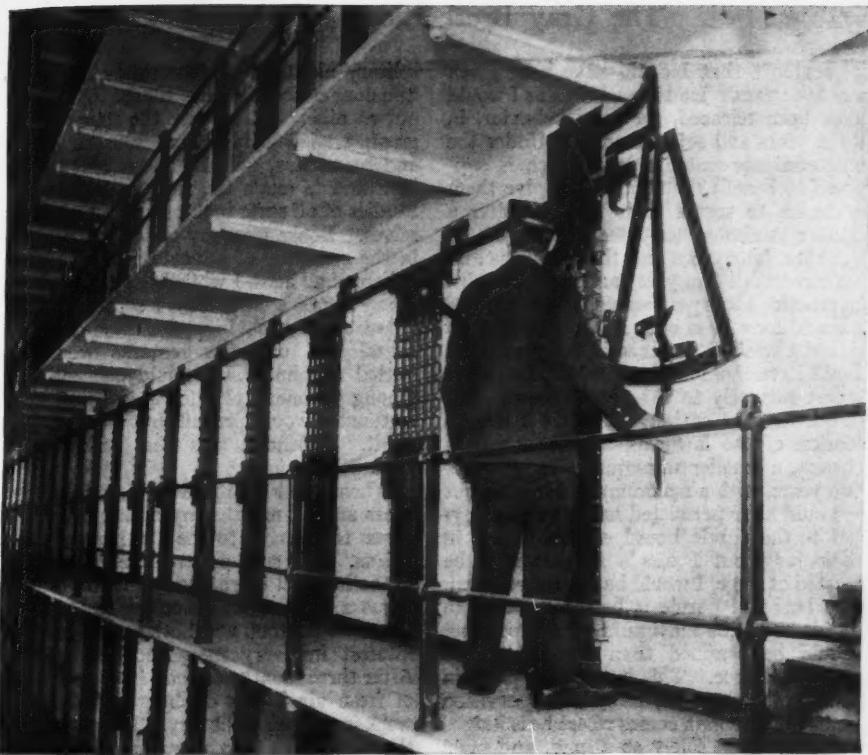
In prison you find men in the "raw." Everyone is on a common level, and it is at such times a man shows his true self. If he has a yellow streak it will come out; if he has gentleness, honor, and breeding, they

come to the surface also. It is a good place to discover what a man is made of, though after some years of prison life, if he does not continually watch himself, he will fall to the level of his surroundings. The influences about the convict and under which he leads a miserable existence are altogether bad. The majority of the men are inferior in character and intelligence. Inefficiency and incompetency are the rule in a prison population, and the tendency of the depravity and vice is always to drag the man of keener intelligence and cleverer mind to its level.

It is not so much the physical punishment that makes a man take his "bit" hard as it is the mental. Anyone of ordinary intelligence can keep from breaking the rules, but very few can keep from worrying. Night after night, like caged animals, men walk up and down their cells, four steps back and forth, hands behind their backs, thinking. Some lie on their cots every night for months, staring at the whitewashed ceiling. They cannot concentrate their minds on reading matter. Pictures of women, children, horses, games, anything in that line, they enjoy because it carries them out of their surroundings. Convicts are not allowed to look, however respectfully, at women who visit the prison. I have seen a prisoner thrust into the "cooler" for doing so. All his finer noble impulses (and even convicts have them) are gradually stifled, until, if he is not careful, he sinks to the level of the beasts.

The casual visitor who goes through a prison cannot have any real idea of the place. Things look clean, and there is no noise or bustle. It may even look restful to some. But take off the visitor's well-fitting and comfortable clothes; put on him the coarse, ill-fitting convict garb; shave his hair off; give him a number instead of a name; thrust him into a cell alive with vermin and nauseous with the prison smell; feed him on rotten food; subject him to the indignities and humiliations found there for a year; then he, too, will unhesitatingly say, "Prison is hell."

There are no forces in prison life which tend to help a man back to his proper self-respect. Observation has taught me that very few keepers have any faith in, or respect for, a convict. Their motto seems to be, "Once a convict, always a convict." Many of them are domineering and insulting, and this attitude tends to harden the men. With few exceptions the keepers do not command



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THE SIMULTANEOUS LOCKING OF THE CELL DOORS OF THE INMATES OF SING SING PRISON. THIS METHOD INSURES THE GREATEST MEASURE OF SAFETY, BOTH IN DEALING WITH THE CONVICTS AND IN CASE OF ACCIDENT

the respect of the prisoners. Men with ambition and intelligence above that of a watchman do not seek employment in this service. There is little opportunity for advancement, the pay is small, and consequently the men who have in charge the direct welfare and government of prisoners are not equipped by training or education to give moral or helpful assistance to the unfortunates under them.

The present prison administration of New York State, however, is comparatively progressive and humane; under it many degradations and severe and cruel punishments of former years have been abolished. The establishment of the prison school and the parole system are its best and greatest achievements. The one gives education and the other hope and a higher and better incentive to good behavior in prison than the fear of punishment, and also insures on the part of the discharged man a stricter

adherence to the law. The school system is in charge of a competent principal, who selects a staff of teachers from among the inmates. Prisoners are examined and those found to be deficient in education are compelled to attend school one hour each day. The institution of the indeterminate sentence and a board of parole has done more to insure the released prisoner's good behavior than has any other reform. A man who is sentenced for a first offense, not a capital crime, to a long term in prison, loses hope and ambition and goes out broken in spirit, and often in body, and hardened and resentful. I have heard many men, for whom life held nothing, say "*some one* will have to pay for this bit." They resolve to be more careful next time, but they propose to "get even."

Even the present laws, however, are not entirely satisfactory. My own sentence is typical of an injustice often apparent in their administration. The maximum defin-

## The Gray Brotherhood of Infamy

ite sentence that I could have been given was five years. Had I received this I would have been released, for good behavior, in three years and seven months. Under the indeterminate-sentence law, which is supposed to benefit first-timers and give them a chance to regain their freedom after a smaller minimum sentence, I received no less than four years and three months and not more than four years and eight months. In practice I was paroled eight months after I would have been entirely free if I had received a straight sentence of five years, and I still have five months in which I have to report regularly to the parole board. My conviction was entirely just, but if the intention of the law was to give a man a chance, a smaller minimum—from one to two years, with a maximum of four to eight—would have permitted me to present myself to the parole board sooner, and if in their judgment I was a fit person to be trusted at large, I would have been released.

A board of parole is better qualified to decide as to the maximum time a prisoner should be confined than the judge who passes sentence. This is the only place in the whole sphere of criminal supervision under which a man comes where he is judged and considered solely as a man, and upon the basis of his own individuality. At his trial the intent is always to do justice, but considerations which are brought to bear by the prosecution, the effect of public opinion, and other things which, as a matter of fact, have no bearing upon the merits of his case, are a factor in determining how long he shall stay in prison. But here there is nothing taken into consideration, except the opinion of the board as to whether or not the prisoner is fit and capable of becoming a useful citizen. They alone can judge of the effect of imprisonment upon a man, and there are many cases in which a year in prison is enough to bring a prisoner to his senses, and drive all false ideas as to graft and easy money out of his head. Further years of punishment are useless, so far as reforming such a prisoner is concerned.

I had now become better acquainted with prison life. The days were monotonous repetitions of one another, but with the work allotted and the human companionship they went down behind me. I saw the same faces day after day, and thought the same thoughts each night. The worst time of all, however, was the dragging, weary,

solitary nights, from four thirty, when the iron door closed after me, till the lights went out at nine. Those were the times of the greatest trial. Many had musical tastes, and mandolins, guitars, and various other instruments made the time pass for some. Studies of all sorts took others out of themselves. Books were my only pleasures, and in the company of adventurers and philosophers of all ages, I whiled the nights away. Many times I have heard some homesick fellow quietly sobbing. On these occasions brutal and offensive remarks would be hurled at him. One would suppose that among prisoners, pity for their brother unfortunates would prevail, but I found little of it. Selfishness was the ruling spirit among the majority.

When I had been in Sing Sing about two years and six months, my health failed, and I was transferred to the Dannemora State Prison. The splendid treatment I received in the hospital there during the few months I was a patient put me on my feet. There were two doctors, and both took a personal interest in every man under their care. After three months of good food and plenty of fresh air, I was discharged and put to work in the prison library. The chaplain of the institution was now my boss, and I found it pleasant to work under him.

Sing Sing is a first-time prison, and there is a marked difference between the men there and the inmates at Dannemora. They are a more intelligent and cleaner-minded lot than those at Dannemora, which is primarily a prison for habitual criminals. There are, however, many first- and second-timers there, and the various grades, which are designated respectively by white, blue, and red chevrons on the sleeve, are kept separated as much as possible. Morals at Dannemora were much lower than at Sing Sing. As chaplain's clerk for sixteen months I took the record of every man who entered prison during that time, and it was no uncommon thing for a prisoner to own up to anywhere from six to twelve previous terms, and one man admitted to having been in penitentiaries and workhouses one hundred and one times. These men care for nothing except to live from day to day and plan future assaults against society. From environment and experience in the graft world the old-timers at Dannemora were more loyal to the code that prevails among the criminal class than those at Sing Sing. They

## A Show for My White Alley

An inmate of a New York State Prison, convicted of burglary—I may be released on parole on the condition that I secure a position with a reputable employer. ¶ I am 29, single, temperate, no entanglements; have good knowledge of newspaper and printing work; efficient office man or clerk, and can hold down a job of any sort where *brains and intelligence* are required. Salary sufficient to support myself decently.

*My bridges are burned behind me and I want to earn an honest living. If you have any faith in human sincerity and can give me a "boost," write me. I'll make good.*

NUMBER 7654,  
Clinton Prison, Dannemora, N. Y.

A TEST OF MAN'S HUMANITY TO MAN. THE ABOVE "AD," WHICH APPEARED IN A MAGAZINE, BROUGHT NUMEROUS GENEROUS RESPONSES, AND RESULTED IN CONVICT NUMBER 7654 SECURING A CHANCE TO "MAKE GOOD"

recognized the rules of the game and played it in their own way. They took their imprisonment philosophically as part of the day's work and got through it as best they could. For this reason they made model prisoners.

The dull monotony of prison life had now taken firm hold of me, and there were times when existence was a burden, and seemingly not worth the struggle. Wherever I looked were bars and stone and blue uniforms. Every important act of my life in prison was regulated by the clang of a gong or the command of a keeper. Men watched each other constantly, for the system under which they existed bred mistrust and suspicion. "Stool-pigeons" were scattered all over the prison. The only time a man could feel safe from them was when he was alone. In prison all men are dressed alike, and until you associate with another for a certain length of time, it is impossible to know the sort of person you are up against. Constant prison confinement utterly ruins some men whose character otherwise would be impregnable

to certain weaknesses. You realize in a short time that you live in a very selfish community, where no one takes the slightest interest in your welfare. The keepers do not care how you feel or anything about you. Sympathy is lacking. You may tell another that you were sick the night before, but about the only response, if any at all, will be a grunt, or a disinterested "That so?" Through force of circumstances, each man's thoughts are centered on himself. He cares nothing for others, and many become warped both in body and soul. But adversity is at least not without its benefits, for, stripped to the naked soul of him, a man may, if he will, prove his mettle to himself. Cowardice, if it is there, comes to the top, and if the illusions and false trappings of his former life concealed courage, there is that in behind the bars which will put it to the test.

As I entered upon the last year of my term the problem of the future became each day more the subject of my thoughts. The indefinite living from day to day, always in the present (that is the best policy for a man

## The Gray Brotherhood of Infamy

who remembers the past with regrets, and for whom the future is a vague and distant thing), gave way to a keen concern for plans of employment. I had no money, excepting three dollars and fifty-one cents which I had earned as a convict at the rate of one and a half cents a day, and having forfeited the respect of my former friends, I could not apply to them for assistance.

The years of reflection and solitude, however, were not without some gain, and my first resolve was that there were to be no more attempts at "easy money" or graft for me. I had full confidence in myself and my ability to succeed; the first foothold—"there was the rub." It was necessary to gain the interest of some one who would be willing to put some faith in the word of a convict. If anyone thinks that is an easy matter, let him ask some prison official about it. A happy, audacious idea came to me one day. I had been reading some of the brilliant thoughts that a big, broad-minded man expressed in his magazine. There was humanity and generosity and understanding of life in his words, and the inspiration came to write to him. I did so, but made no direct appeal for help in the nature of alms or for employment by him. Instead I requested that he grant me on credit, and on my mere word, space in the advertising columns of his magazine in which to insert an advertisement for work. The thing I asked was without precedent, but the man I wrote to makes his own precedents, and he gave me the one thing necessary—credit.

The "ad" I composed is the one reproduced with this article, and by its aid I have won my way to many sincere and honest friendships. As the rocket of a shipwreck brings quick assistance, my appeal brought a ready response from numerous fair-minded and generous men. Following are a few of the many letters I received. The first came from Arkansas:

DEAR SIR: Have read your ad. and I feel an interest in your case and am disposed to help you. Write me fully as to your qualifications, salary expected, etc., also whether you want to come south. If you are "on the level," and want to do the right thing, I will help you.

From Virginia:

DEAR 7654: There's enough original sin in me to make me feel a kinship with one who acknowledges his offenses. The Bishop of London once said, speaking of a man who was being taken to the gal-

lows, "Except for the grace of God, there goes I." Even though you have been in prison, if you are now right with yourself, you will win out, I'm sure. . . . I can't offer you a job, but I send you my good wishes and good-will and best hopes for success. I'm a plain man with a farm in this green country and would be glad to know you if you ever get down in this section.

From Missouri came this straightforward letter:

NO. 7654: I am the employer of over four hundred men in the manufacturing line. Never has an applicant been asked for a recommendation. We do not think of yesterday nor to-day, but of to-morrow. You say you will be open for engagement in May; if you so desire your application will be considered.

From Colorado:

DEAR SIR: I am struck with the sense and the courage of your advertisement. For the originality and bravery of it you deserve the success that I believe will be yours. I can give you employment at a salary that unfortunately can only be a nominal one, but if other sources fail you, I will be glad to give you a hand until something better turns up. The past will bury itself if in the future you will be true to the ideals you have set before you. If you need me, let me know.

From the Pacific coast:

DEAR SIR: This communication is prompted by reading your ad. Would you care to come so far west as this state? What are your qualifications for office work and what experience have you had? Are you a stenographer? Can you operate a typewriter? If you care to consider coming here, please write me fully, replying to the above queries, adding anything else regarding your experience and ability which you can.

From the Middle West:

NO. 7654:

DEAR SIR: I wish you would send me a picture of yourself. I may be able to place you advantageously in my store. What will be the least you can start on? You can establish your own salary later.

The proposition for which I felt the most adapted, and which I accepted, came from the head of one of the largest manufacturing houses in the country. It assures me of a competence and the prospect of a prosperous future. I go to my work with a heart full of gratitude for their helpfulness and the truest and firmest determination to justify their belief in me, to do right, and make good. I shall not fail, for I will now build my house upon truth, and if out of this bitter four years I have learned anything, it is the verity that nothing in the way of success that is worth while can come to a man except through truth and right living.



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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT DIAZ. THIS PORTRAIT WAS SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE COSMOPOLITAN

# *The Personal Recollections of Porfirio Diaz President of Mexico*

## I TAKE COMMAND OF THE ARMY

I was summoned to Mexico City, in May of 1863, by Señor Juárez, who informed me that he intended to appoint me either secretary of war or commander-in-chief of the army. I replied to the President that my appointment to either of these positions would be very unwise, under existing conditions, for two reasons—my youth, and the pretext which would thus be given to some of the dissatisfied officers for deserting to the French army.

I saw him again the next day, and as he had come to my way of thinking, he offered me the choice of a division. As soon as this was organized I marched to Ayotla, for the purpose of covering the cart road along which the enemy was approaching the capital.

The government left for Querétaro on May 31, 1863. I was then ordered to return to Mexico and from there follow the army corps, under command of Commander-in-Chief Don José de la Garza, whom I overtook in Contadero on the road to Toluca. As soon as I joined him, General de la Garza delivered the command to me and started on a march with his staff.

Not long after my assuming command, one of the battalions of the National Guard of Mexico City, forming the rear guard, rebelled. I pursued the rebels, killing some,

## The Personal Recollections of Porfirio Diaz

and capturing nearly all, and had ten shot in the Salazar Valley, in the presence of the troops drawn up in line. We continued our march to Toluca the next day, and on our arrival I informed the commander-in-chief of what had happened.

After three or four days of inactivity in Toluca, I advised General de la Garza that I was absolutely without money, and needed some before I could continue my march. As the French were already entering the city of Mexico, and our army was without resources, and the commander-in-chief not manifesting any activity in obtaining the necessary funds, or in moving the troops, I told him that I thought it was necessary to secure some money, that we might evacuate the post.

He called a meeting of the principal merchants in Toluca, who met in my lodgings, and I explained the situation to them, asking for a loan, which they let me have willingly, but the amount reached only three thousand pesos. With this money I left Toluca for the Llano de Cazadero, and arrived at Querétaro, where I found some funds awaiting me, which the federal government had sent me from San Luis. Ten days later General Berriozabal, who was then minister of war, arrived in Querétaro from San Luis. He brought with him my commission as commander-in-chief of the Army of the Center, which Juarez had issued without any intimation to me of his intentions. General Echegaray remained with me as quartermaster.

I then commenced a thorough reorganization of the army corps under my command, merging two of the smaller battalions into one, giving instructions in tactics, repairing arms, artillery, and wagon-trains, buying mules, and doing everything in my power to drill the troops under my command, that I might eventually have a body of troops equal to the French army, when we met in battle.

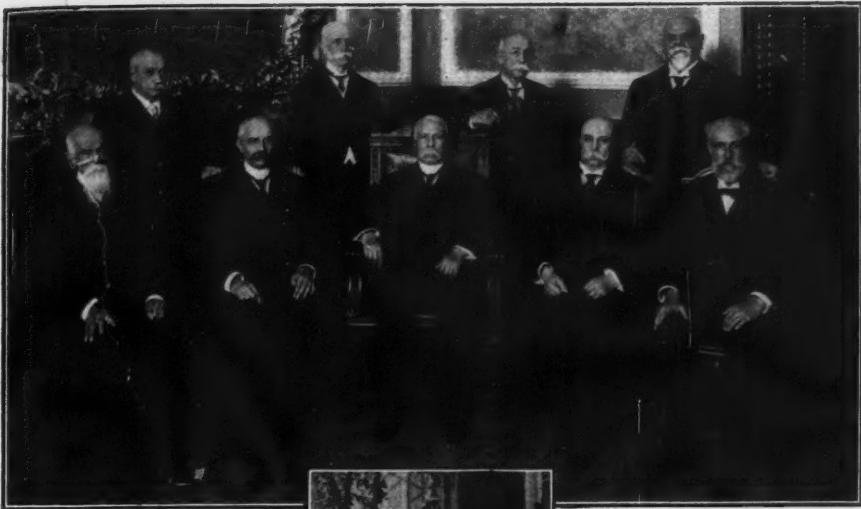
During the encampment of the army at Celaya, Salvatierra, Querétaro, and San Juan del Rio, expeditions of army corps could not be made from one post to the other without a large escort, or by feigning one movement and executing another, because the road was overrun by bandits.\*

\*After General Diaz's second election to the presidency, he arrested the chiefs of the principal bands of bandits, and gave them their choice of being shot or serving under him, as the captains of the rural police force, pledged to life and property all over Mexico. This was the beginning of the famous Rurales, resembling in authority and discipline the mounted police of Canada.

These bands of robbers were led by the Troncaso Brothers, who at that time had as many as four hundred mounted men. I explained this condition to General Comonfort, when he relieved me of the army corps which had been under my orders. He did not attach much importance to my report, and a few days after my departure, in trying to make the trip from San Miguel Allehdo to Celaya, in a coach with an armed escort of fifty mounted men, he was assassinated by the Troncasos near Chamacuero.

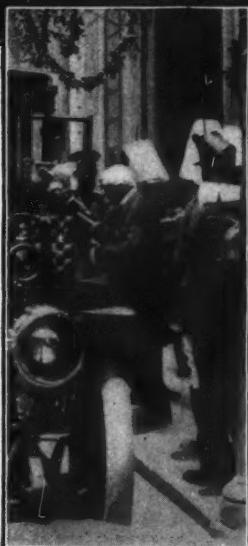
In the meantime a serious question had arisen, which for a time menaced the favorable outcome of the efforts of the country toward independence. Señor Juarez had begun his first term as constitutional president on the 15th of June, 1861. The Constitution provides that the presidential term shall be for four years, and terminate on November 30th. There was therefore a doubt as to whether the first term of Señor Juarez should terminate on November 30, 1864, in which case he would not complete the four years which the Constitution provides for, or on November 30, 1865, in which case he would exceed the time.

Gen. Jesus Gonzales Ortega, who had been elected president of the Supreme Court of Justice and was acting in the capacity of vice-president, interpreted the Constitution in the sense that Señor Juarez's term should end on November 30, 1864. He left shortly after for the United States, considering himself the legal president of Mexico. From the United States General Ortega made several advances for Mexico to recognize him as acting constitutional president, for which he was indicted by the government of Señor Juarez. Ortega's claim was supported by many distinguished persons of the Liberal party, but the large majority realized that a change in the personnel of the government during these critical times would be grave. They also recognized the fact that it would be difficult to find a person of the prestige and influence of Señor Juarez. They therefore passed over any irregularity which might exist in the extension of Señor Juarez's term and accepted not only the resolution of November 30, 1864, which declared that the presidential term ended on that date, but also the decree of November 8th of the same year, which extended the term of Señor Juarez until an election could be held.



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PORFIRIO DIAZ, WHO WAS RECENTLY REELECTED PRESIDENT OF MEXICO, AND HIS CABINET. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT THE MEMBERS OF THE GROUP ARE JUSTINO FERNANDEZ, MAN-



PRESIDENT DIAZ ENTERING HIS MOTOR-CAR IN FRONT OF THE PALACE

#### I SURRENDER OAXACA TO GENERAL BAZAINE

I received communications from the generals in command of the different posts in and around the city of Oaxaca that they would not be responsible for the situation if the siege continued much longer. They contended that it was impossible for a force so small and so demoralized as were the Mexican soldiers to resist longer the attacks of such a large number of well-disciplined troops as those under the command of General Bazaine.

We had been holding out since the 28th of December, and it was now well into the month of February, 1865. The different commanders sent me word that for the last few days there had been no food of any kind, but, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which they labored, they would continue to do their duty until death. On the 8th of February, all the munitions of war were completely exhausted, as well as the food for the families remaining in the post with us, although there were but a few left. These complained loudly, and their con-

*Specially made for the Cosmopolitan*  
UEL GONZALEZ CCSIO, RAMON CORRAL, JOSE IVES LIMANTOUR,  
PRESIDENT DIAZ, OLEGARIO MOLINA, ENRIQUE C. CREEL, JUSTINE SIERRA, AND LEANDRO FERNANDEZ

tinuous complaints against their unbearable situation caused great dejection among our already debilitated soldiers.

In this state of complete demoralization, and when defense was no longer possible, I decided to surrender the post. I did not have one thousand men under my control, and it did not seem wise to have any more blood shed in a final assault; the situation was desperate and all resistance useless.

The post being in this condition, and under an open cannonade from the enemy, which was undoubtedly but the prelude to a simultaneous assault at different points of the fortifications, I decided to surrender unconditionally, and for this purpose, without an armistice, I went to General Bazaine's headquarters, at night, to tell him that the attack he was preparing was unnecessary. At ten o'clock on the night of the 8th of February, 1865, accompanied by Colonels Don Apolonio Angulo and Don José Ignacio Echeagaray, I left the Plaza and went toward Montoya, where General Bazaine had his

headquarters. While the first posts were receiving me, I was fired on by one which was located on the corner of Calle Consolacion, but I spoke to the soldiers, telling them I was not an armed enemy, and they ceased firing. The officer in charge at this point sent me with a detachment to another on the left bank of the Atoyac River. From here we were passed to another detachment on the opposite side of the river, and this detachment escorted us to Montoya.

On telling General Bazaine that the post could not be defended any longer, and that it was at his disposition, he naturally jumped to the conclusion that such a surrender was equivalent to my submission to the empire. He told me that he was very glad I had recovered from my mental aberration, which he had considered very grave, as he said it was criminal for anyone to take up arms against the sovereign.

I replied: "I think it my duty to explain that I do not adhere to or accept the empire, and that I am just as hostile as I have been behind my cannons. Further resistance is impossible and the sacrifice useless, as I no longer have men or arms."

General Bazaine's face flushed with anger, and he reproached me, saying, "You have broken the oath you took in Puebla, not to take up arms against the intervention."

This I denied having done, and General Bazaine, turning to his secretary, Col. Napoleon Boyer, who was present, bade him bring the book in which the oath of Puebla was written. Boyer commenced reading the names in a loud voice. He looked for mine and finally found the statement that not only did I not sign when the book was presented to me in Puebla, but had stated that I could not sign, because I had sacred obligations to my country, and would comply with them when called upon to do so. When Colonel Boyer came to this statement, he ceased reading and passed the book to General Bazaine, who took it, read it, and closed it without addressing a word more to me on the subject.

General Bazaine ordered firing stopped from the tops of the surrounding heights, which was done. I was detained in his room at headquarters overnight, Angulo and Echegaray bearing me company. I remained a prisoner, not knowing what my fate would be, as I had not asked any guarantee for myself or my men, merely telling

General Bazaine that the Plaza would surrender without firing a single shot.

At daybreak I sent Echegaray to the outposts, as I had agreed with Bazaine, to tell them that they should surrender. Bazaine then sent me to the city, in charge of Don Juan Pablo Franco and an escort of African sharpshooters, to give orders that the French be allowed to enter. General Bruicourt with a regiment followed shortly after me, and repairing to the National Palace declared the city of Oaxaca in possession of the French army.

After the surrender I returned to Montoya, and from there I, with my subordinates, was taken on the night of the 9th of February, as a prisoner of war, under the escort of a strong guard. I walked between open lines, and on the outside of these lines there marched on each side a second line of cavalry. In this fashion I arrived at Etta and was committed to Major of Cavalry Viscount of Kelan, who told me he had served on Napoleon's staff, and was then serving in the huzzar guard. The viscount treated us with great courtesy, accorded us many favors, but never for a moment relaxed his vigilance. Our situation was greatly changed after we reached Puebla, as we were delivered over to Austrian forces, who confined us in three different prisons. The generals, colonels, and lieutenants were sent to the Loreto Fort, where we remained for about three months. While there we were again admonished not to take up arms again against the intervention or the empire, and all agreed to this, with the exception of Gen. Santiago Tapia, Col. Miguel Castellanos Sanchez, Don Ramon Reguera, and myself.

At the end of three months we were transferred to the Santa Catarina Convent, and it was from this prison I planned my escape. To carry this into execution I bored a tunnel from directly under my bed. For a long time Benitez and Ballesteras were my cell-mates. One day I pretended to quarrel with them and asked the provost to assign them to other quarters. This was done, I was alone as I had wished to be, and was able to continue the tunnel I had commenced. My cell was on the first floor of the building and in a chapel that had once been the cell of a very saintly nun. In this cell was a well of water, which, according to tradition, contained wonderful curative properties. The well served me as a place

in which to throw the dirt I took from the tunnel I was digging. When I got under the foundation of the building, I made a horizontal gallery toward the street. My room faced the street, as I had been able to ascertain from the noise of carriages passing, and in order to make assurance doubly certain, I had sent my servant out to tap the wall until I answered. Be-



orders that our doors should not be closed or the lights extinguished by night or day.

General Thum's conduct toward me became so unbearable that I determined to hasten my escape. I had prepared for the 15th of September, but as this was Independence Day I decided to wait a few days longer. Owing to the civic festivities, the streets were



fore I could finish the tunnel, they moved us to another prison, the Company Convent, from which place I finally made my escape.

Count Thum's disastrous campaign in the Puebla mountains had put him in a very bad humor. The day he resumed command of the prison, he ordered all the windows looking on the street to be boarded up, notwithstanding the fact that they were protected by strong iron bars. This compelled us to use artificial light at all hours. He also increased the number of sentinels, and gave



RUINS OF A BUILDING NEAR OAXACA WHICH WAS PIERCED BY BALLS FROM DIAZ'S CANNONS WHEN HE CAPTURED THE CITY FROM THE FRENCH.—RURALES MANEUVERING IN FRONT OF THE PALACE AT A FIFTH-OF-MAY CELEBRATION.—PRESIDENT DIAZ RETURNING FROM THE CELEBRATION

brilliantly illuminated all night, and therefore to make the attempt that night would have meant being shot when caught. I therefore postponed my escape until the 20th.

Lieut. Guillermo Palomino and Major Juan de la Luz Enriquez were my only confidants among my prison companions. On the night of the 20th they invited the other political prisoners to a game of cards in their rooms, in order to occupy them and keep them in one place, that there would be no walking through the corridors.

As soon as taps had sounded and all was silent, I went into an uncovered passage connecting the main building with the out-buildings. As this was more or less used at all times, very little attention was paid to my movements. I carried three ropes which I had wound into a ball and wrapped in a piece of gray burlap. I was working under great disadvantages, as the night was inky black, the rain pouring in torrents, and the vivid flashes of lightning exposed me to detection every few minutes; but after carefully reconnoitering and being satisfied no one was in the vicinity or watching me, I threw the bundle of ropes up onto the adjoining roof, threw another rope over a gargoyle, and hand over hand I climbed to the roof.

My progress was necessarily very slow. The wet roof was slippery, and as it was in full view of the convent, where there was a detachment of men and sentinels, whose duty it was to watch the roof, I ran the risk of attracting their attention by slipping. In order to reach the corner of the building overlooking the Calle San Roque, at which point I had decided to descend, I was forced to cross that part of the roof over the cells. Each cell had a semispherical arched top, and I was obliged to crawl between these domes lying flat, and feeling my way as I advanced.

At last I reached the wall of the church, and as the sentinels could not see me there without leaving their beat, I continued on foot, in time reaching a high window overlooking the relief watch. I waited here for a few minutes to see if any alarm had been given. I came very near being killed at this point. A blinding flash of lightning so bewildered me that I slipped and was very nearly dashed to the stone pavements of the courtyard below.

In order to reach the San Roque corner I was obliged to cross the roof over the portero's [janitor's] quarters. This man not long before had given testimony before a court martial against some political prisoners who had dug a hole in the wall of his house, and as a result they were shot the next day. I was therefore not anxious to attract his attention.

I lowered myself into an uncovered passageway of the house just as a young man who lived there came in, evidently from the theater, as he seemed very happy and was humming a tune. I waited until he had entered his room, from which he emerged a

second or two later, carrying a lighted candle, and came directly toward me. I hid so that he could not see me, and after attending to what he had to do, he reentered his room without discovering my presence. When I concluded he had had time to retire and had fallen asleep, I again ascended to the roof of the convent on the side opposite to where I had descended, and picked my way carefully to the San Roque corner.

On the corner of the convent roof was a stone statue of St. Vincent Ferrer, to which I proposed to fasten my ropes. The saint swayed considerably as I handled him, but the statue probably had a bar of iron running through it, as it did not fall.

It appeared to me wiser not to attempt the descent at this corner, as it was very much exposed and I would probably be seen by some passer-by, who might be attracted by the hanging rope. I therefore concluded to go down into a lot belonging to the convent, which was enclosed by a high wall, but which had as yet no buildings on it. When I made this decision I was ignorant of the fact that there were a lot of hogs enclosed in a pen directly under me. The rope swayed considerably, and in one of my bumps against the convent walls, my dagger, which was the only weapon I carried, was loosened from my belt and fell among the hogs, evidently wounding one of them, as they made considerable noise, which increased as I came down among them. I had to wait a little, to let them quiet down, and was alarmed lest their owner should come out to look after his property. After the noise subsided somewhat I climbed the fence facing the street, but was obliged to beat a hasty retreat, as at that moment I saw the night watchman coming along the street, examining the houses to see if the doors were locked. When the policeman had disappeared I descended to the street, detaching a stone from the top of the wall, which made a great clatter as it fell.

When the government received word that I had escaped from Puebla, which notice was communicated by Don Justo Benitez to our minister in Washington, and by him transmitted to the office of the secretary of foreign relations of the Republic, then established at El Paso, Señor Juarez reinstated me in command of the Eastern Division, giving me the same rank and power that I had had before the surrender of Oaxaca to the French.



REGIMENTAL PARADE IN CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEFEAT OF  
THE FRENCH BEFORE PUEBLA BY GENERAL DIAZ, MAY 5, 1862

#### THE CAPTURE OF OAXACA

On the 6th of October, 1866, I started on my march to Oaxaca, arriving before the city on the 8th. I managed to intercept a message, advising that a column of thirteen hundred men, composed principally of Austrians and Frenchmen who had re-enlisted, was on its way to the assistance of Oronoz in the defense of the city.

I gave orders that the infantry and artillery should make a rapid march to La Carbonera, to intercept the advancing column, as I was afraid the enemy would reach the point of vantage before me, in which case they would fight me as I was coming up, an advantage I desired to gain over them. The La Carbonera table-land is the highest point of the mountains.

I had not finished placing my men when the enemy detached and threw out an intrepid line of French riflemen, who played sad havoc with my troops before I could reorganize them. As rapidly as possible I massed all the reserves I had left, as well as the cavalry, which I had hidden around a turn in the road, and routed the enemy, so that they retired in great disorder. General Segura, upon a signal previously agreed upon, attacked them in the rear, cutting off the wagon-road, which was their only mode of escape.

On the 20th of October I returned to Oaxaca to reestablish the siege. The first advice that Oronoz had that a column was coming to aid him and that it had been defeated was from a circular that I sent out to all

the towns asking for men and litters to carry the wounded. Oronoz knew from this that a fierce battle had taken place, but was in doubt as to the result of the fight, and ordered the commander in charge of the Soledad Fort that when any column of troops drew near the city he was to fire a gun as notice to the Plaza; three consecutive shots if friends, a single shot if the enemy.

As the first men in the lines were the Austrian prisoners, all wearing red uniforms, he naturally concluded that the Austrians had triumphed, and accordingly advised the presence of a friendly column, an error which he lost no time in correcting when we approached nearer and could be more plainly seen.

Without any decisive resistance from the enemy I reoccupied my former position, under a fierce fire until midnight. We then took up our post in the cemetery, which is located to the east of the city.

On the following day I continued drawing in my lines and making preparations for assaulting the fort, as a preliminary to an assault on the city. The enemy signaled for a conference, and offered to deliver the city under conditions. I replied that I would only accept its unconditional surrender.

The enemy voluntarily surrendered on October 31st. I put all their men into my battalions, and established prisons throughout the city for the officers and commanders.

The surrender of Oaxaca was the first step toward the victories of Puebla and Mexico City, which followed during the ensuing year.



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

"IN OTHER WORDS, MR. QUIRKER. YOU WANT TO DISPOSE OF YOUR STOCK, BUT, AT THE SAME TIME, TO COLLECT THE NEXT TWO YEARS' DIVIDENDS. . . . NO, I'LL GIVE YOU PAR, BUT I CAN'T POSSIBLY OFFER YOU ANY MORE."

(*"The New Adventures of Wallingford"*)

# The New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

## A Rapid Transaction in Currency

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

*Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.*

Illustrated by C. E. Chambers

### I

HEY were not the gently floating, downy-looking, cuddly big flakes of snow which blotted out the view from Wallingford's window, but the little, stinging, spiteful sort, and they hurled themselves at him in files and platoons and battalions, by countless, swiftly driven millions, as if they would have liked nothing better than to pierce him with endless pain, to grind him to atoms, to scatter him wide and bury him deep. Even entrenched behind his breastwork of glass J. Rufus felt their enmity, and gazed out into the thick white bluster with unshakable gloom. Alone and in the dull light of the stormy morning, worried and at his wits' ends, he was by no means the smiling, debonair Wallingford whose jovial face and broad-breasted bulk had wheedled unwilling dollars from their hiding-places over half the continent; instead, with his face in repose and with no one present before whom to act a part, there were deep lines visible, telling of advancing age and careless youth. This morning, too, there was an expression of uncertainty, almost of defeat, which, while seemingly new, was only the accumulated etching of scores of similar moments.

"Oh, the merry, merry springtime, tra-la-la, tra-la-la!" croaked a voice from the adjoining room. "How's the weather, Jimmy?"

"Against us, like everything else," replied Wallingford soberly, and he glanced in at the open door, where only a frosty nose and a pair of very black eyes and the points of a black mustache were visible above the counterpane.

"Snowing yet, of course; and I suppose

the town pump's frozen solid. Oh, the merry, merry spring—"

"Oh, shut up!"

The voice, in its sudden explosion of nervous temper, was so little like the customary voice of Wallingford that Blackie Daw, quite contrary to his previous intentions, piled wonderingly out of bed to gaze at his friend. Immediately he felt the rawness of the morning he started to pile in again, but the smell of burning wood once more changed his mind, and he darted shivering into Wallingford's room to hover over the little old wood-stove and absorb as much of its heat as his ridiculously lank body would take up.

"Feeble, but earnest," he observed of the fire. "But where's your fuel? What are you burning?"

"The wood-box," replied Wallingford savagely. "I'm going to start on the furniture next, unless they bring up that wood in five minutes. I ordered some an hour ago."

"Let me chip in one mattress full of augers," invited Blackie cheerfully. "Honest, friend of my youth, go in and gaze upon the raised map of the Rocky Mountains upon which your childhood companion slept. It would give the rheumatism to a jelly-fish, just to look at it. Why, that mattress—"

"For the love of Moses, quit yammering!" pleaded Wallingford. "Haven't you a single ounce of brain in that squash of yours? Don't you know that we're up against it worse than we've ever been in our lives? Don't you know that we have only seven dollars between us, and no place to get more? Don't you know that we can't go out and take it away from anybody in a yap town like this, and especially in weather like this? Don't you ever stop to think, or do you just gurgle?"



## The New Adventures of Wallingford

"B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!" shivered Blackie. "What a raw, cold, dismal morning it is, to be sure! What a cruel, cruel world! Jimmy, go plumb to hell while I dress."

"But you must think, I tell you," persisted Wallingford, following him. "Can't you raise enough money somewhere to get us out of this Eskimo village?"

"And Violet Bonnie in Europe?" demanded Blackie indignantly. "Not so, Jimmy, and you know it. My wife is too wise to trust me with the free and unrestricted use of her accumulated alimony. I might blow the whole works, just as we did the five thousand she left me to play with till she came back."

"There you go again about that five thousand!" snarled Wallingford. "I dropped fifty thousand on our Flammer's Island deal at the same time. You talk as if I had laid awake nights to frame up a scheme to do you out of your winter's pocket-money!"

"That'll be about all," said Blackie quietly. The hurt reproof was so apparent in his tone, however, that Wallingford stopped short in the petulance following his hour of rage, and became instantly contrite.

"That was a rotten thing to say," he humbly confessed. "I was thinking of Fanny, though. There's she and the kid in that expensive Florida resort, and she thinking I'm so full of money that I spit it out when I cough. She's due for another check next week, and my balance at the Guarantee & Fidelity Bank in New York is exactly three dollars and seventy-two cents. I'm blue as blazes, and that's a fact. I can't see daylight."

"You can't see anything but snow," agreed Blackie. "Tricks are about even, Jim. I dragged you with me on a fool's errand here into Jinkinsville!" and he looked out into the impenetrable storm with his first real reflex of Wallingford's dismay.

"Oh, well," said Wallingford, glad to have something to forgive openly, "it wasn't your fault that the Hick you came here to sell a mine to had gone to New York to get skinned, and we've got to forget it. The only thing to think of now is what we're going to do about it."

There came a lusty kick at Wallingford's door, and when he opened it a fellow with a purple face and the rest of him mostly red muffer stood there with a big load of snow-frozen wood in his arms. First of all he looked for the wood-box, and finding only

its remains turned helplessly about him in all directions.

"I don't know what the boss'll say," he observed with stiff lips; "you've gone and burned up the wood-box. What'll I do with the wood?"

"Just a moment and I'll help you," offered Blackie politely, and opening the door of the stove he loosened with exaggerated care one after the other of the four top sticks, put them in the stove, and closed the door. Then he placed one stick carefully on the top of the old-fashioned bureau, one on the wash-stand, one on the broken-bottomed splint chair, and a final one delicately on end in the corner of the room, surveying the result with critical artistic appreciation.

"And now," said he, at last thoroughly satisfied, "you might put the rest on the floor where the wood-box was," and he disappeared into his own room with a graceful flourish of his hand.

The fellow looked at Wallingford in speechless wonder, then he put down the wood. "Say," he finally managed to whisper huskily; "I never seen so drunk a feller look so sober in all my born days. You gents got any liquor left? They hain't none to be had for love ner money in Jinkinsville. Them that's out can't git any for days, and them that's got any don't dast say so."

Laughing, Wallingford produced from an Oxford bag a silver-mounted flask, and poured into its drinking-glass a generous portion of the sort of liquor he was particular to carry. The fellow gulped it down gratefully without stopping to taste it, and it warmed his frozen faculties into sudden remembrance.

"Oh, yes," he said, jerking off one of his blue mittens and reaching into his jacket pocket with a hand the color of raw beef-steak; "most forgot this. Jerry Jennap brought it up from the station last night," and he produced a much-crumpled telegram.

With instant gravity Wallingford opened and read it, then his brow suddenly cleared, and he laughed his old-time jovial laugh for the first time that morning. This was the message,

FANNIE.  
Shall need five hundred extra next week both well and happy.

It was the needed spur. Gloom fell from Wallingford like a cloak. "What's your name, young man?" he inquired.



THERE CAME A LUSTY KICK AT WALLINGFORD'S DOOR, AND WHEN HE OPENED IT A FELLOW WITH  
A PURPLE FACE AND THE REST OF HIM MOSTLY RED MUFFLER STOOD THERE WITH A BIG  
LOAD OF SNOW-FROZEN WOOD IN HIS ARMS

"Pete," replied that person laconically, wiping his lips with the back of his hand.

"Well, Pete, which would you rather have, a quarter or another dose of this poison?"

Pete studied that weighty problem with due care. "Quarters is mighty scarce," he sagely concluded; "but good red liquor is scarcer, and this is powerful cold weather. Could I save that snifter for about a hour, when this'n' has wore off?"

"You certainly could." Wallingford was beaming upon Pete with all his most fetching beams, now, and cementing his friendship and allegiance forever.

"Then I'll take the liquor."

"It's a bargain. How big is Jinkinsville?"

"Well, we're claimin' nigh onto twelve hunnerd."

Wallingford contemplated that vague statement in sinking thought. "What are your biggest business establishments?"

"Well, there's the *Weekly Herald*, and the post-office, and the big New York Store, and an agricultural implement, feed, livery, and sales stables, also fertilizers, and a tannery, and the high school, and a grist-mill, and a grocery, ice-cream and oyster-parlor, and a millinery shop, and a blacksmith and wagon repair-shop, and this hotel. Then there's the bank."

J. Rufus sighed over this array of mournful opportunities. "Who has the most money here?"

"Benjamin F. Quirker, I reckon. He owns the bank. Nobody else around these parts has got any money to speak of, I guess, unless'n it's my boss, and he's in New York."

"Yes, I know about him," said Wallingford with a smile. "We came here to see him. We—we were thinking of buying this hotel, possibly, or investing in some other business in this neighborhood."

"Gosh, I hope you do," promptly responded Pete. "And I guess maybe you could buy any business you wanted about here if you'd offer a fair to middlin' price."

"I reckon," agreed Wallingford. "What sort of a man is this Quirker?"

A peculiar glint flashed into the eyes of Pete and passed as swiftly away. "He's all right," said Pete with every appearance of spontaneity, but Wallingford had noted the indication of secret thought and had made a mental memorandum of it. "He's savin' up a lot of money for me."

"How about breakfast?" demanded Blackie, appearing in the door just then. "Let's have it up here, Jim. I'll bet it's warmer here right now than it is in the

## The New Adventures of Wallingford

dining-room. I think I'll start off on some strawberries with ice-cream; then have some muffins, and eggs *bénédicte*, with a slice of wafer-thin boiled ham on the side. Some toast and English breakfast tea will about round that out, eh, J. Rufus?"

Pete looked at him with a return of his former conviction. "You'll get stewed prunes, buckwheat cakes and sausages, with plenty of sausage drippin' for the cakes, and coffee and home-made bread for your breakfast," he declared, not sternly, but as one voicing an unalterable fact. "You'll get it down-stairs if you get it any place, and you'll have to make tracks if you get it at all; because after Benjamin F. Quirker gets through, breakfast's over, and he's just went down to the dining-room. He opens the bank at nine o'clock sharp, rain or shine."

"Does Quirker live here?" asked Wallingford quickly, and mechanically he poured out another drink from the silver-mounted flask. "Doesn't he make his home in Jinkinsville?"

"This hain't the licker I was to get in an hour from now?" asked Pete cautiously, as he took the proffered glass.

"No," said Wallingford, smiling, and shaking his shoulders; "it's an extra because your nose is blue, and it ought to be red."

"Then here she goes," said Pete, tossing off half of it with relish. "Yes, Benjamin F. Quirker stops here just now." He hesitated a moment, drank the remainder of the liquor, and sank his voice to a confidential whisper. "He's had a mite of coolness with his family. He owns the biggest house in town and keeps two girls and a man; and Mrs. Quirker never touches a dish-rag nor a broom with her own hands. They do say that she's going up next week and hire a city lawyer to bring a suit for divorce and alimony. It ain't always the rich that's happy."

"*You, Pete!*" shrilled a woman's impatient voice.

"Gosh, that's HER!" ejaculated Pete, and thrusting the emptied glass into Wallingford's hands, he bumped through the doorway and stumbled down the stairs.

An instant change came over Wallingford. He hurried across to the glass and looked at himself, at the same time unbuttoning his vest and throwing it and his coat back off his shoulders. "Blackie, give me that rock in your cravat and the one on your finger, and trade watch-fobs with me," he

demanded as he threw coat and vest on a chair. "I'll never soak my Kimberlies again, as long as I live. I can't afford it."

"What are you going to do?" asked Blackie, at the same time obediently removing his diamonds.

"Use up my last clean shirt," asserted Wallingford, jerking off his collar and cravat. "You just stand by and watch a fat man hustle. I'm going after the village banker," and for a man of his bulk he started an amazingly quick series of costuming contortions.

## II

TEN minutes later, suave, smiling, confident, Wallingford strode into the dining-room followed by the obsequious Blackie; and, bearing in his breadth of chest and poise of shoulders and general air all the wealth of the Indies, he sat down opposite the only other occupant, a man of about forty-five, who was clean shaven except for neatly trimmed mutton-chop whiskers about halfway down his plump cheeks, and who held a little brown leather bag between his feet. He was a man of excellent ease, apparently, but at the same time he was deep in study. He roused at once, however, upon the advent of the strangers, and inspected them critically. Wallingford had scarcely seated himself when the man leaned forward with a friendly smile and observed,

"Mr. Wallingford, I believe."

For one fleeting moment Wallingford hesitated whether to deny his identity or not. It was sometimes inconvenient, in view of his many past dubious operations, to be recognized. This man, however, was so obviously friendly, and even admiring, in bearing, that Wallingford's hesitation was too short even to be noticed.

"The same," he admitted. "I believe, though, that you have slightly the better of me."

"I am Mr. Quirker, Mr. Benjamin F. Quirker," stated the other. "I met you at Cinderburg, if you'll remember, when I thought of securing the rights for this county for the Bang sun-engine."

"Oh, yes," replied Wallingford vaguely, wondering what he had told Mr. Benjamin F. Quirker in the hilarious promotion days of the sun-motor which never moted.

"You were very decent about it," went on Mr. Quirker, relieving his anxiety at once.

"You told me it might take two years before the device was commercially perfect, and that it was needless for me to tie up any money in it for that length of time; also that when the market was ready I should have first call. It was a very pleasant experience. What is the present status of that marvelous machine?"

"Gradually nearing perfection," stated Wallingford promptly, sure of his ground now and thankful that Quirker had been one of those who came in late, after he had all his plans made for "cleaning up." "Are you still in the market for this territory?"

"No, I think not," returned Quirker, the shadow of a frown flitting across his brow. "I'm taking on no new interests whatsoever, just now. As a matter of fact, I'm letting go of some of them," and again for an instant a far-away look came into his eyes. "What brings the wealthy Mr. Wallingford to our little Jinkinsville?"

Wallingford was himself once more. Up to this instant no idea had visited him, but now upon demand one came. "I have rather a large financial scheme in hand," said he, frowning with deep gravity; "a plan to counteract the immense money monopoly of the large city banks, which, as you know, have for their foundation rocks of strength the

small country banks. It is a lop-sided arrangement, with all the favors flowing eastward. In times of stress, the financial center throws its weight upon you and drains you to the last drop of your financial blood. In times of ease it throws your money back upon you and leaves it idle."

Mr. Quirker had nodded his head at each period as he slowly sipped his coffee. "That's painfully true," he agreed. "I've over sixty thousand dollars of idle money now in my vault across the street, which I can't place at any price except on long-time loans; and long loans will not do, as this is a farming community and I must have the money in the spring and summer for crop operations, at good interest rates on first mortgages. But how do you propose to remedy this condition?"

"Consolidate the country banks of the Middle West," stated Wallingford, leaning back and beaming upon him as if in pity that Mr. Quirker had not himself thought of so simple a solution. "Organize a gigantic holding company, inaugurate a daily system of report and exchange, and form a distribution bureau which shall first attend to the needs of the Middle West, and then dictate terms to the East. The East cannot do without us, and by standing together we can make them di-



CARRYING HIS LITTLE BROWN LEATHER BAG AS CAREFULLY AS IF IT CONTAINED A BOMB, MR. QUIRKER MOVED AWAY WITH A CERTAIN DIGNIFIED EASE

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vide the cream with us, in place of merely giving us the skimmed milk, as they have done heretofore."

Mr. Quirker was silent for a long time, revolving that matter in his mind. "It's a tremendous project," he said at last, and his eyes glanced across musingly at Wallingford. There he sat, as big as his project itself, a big diamond in his rich cravat, broad shouldered, broad chested, and smiling with the conscious ease of one to whom big achievements are but natural. As an abstract idea presented to him on cold paper Mr. Quirker would have recoiled from the plan outlined to him, because of its very magnitude. But with Wallingford sitting there before him in the very flesh, the project seemed absurdly simple.

"There will be a little trouble about charters," he said musingly, "but of course that can easily be straightened out. I presume, too," he added slowly, "that quite a number of banks will have to be purchased outright."

"I've calculated upon that," declared Wallingford, "and I stand ready to either purchase or consolidate."

He said it simply, too; so simply and easily that Blackie Daw, remembering their seven dollars of combined cash capital, Wallingford's less than four dollars' balance in the Guarantee & Fidelity Bank in New York, and the awe-inspiring abyss which yawned beneath their feet, covered the lower part of his face with a big handkerchief and sneezed loudly three separate times.

"To consolidate, purchase—or fight," amended Mr. Quirker, as he looked at his watch and hastily arose. "I'm five minutes late now at the bank, Mr. Wallingford, but I am very much interested. Suppose you come over and talk with me as soon as you have finished your breakfast," and carrying his little brown leather bag as carefully as if it contained a bomb, he moved away with a certain dignified ease, which made Wallingford reflect upon him as being probably the most popular ladies' man in his congregation.

A decorous but exaggerated yawn at his side interrupted Wallingford's reverie.

"Rawther clever little idea, that, old chap," drawled Blackie, affecting to be bored.

"What is?" inquired Wallingford a trifle sharply.

"Buying up a few blooming little banks,

by way of entertainment on a raw winter's morning, don't you know, old top?" And of the waitress who just then appeared at his elbow, he cheerfully ordered "Half a dozen banks on the half-shell, frappé, please, with plenty of specie sauce, and garnished with currency."

The waitress looked him over with awed curiosity not unmixed with contempt. "Pete told me about you," she commented, and turned to Wallingford. "Which will you have, skin sausage or crock sausage?"

"Crock, thank you," said Wallingford with never a smile—"for both," and the girl hurried out with one more wondering glance at that incomprehensible drunkard, Blackie Daw.

"Honestly, Jim, what are you going to do with this banker person?" asked Blackie, idly sticking tooth-picks into his prunes.

"How do I know?" returned Wallingford, frowning at the interruption to his train of thought. "Follow the natural line of cleavage, I guess. There is money over there, and I have to have it. Blackie, Benjamin F. Quirker has a nigger in the wood-pile some place, and I have to smoke him out."

Through the rest of the meal Wallingford was silent, turning over and over in his mind the features of Benjamin F. Quirker, and his words, and the chance remarks which Pete had dropped about him.

### III

THE Jinkinsville bank was indeed a tiny one, but it was brave in brass grille and marble counter and tiled vestibule inside its one plate-glass window, while never big silver knob nor golden time-lock shone more brightly than did those at the rear of the cashier's tiny cell. Behind the wicket, gazing gloomily into the driving snow, sat an idle clerk of about thirty with a ready-made four-in-hand of all the colors of Joseph's coat; upon his upper lip was a mass of stiff and contrary yellow bristles which steadfastly refused to become a mustache, and in his saucer-like eyes was no more profound meaning than in a pair of blue agate marbles.

Beyond the cashier's cage, at the end of a narrow passage by the side of the brick vault, was a door, the glass of which was marked "President," and inside of this Wallingford found Benjamin F. Quirker, his little brown leather bag still between his

feet, at a roll-top desk, energetically sorting papers, laying some in this pile, some in that, some in another, slipping these into a right-hand drawer and those into a left, tearing up others and occasionally slipping one into the little brown leather bag, opening it with a key and carefully closing and locking it each time. He was cleaning out pigeonhole after pigeonhole to the very bottom, and he finished with the one upon which he was then working before he greeted Wallingford. He finally did that with extreme cordiality, however, and J. Rufus found himself speculating again, as he noted the man's grace and smooth ease in arising to shake hands, that he must be a great favorite with the ladies.

"This is house-cleaning day, Mr. Wallingford," he said in pleasant explanation; "I'm trying to put a great many things in order, and it is a terrific task."

Wallingford had already studied the desk-cleaning thoughtfully, so much so that now he was able to pass it from his mind. "A man of your natural leadership in a community can scarcely avoid having a certain amount of personal financial interest in all its business ventures," he guessed.

"Yes, considerably more than he wants," admitted Mr. Quirker. "In spite of all his conservatism he is dragged into local investments which, while good enough, cannot be cashed in emergency," and he cast a frown upon the bundle of neatly folded papers upon his right, Wallingford's eyes, too, straying understandingly to that little bundle of securities. Mr. Quirker shook his head and his shoulders as if to free himself of his abstraction.

"Your plan," he went on, "would relieve the country banker of a lot of this burden. While still reaping the most of the profits of his business, which I suppose will be provided for in your project, he could still remain, to the public, only the manager of his own bank."

This was the opening, and into it Wallingford thrust his whole breadth, inventing, upon the spot, all the details, paraphernalia, and red fire of the proposed consolidation of western banks. To his consternation, however, he found he was not holding the attention of his auditor. Mr. Quirker, while endeavoring to appear to listen intently to that gaudy scheme, kept looking steadily out of the window. Wallingford himself paused to look out two or three

times, but saw nothing of more interest than the driving snow, through which, as through a thick veil, loomed the blank wall of the frame livery-barn across the narrow alley. At last Wallingford discovered that Mr. Quirker was counting the strips of weatherboarding, up and down, down and up, up and down; then the savior of the country's finances gave up in despair and brought his lagging argument to a hasty close.

"And that," he concluded, "is the plan of operation of the Middle West Bank Merger."

Mr. Quirker aroused himself as one from a stupor. "It's a very pretty plan," said he; "but I cannot see my way clear to going into it. I'd rather sell."

Wallingford, puzzled and discouraged but a few moments before, at last had his cue.

"Quite decided upon that?" he asked.

"Quite," declared Mr. Quirker.

"Then show me the goods," and Wallingford arose as if he had only been awaiting this statement to get into real action.

The lack-luster look faded from Mr. Quirker's eyes at once, and he turned toward Wallingford with alacrity. "Showing you the goods, Mr. Wallingford, is a very simple matter," he said. "This is a private bank, owned by a stock company, with a fifty-thousand-dollar capitalization, every share of stock being backed by government bonds deposited with the state bank-commissioner. I own forty-five thousand dollars' worth of the stock, the balance being scattered in from one- to five-share lots among the merchants here and the farmers in the vicinity. The directory consists of five, including myself and Mr. Weaver, whom you saw at the cashier's wicket as you came in. The others are Mr. Blodgett, of the hotel, who is now out of the city; Mr. Ricks, the postmaster; and Professor Rannydal, the principal of the high school. Mr. Blodgett holds five shares, Mr. Ricks three, and Professor Rannydal two."

Wallingford looked across at Mr. Benjamin F. Quirker with admiration and respect. He almost felt like shaking him by the hand and calling him brother, the directorate was so much to his liking.

"If you'll come out into the bank with me," went on Mr. Quirker, "I'll show you our books, our deposits, our mortgage list, and such other matters as may interest you. We paid a seven-per-cent. dividend on January 1st, just three weeks ago," and he carefully locked the brown bag in the room.

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He introduced Wallingford gravely to that agate-eyed piece of putty called Weaver, and showed him all the books. Wallingford's quick eye caught Mr. Quirker's name entered several times in the past month, in connection with rather goodly amounts, and he lingered an instant over one item of twelve thousand dollars. There was a moment's silence as Quirker saw him knit his brow over this entry.

"That's where I sold a farm," he said, "and the check, on the Bloomingburg Bank, was put through here for collection."

"I see," said Wallingford, hastily turning the page. "For cash!" he mused to himself, and he remembered that in another book he had seen Quirker's personal account, showing a balance of but three hundred-odd dollars in that gentleman's favor.

With interest Wallingford looked over the latest bank-examiner's report and then went with the president into the vault, where he was shown packages of currency amounting to over sixty thousand dollars. Some of the packages, at Quirker's invitation, he opened and counted, and it gave him a thrill, considering his own present state of finances, to run those clean, crisp bills through his fingers.

"Of course this must seem a small business to you," said Quirker apologetically. "My friend President Morley, of the Cinderburg Commercial Bank, told me, at the time I was over there to see you, about your tremendous commercial interests and your wealth."

"No business is too small to be of grave importance," said Wallingford solemnly, "especially when it is to form a part of such a commercial engine as I propose to construct. Each cog, no matter how minute, upon the smallest wheel in such a machine, must have its adequate strength, else the breaking point of the entire device is likely to be right there. Mr. Quirker, how much do you want for your forty-five thousand dollars' worth of stock?"

Mr. Quirker looked out through the open vault door to where Mr. Weaver still sat gazing gloomily out into the storm, and lowered his voice. "I'll take fifty thousand dollars," he said; "cash."

"Cash!" mused Wallingford. "Cash again!" Then aloud, with a pitying smile, "In other words, Mr. Quirker, you want to dispose of your stock, but, at the same time, to collect the next two years' dividends."

"I wouldn't put it that way," said Quirker. "I'd put it that the stock is worth a trifle over a hundred and eleven."

Again Wallingford smiled that superior, pitying smile. "Try to dispose of it at that figure, either here or in the East," he suggested; "or, at this particular period, try to dispose of it anywhere at a reasonable price—for immediate cash. No, Mr. Quirker, I'll give you par for your stock, but I can't possibly offer you any more."

"I'll take it!" returned Mr. Quirker, so quickly that it startled even Wallingford.

"Very well," said J. Rufus. "Have your stock ready for transfer, and I'll come over and wind up the deal with you this afternoon. I shall, of course, have to give you a check on one of my New York banks."

This last important remark was made in an entirely incidental manner. Equally incidentally Mr. Quirker replied:

"That will be perfectly agreeable, I assure you, Mr. Wallingford. As a matter of fact, I prefer it that way, since I shall have to run in to New York the first of the week—just for a flying visit."

"All right, then," agreed Wallingford thoughtfully. "You'd better call a directors' meeting for to-morrow morning, then."

"Of course," assented the other, equally thoughtful. "And by the way, I'd rather you said nothing of this deal right now. I'd rather give out the news myself."

"Naturally," said Wallingford politely.

Very much in a quandary Wallingford battled his way across to the hotel, scarcely realizing that there was a storm, and found Blackie reading behind a board which was stretched across from the foot of the bedstead to the washstand. Upon the board was a quart bottle three-fourths full of whiskey—Blackie's own private stock—a small glass, the hotel wash-pitcher, and a water-glass. Blackie immediately arose and placed his knuckles upon the board at attention.

"What shall it be, please?" he demanded. "Rye, red eye, fire-water, corn-juice, extract of murder, schnapps, whiskey, or plain booze?"

"A little bitters, thank you," laughed Wallingford, pouring himself a small portion of the liquor. "How did you come to find your natural vocation at last?"

"Pete," explained Blackie. "He's been up here about once every half-hour since you went away, and I thought I might as well



HERE WAS A SILVER-TONGUED BANK-PRESIDENT OF WHOM TO BE JUSTLY PROUD. . . . HE MADE THEM ALL RICH MEN WITHIN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR, AND THEY WERE WITH HIM HEART AND SOUL IN ANY ENTERPRISE

make it handy. The last time, I sent him to bring his parents' or guardian's consent, or a certificate proving that he is of legal age. I expect him back any minute now." He waited patiently until Wallingford had swallowed his drink, then washed the glass, and deftly polished it with a handkerchief, setting it back with painstaking care. "What did you do to the village banker? Buy his bank?"

"I bought his bank," said Wallingford; "forty-five thousand dollars. I'm to give him a check for it this afternoon."

"A check!" echoed Blackie. "On what?"

"The Guarantee & Fidelity Bank of New York."

"Where you have a three-dollar-and-seventy-two-cent balance! That's a risky business, Jim!"

"Why?" demanded Wallingford. "This is Friday, and the check can't possibly be presented for payment before Monday morning."

"And you think that will give you time enough to get away with all the cash and out of harm's road?" asked Blackie in slowly gathering amazement. "For the love of Mike don't do anything foolish just because you're desperate for money!"

Wallingford looked at him in astonish-

ment for a moment, and then he swore. "Have you softening of the brain?" he demanded. "When in all my life did I take a chance with the law? When did I ever make a crooked turn? When haven't I been able to walk up to the desk sergeant and give him my right name?"

"Ah, when?" sighed Blackie pensively. "When? I give it up, Jimmy. I'll be the goat. What's the answer?"

"Oh, keep still," admonished Wallingford, laughing in spite of himself, and he sat in a rocking-chair near the stove, lighting a big black cigar and plunging into an abstracted train of thought from which Blackie did not venture to arouse him until Pete came in again. Pete had a capacity which Wallingford envied him, and the only sign that he carried of his many libations was a desire to be very mysterious, mainly upon the subject of Benjamin F. Quirker. Wallingford, hearing that name, tried to penetrate the mystery, but finding it so abysmally deep decided there was none, so far as Pete was concerned, and fell back into his groping plans. In the afternoon he went over to the bank, gave Quirker his check for forty-five thousand dollars, took the majority of the stock of the Jinkinsville Bank in his own name, and relapsed once

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more into a brown study while he waited for the directors' meeting the next morning; for he was by no means out of the woods as yet, nor could he see his way out.

### IV

THE directors' meeting the next morning was as placid and staid a function as could well have been devised. Mr. Ricks was a man whose whiskers grew in fuzzy gray clumps out of the deep, deep hollows of his cheeks, and whose chin sloped straight back from his under lip to his wrinkled neck. His chief specialty was to haw-haw when Mr. Benjamin F. Quirker made a witticism, real or alleged, and he voted aye on every motion. Mr. Rannydal's whiskers were red, and they covered his face like a plague. He felt very much the care and responsibility of his position, and always sat in a board meeting with a pad of paper and a pencil, making endless figures upon every plausible occasion; and far be it from Mr. Rannydal to vote aye on any motion without an argument. He invariably arose for information, or hindered the putting of the question at the last moment by the introduction of an amendment which he afterward invariably withdrew, then, his duty done, voted aye quite cheerfully. With the addition of young Weaver they constituted an admirable board, and Wallingford once more inwardly commended Mr. Quirker for collecting them. In doing so he had solved the problem of making a corporation an individual enterprise, a concern of one voice. Wallingford wondered what Blodgett was like, but he would have bet upon his pliability.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Quirker, with that unction which would have left a Chautauqua assemblage one continuous fluttering sea of lace handkerchiefs, "I have the honor to introduce to you the captain of finance who is to be your next president. He is a man of vast wealth, vast enterprise, vast energy, and he is bringing to you a new plan of operation which I, after much thought, am sure will be the salvation of the country bank. And I, personally, vouch for everything he does," whereupon he proceeded to tell them, with much elaboration, of the greatness and wealth of Wallingford as gleaned from President Morley, of the Cinderburg Commercial Bank. After that he resigned, both as president and di-

rector; and Second Vice-president Rannydal being conducted into the chair, Mr. Quirker made another speech, pointing out that Mr. Wallingford, being now a stockholder, was eligible to be elected, at this meeting, to fill the unexpired term as both director and president.

With painful regret most sad to see, the board of directors passed resolutions of sorrow anent the retirement of Mr. Quirker. Immediately thereafter they passed resolutions of joy anent the coming of Wallingford, and with immense éclat they elected him director and then president. Mr. Wallingford took the chair as gracefully as Mr. Quirker had ever done, and as oilily; even more so. Then the retiring president made his very last speech to the board as represented by its new president, one of heart-felt adieu, and delicately withdrew from the meeting, from the room, from the bank, and from Jinkinsville forever, carrying his little brown leather bag with him and putting it aboard a convenient train, the time schedule of which he had determined before he set the hour for the meeting.

Wallingford, left alone with his waxen board, immediately outspoke anything that Mr. Quirker had spoken in his palmiest days, and the board, with keen approbation, saw the difference immediately. Here indeed was a silver-tongued bank-president of whom to be justly proud and to follow blindly all the rest of their days. Why, look at the very size of him, the breadth of him, the smile of him, the confident ease of him; and listen to the words of him! They poured from him in a golden stream; he spoke in millions; he juggled with prosperity as if it were his own invention and creature. His auditors grew so warm with those words that they forgot the driving storm and the bitter cold outside. He made them all rich men and luxurious within a brief quarter of an hour, and they were with him heart and soul in any enterprise.

There were to be many enterprises, too, and many reforms in the banking business. For one thing, merely by way of illustration, he did not intend to have idle money in their vaults. Why, he understood that at that very moment they had sixty-seven thousand dollars of currency which would probably remain idle for the next three months; in place of that it should be earning them, even in dull times like this, not less than five per cent. Rather than let it

lie idle there he would take it himself. He had to borrow money, anyhow, in the East, for his extensive operations, and why not borrow it here, and pay the interest to himself? For, after all, he owned ninety per cent. of the stock. Now here was what he would do: He would take sixty thousand of their surplus off their hands, forty-five thousand of it now, secured by his stock in the bank, every dollar of which was backed by government bonds, and would take the additional fifteen thousand dollars upon the deposit of negotiable securities which should be acceptable to the board.

He sat down in a virtuous glow of self-approbation after this generous offer, and gazed about him in the conscious pride of a duty well and nobly done. The others, too, were gazing about them, but from the one to the other, with the general air upon them of uncomfortable hesitancy. Wallingford's mental process, and particularly his arithmetic, had been too swift for them, and it left them confused, though they were quite willing enough to be complacent. Professor Rannydal, however, was saving the day. With his little pencil and pad he was catching up as fast as he could, and presently he looked up brightly, with all his red whiskers aquiver.

"Why, that's seven hundred and fifty dollars interest you propose to make for the bank in the next three months!" said he, mentally marking himself one hundred.

"Exactly," said Wallingford dryly, "and if some one will introduce a resolution authorizing the bank to accept my ninety-day note for forty-five thousand dollars, secured by my stock in the Jinkinsville Bank for that amount, we will get rid of this little detail and pass on to other matters."

Again there was that uncomfortable hesitancy, each one diffidently waiting for the other to introduce the motion. Wallingford stepped into the breach.

"Come on, Weaver," he said, with a jovial smile upon his face, but with black murderer in his heart; for time was passing, and there was another eastern train due at three forty-five. "It's time you began to take an active part in the new administration, so separate your voice from the balance of your vitals and introduce this motion."

"Haw, haw, haw!" said Mr. Ricks, that being the only chance at the meeting for his specialty.

Mr. Weaver rolled his frozen eyes in

Wallingford's direction, gulped thrice, arose, walked behind his own seat, took a death grip on the back of his chair with his two hands, cleared his throat, and spoke as follows,

"Great Sachem—I mean Mr. Chairman—that is to say, Mr. President, I move that we pass the resolution just mentioned by our worthy president."

"Secon' the motion!" came like the snap of a whip from the lips of Mr. Ricks, seconding being another of his specialties.

"You've all heard the motion," said Wallingford, writing it out carefully, and passing it across to Mr. Weaver, so that young man, as secretary, could correctly transcribe it in the minutes. "Are there any remarks?"

There were no remarks. Mr. Rannydal was figuring on his pad.

"There being no discussion," continued Wallingford after a reasonable wait, "I shall now put the question and ask for a viva-voce vote. The secretary will please call the roll, and those in favor of the motion will signify by saying aye when their names are called; contrary no. Ready, Mr. Weaver."

"Mr. Wallingford," read Mr. Weaver.

"Aye," voted Wallingford.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Rannydal, raising his right hand and frowning down on his little pad of paper. "This motion reduces the profits of the bank from seven hundred and fifty dollars to five sixty-two fifty. The original proposition was for sixty thousand dollars, and this one is for only forty-five."

"That is because I have only security here for forty-five thousand," explained Wallingford patiently. "It will require a separate motion for the balance, but I shall keep my word and use the entire sixty thousand dollars, never fear," and Wallingford settled back in his chair with a satisfied expression, as one who has made a fair and generous offer.

"I see," said the professor, wagging his red whiskers; "and I withdraw any objection I may have been about to offer."

"Professor Rannydal," read Mr. Weaver.

"Aye," voted Rannydal in a loud and sonorous voice.

Mr. Ricks voted aye, Mr. Weaver voted aye, and the motion was unanimously carried, after which Mr. Wallingford, apparently forgetting the other matters to which

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they were to proceed, hustled that meeting through to an adjournment in short order and sent the members home, with the exception of Mr. Weaver, whom he sent across the street to the hotel with a note for Blackie Daw, instructing that playful gentleman to come over at once and bring an empty suit-case.

### V

WHEN Blackie came over he stopped aghast at the sight of J. Rufus, for the first time in his life, inside the cashier's wicket of a bank, and his own bank at that! Blackie's first operation was to set down his suit-case, his second to remove his hat reverently, his third to put the tail of his coat across his eyes by way of a black mask, his fourth to approach the wicket very closely, hold up his left hand as if it contained a dark lantern, and huskily whisper,

"Say, pal, who's runnin' the beat to-night?"

Wallingford was sepulchral gravity itself. He turned upon Blackie a stern and forbidding eye. "Mr. Weaver!" he called back over his shoulder.

Mr. Weaver came forth from the vault, his opaque blue eyes never blinking as he came out of the darkness into the light.

"Mr. Weaver," Wallingford went on, "this is my secretary, Mr. Daw. You two gentlemen will kindly go into the vault and count out forty-five thousand dollars in currency, which you will pack in Mr. Daw's suit-case, making a double count, and taking every precaution to insure strict accuracy. Mr. Weaver, you will find here my ninety-day note for forty-five thousand dollars at five per cent. and my Jinkinsville Bank stock properly indorsed to be held with the note. Mr. Daw, as soon as you have finished with Mr. Weaver you will please come back to the president's office."

"Yes, sir," said Blackie with the gravity of the Sphinx, placing his hand over his heart. Later, when he came back into the president's office lugger his well-filled suitcase, he found Wallingford gazing moodily out into the snow-storm, and counting the weather-boarding of the frame livery-stable across the alley.

"Gentlemen, how did we get it?" Blackie asked, setting down the suit-case and slipping into the seat at Wallingford's side.

Wallingford turned to him rather tired eyes. "We didn't," he said. "The work is

still all to do. Blackie, you're to take this money straight to the Guarantee & Fidelity Bank in New York. Have it there before the doors open Monday morning, and inform the paying teller as you go in that you are depositing currency to meet any possible drafts against my account."

"Forty-five thousand dollars," mused Blackie. "Why, Jim, that only covers the check you gave last night. I don't see where that gets you anything."

"Neither do I," said Wallingford impatiently; "but I shall be sitting on the lid here, in absolute control of a rich little country bank, and if I can't get some money out of it I deserve to be shot. Why, confound it, Blackie, I have to get it! My wife is looking to me for money next week, and she's going to have it."

"Yes, I guess that's a cinch," admitted Blackie. "When it comes to a show-down you are certainly the go-to-it kid."

"I don't know how, yet," Wallingford said musingly. "I have a theory, but I've got to have something more definite," and once more he fell to counting the weather-boarding, up and down, down and up.

"All right, J. Rufus," said Blackie with a sigh. "I'll get on this next train, and wire ahead to the first county-seat to send a plain-clothes man aboard and handcuff me till I get all this wealth into the G. & F."

"Entirely unnecessary," returned Wallingford, smiling. "As my old chum Blackie Daw, gold-mine faker and all-round con man, I wouldn't trust you with forty-five thousand dollars farther than I could reach you with a razor; but as the husband of Violet Bonnie Daw, worth a quarter of a million judiciously invested alimony, I'd trust you with it anywhere in the Bertillon district. You certainly do love your meal-ticket."

"For this testimonial of your esteem and confidence I thank you," declared Blackie fervently. "What do we do about expense money?"

"That's so," said Wallingford, and he began to feel about the desk. "It wouldn't be like Quirker not to have a push-button here," he said with conviction, and finally he found one underneath the edge of the writing-board.

Mr. Weaver came in a hurry.

"Mr. Weaver," directed Wallingford quietly, "please bring me five hundred in currency, and charge to my account."

"Yes, sir," said Weaver.

"If I could only do it like that, Jim, I'd have Rockefeller coming to me for pointers on how to keep out of a pauper's grave," asserted Blackie worshipfully.

"No, you wouldn't," denied Wallingford with a large measure of self-scorn. "I'm sick and tired of the whole game. Sometimes I wish I'd been a regular honest-to-Christmas, chicken-on-Sunday slob, spending a lifetime paying for an instalment six-room cottage. I believe they've got the best of it anyhow."

"You don't drink enough," warned Blackie. "You know I've been telling you about that for months."

## VI

WALLINGFORD, alone in his room and with Blackie speeding on his way to New York, sent for Pete. That worthy came to him in a hurry, blear eyed and shaken.

"I been up and listened outside the door three times," said Pete, "but I didn't hear no noise and didn't dast to knock. The other feller might 'a' been a durned fool, but he never scared me none, and you do."

Accepting this tribute to his power at its true worth, Wallingford brought out his

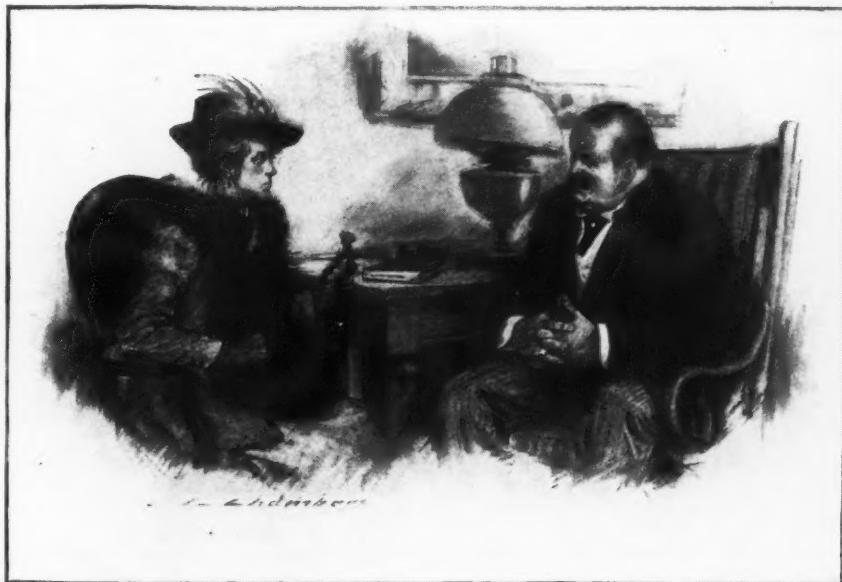
flask. "And I suppose you need a drink to taper off on," he guessed. "Well, I have two or three left," and he poured out one of them. "Pete, what do you know about Benjamin F. Quirker?" he abruptly asked as he handed over the glass.

"Nothin'," declared Pete a trifle sullenly. "He's all right," and he hastily swallowed the life-saver lest it should be called back. His action was only a proof of Wallingford's suspicions.

"Well, I'm glad to know that," he said, as one happy to be rid of an unjust suspicion. "He has sold thirty thousand dollars' worth of property for cash in the past month, and has not deposited a cent of it in the bank. I bought the bank of him for forty-five thousand dollars to-day, and he took my check and all the other money and jumped on the noon train."

The effect upon Pete was electrical.

"I want my hunnerd dollars!" he suddenly screeched. "That old cheater has run off with the woman in Richfield; that's what. I want my hunnerd dollars. Why, she was down here to this very hotel once for a week, and I used to let old Quirker up and down the back stairs so's nobody would know. It was on account o' her that he



"I UNDERSTAND THE LAW PRETTY WELL, MRS. QUIRKER," SAID WALLINGFORD CALMLY,  
"AND I MAKE NO MISTAKES"

## The New Adventures of Wallingford

had all the quarrels with his wife. The woman in Richfield is an actressy-lookin' person and purty as a circus girl, but I never liked her because she smoked cigarettes: And Benjamin F. Quirker did, too, when he was with her, for all that he was a leader in all good works. Old Quirker is a liar and a cheater, and I want my hunnerd dollars."

"Your hundred is safe enough," said Wallingford with a smile, a smile this time all of peace and happiness. "He hasn't stolen anything. He could have gotten away with sixty thousand dollars to-day, but they always get a man for that kind of an offense, and he knows it. He don't want to be stopped. Your hundred's safe enough."

"No, it ain't!" declared Pete in a half frenzy. "This ain't that kind of a hunnerd. It's a promised hunnerd!" and suddenly he darted from the room.

Slowly and methodically Wallingford proceeded to pack, and for the first time in weeks he whistled as he worked. Once in a while he paused in the task of cleaning up Blackie's litter and his own to throw back his head and laugh, closing his eyes, shaking his shoulders, and heaving his breast. While he was still at this work, Pete knocked on his door.

"They's a lady down in the parlor to see you," he announced.

"A lady?" Wallingford straightened up in surprise. "Oh, yes, I see. I'll be down in a minute, Pete."

He straightened his cravat and scrubbed his hands before he went down to the parlor, where he found a severe-looking woman with a thin nose and thin lips and an expression of the sort of virtue which refuses, when the sere days come, to live longer in wedlock lest that be an offense before the Lord.

"Mr. Wallingford, I believe," she stated, in a waspish tone which made Wallingford suddenly pity Quirker.

"I am," he said simply.

"Well, I am Mrs. Quirker," she informed him sharply. "I understand you bought my husband's bank."

"I did," stated Wallingford.

"Have you paid for it?"

"I have."

"How?"

"By check."

"Well, Mr. Wallingford, I'll give you to understand that the sale will probably not stand in law."

"I'll bet it does," he replied. "I under-

stand the law pretty well, Mrs. Quirker, and I make no mistakes. The sale was a bona-fide one under the laws of this state, which do not require the signature of a wife to the transfer of stocks or bonds; and your only recourse is to demand an accounting of your husband. You can't make me any trouble."

"I will him, then," she snapped. "He has gone away with that woman he's been running with for half a dozen years. Which way did he go?"

"I couldn't tell you," stated Wallingford, with every appearance of truth in his chest and shoulders. "I only know this much, that when I came to pay him he asked for New Orleans exchange, and I gave him a draft on the Cotton Exchange Bank of that city."

"Honduras!" she exclaimed. "The Cotton Exchange Bank of New Orleans. I'll telegraph the bank and the police, and then I'll start right down there." She plunged toward the door. At the sill she turned. "Thank you," she snapped grudgingly, and was gone.

Whistling once more, this time with a half smile on his face, Wallingford resumed his packing, his only interruption being to consult a time-table and make sure of the next train which would start him on his way to New York. On the train he spent all the way to Richfield in composing telegrams and tearing them up, but by the time he had arrived at that thriving little city he had devised three which suited him, and sent them away.

### VII

At the curb opposite the Guarantee & Fidelity Bank in New York, a taxi stood waiting just before nine o'clock, and in it Wallingford and a big, heavy-set man watched the entrance to that famous depository. A second taxi rolled up to the opposite curb and stopped in front of the door, but no one got out.

"That's Blackie," declared Wallingford confidently.

"How do you know?" growled Harvey Willis, Wallingford's old-time policeman friend, now on "plain clothes" duty.

"By the cigarette smoke rolling out of the cracks of the door windows," said Wallingford. "Watch now; the bank's going to open."

That impressive ceremony was accom-

plished by a uniformed porter unlocking the vestibule door from the inside, and instantly the opposite cab discharged a tall, thin man in a heavy overcoat, who hurried up the steps with a suit-case. He was gone scarcely five minutes when he returned, bearing the suit-case with much more ease, and was about to jump into his cab when Wallingford's driver hailed him with:

"Over in that other machine for yours, quick. I'll settle with this driver, tip and all. Hello, Billy," and he saluted the driver of the other taxi.

Blackie looked dubiously across the street, and the strange driver urged him with,

"My fare said to tell you it was the new bank president, and he wants you to jump."

Blackie, with one glance behind him to make sure that his own driver could scarcely make change and get away before he could investigate, hurried over to Wallingford's cab, opened the door, and, both reassured and surprised, jumped in, just as a third taxi came swinging around the corner and drew up with a jerk before the bank. Out of it bounced a large man with a fur-collared coat and a little brown leather bag.

"There's your party," said Wallingford to Harvey. "Quick, but don't go near him unless he gets the money. If he does, pinch him."

"You know I'm subject to heart trouble, Jim," warned Blackie. "Put me wise before I drop dead. Where in Sam Hill did you come from, and how and why?"

"You didn't get my telegram, then?" surmised Wallingford with a troubled look. "I hope the others got through, or I lose."

"How would I get a telegram?" demanded Blackie indignantly. "I hit here last night, stayed in my sleeper till morning, lugged this ratty old suit-case with me up-town to breakfast and took a dawn-rise taxi straight here. What's the game?"

"Wait a while. Keep still," admonished Wallingford, watching eagerly out of the window.

In the meantime, Harvey Willis had but very little to do. He made out a laborious check or two and tore them up while he watched Benjamin F. Quirker display a check to the paying teller, watched the teller say something to him and hand him a telegram, saw Quirker read and clench his fist and crumple the telegram in his hand, hesitate, start to parley, think better of it and

hurry out, even forgetting in his agitation the little brown leather bag, which a porter seized and hurried out to him at the door.

Wallingford's patience was rewarded by seeing Quirker give a hasty direction to his driver and jump into his cab, after saying something to some one inside it, while Harvey Willis stood upon the step and watched Quirker depart in peace.

"Now, Blackie," said Wallingford with a sigh of content, "bring your suit-case along and let's go in and get that forty-five thousand again."

"No!" exclaimed Blackie incredulously. "It ain't yours for keeps."

"It certainly is," declared Wallingford with another sigh. "Only I'll feel safer with it in another bank, so there can't be any come-back. We want to hurry, too, because I've a lot of things to attend to. I want to send Fannie a check for a thousand or so, lay aside the interest money on that loan, notify the Jinkinsville Bank that I cannot continue as its president on account of an unexpected press of other business interests, and offer to sell my stock for them in case they don't think they can do it before my note expires. It keeps a chap some busy being a business man, Blackie."

"Bromide," pronounced Blackie scornfully. "But how did you cop it out, Jim?"

"Stopped payment on his check by wire on an alleged fraudulent transaction, and wired him, in care of the paying teller, that his wife had disputed the sale, taken steps to have it set aside, and ordered payment stopped on the check. It scared him stiff, so he left the check behind him for fear he couldn't get away with the girl and the thirty thousand he already had in that bag of his. In the meantime I sent his wife on a wild-goose chase in the other direction so he could get his steamer. If she'd had him pinched, his lawyers would collect on that check or take my stock. As it is, the money and the stock are both mine, or rather the money is, and the stock protects the bank. Pretty soft money, Blackie."

"Yes," admitted Blackie thoughtfully; "you never can tell what you're up against in a snow-storm."

There was a moment of silence while they waited for Harvey Willis to come across to them, and then Wallingford suddenly swore.

"Why didn't I pay him his first price?" he wailed. "I'd have had five thousand more."

# The Roller Skating Lesson

By E. W. Kemble



The Professor: "Dis exercise will sutnly improve de human figger if yer does it right."



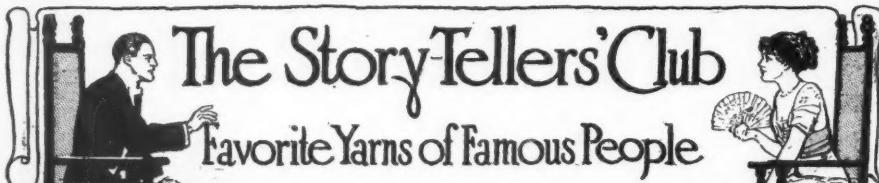
The Professor: "You isn't doing it right, Miss Fessenden."



Miss Fessenden: "Lawd a massy, Professor. Whar is yer?"



The Professor: "De remnant of de instruction will be postponed fo' de present."



# The Story-Tellers' Club

## Favorite Yarns of Famous People

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—The great success of this department of best short stories by famous people has encouraged us to make it a permanent feature of the magazine. The requirements of The Story-Tellers' Club are few; we seek only genuinely funny stories as they have been personally narrated by well-known living men and women. If you know a person whose name is familiar to newspaper and magazine readers ask him for his best story and send it along to us. Every prominent man and woman has a favorite anecdote, and this is the best place for its retelling.

King Albert of Belgium, like his sportive uncle, is exceedingly fond of Paris. He visits the gay capital as often as the affairs of state permit. Usually he stops at one of the quieter hotels.

"I was standing outside the Hotel Bristol not long ago," he narrates, "when some dozen or more men and women of the French peasant type gathered on the opposite side of the street. They kept gazing at the main entrance and whispering among themselves. Presently one of them approached me and asked when the King would come out for his afternoon constitutional. 'The King?' I repeated. 'What King?'

"Why, his Majesty, King Albert," said the man. "We have been

waiting an hour just to catch a glimpse of him. 'Don't bother any more,' I said, 'he isn't worth waiting for.'

"The old fellow gave me a fierce scowl, hurried over to his companions, and shaking a knotted forefinger at me cried out: 'It is lucky for you that you are not in King Albert's country. You would be properly punished for your impudence over there.'

"I should like," added the King, "to have those Frenchmen for subjects, only I think they should at least know what their ruler looked like."

Robert W. Chambers, the famous novelist, tells of a New York friend who recently visited a Chicago cousin. "Henry," said the New-Yorker, "before I leave town I want to be sure and visit the Stock-Yards, the Art Institute, and the Field Museum. I suppose it's an old story to you, so if you'll direct me right I'll find them myself."

The Chicago man laughed. "I'm ashamed to admit it," he said, "but the fact is I've lived in Chicago for fifteen years, and I've never been out to the Stock-Yards, nor visited the Field Museum or Art Institute, although I pass the last two every day of my life. I guess I'll take a day off and accompany you."

He did and was as much interested as his cousin.

A week later, as he was bidding his relative good-bye, the Westerner said, "When I go to New York this fall I want you to take me out to Ellis Island to see the immigrants land. It must be a great sight. And I want to get a view from the Statue of Liberty and walk through the Bowery."

"Sure, Henry," answered the New York cousin, "I'd like to do those things for once myself."

Prime Minister Asquith, of England, is responsible for the following:

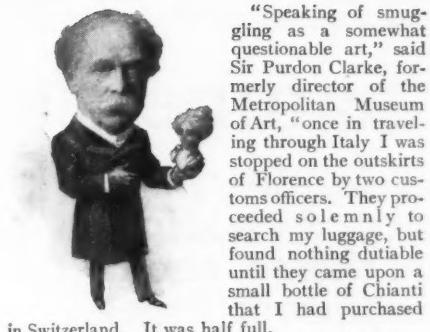
"An English professor wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory,

"Professor Blank informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to his Majesty, King George."

"During the morning he had some occasion to leave the room and found on his return that some student wag had added the words, 'God save the King.'"

Lieut. William P. Sheridan, the noted police officer with the camera eyes, was ruminating on the changes that had come over New York since the advent of Governor Hughes and the gambling-reform crusades of recent times. "I used to know a man who never passed a happy week-end without leaving most of his wages at a certain wide-open gambling-house in the Tenderloin," he remarked reminiscently.

"One Saturday evening the prodigal started home via the gaming-resort, as usual. That day, however, the lid had been suddenly and softly tightened, and the place had been closed. The man tried to enter the door, but failed. He walked out into the street and gazed up inquiringly at the closed windows. Then he walked back to the door, and tried it again; but it would not open. Whereupon he drew his pay-envelope from his pocket, shoved it under the door, and walked calmly down the street."



in Switzerland. It was half full.

"You will have to pay duty on this wine," they declared pompously.

"I got out of the vehicle, sat down by the roadside, drank what wine was left in the bottle and threw the bottle away; whereupon they were forced to permit me to carry the wine, minus duty, into Florence."

Reviewing the recent Cannonading in Congress the Hon. Bourke Cockran radiated this bit of sunshine at a Democratic rally dinner the other evening. He was reminded of a fellow countryman who had repeatedly demanded a transfer of a German-American conductor on a Broadway surface car. Each request had met with an exasperating, "Nein."

"Bedad, Oi'll have me transfer or Oi'll have yer job, ye tongue-tied spaldeen!" declared the son of Erin with accumulating fervor.

"Nein, nein, nein."

"Whist!" warned Pat at length, squaring off belligerently. "Gimme thot thransfer or Oi'll foight ye fuhr it."

"You fight me—meinselv?" rejoined the other, surveying his irate fare with astonishment. "Sehr wohl!" triumphantly. "I fool you. Take der transfer."

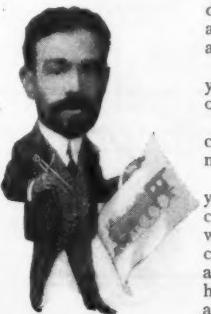
Cornelius Vanderbilt, at a dinner at Bar Harbor in honor of his sloop *Aurora's* victory in the squadron run from Portland to Rockland, said aptly:

"Yachts like these, then, don't come under the cynical definition I once heard a Camden lobsterman give.

"What, exactly, is a yacht?" a lady said to this old lobsterman.

"He plugged a lobster's claws and answered mockingly:

"What's a yacht? Oh, ye just take an old tub or craft, an' fill her up with whiskey an' chicken an' cigars, an' git yer friends all on board, an' have a high old time—an' that's a yacht."



"Speaking of smuggling as a somewhat questionable art," said Sir Purdon Clarke, formerly director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, "once in traveling through Italy I was stopped on the outskirts of Florence by two customs officers. They proceeded solemnly to search my luggage, but found nothing dutiable until they came upon a small bottle of Chianti that I had purchased

Governor Judson Harmon, recently renominated in Ohio, remarked while condemning in his good-natured way an opponent's argument, that its logic reminded him of that of a young woman of his acquaintance at Dayton.

"This young lady sat one afternoon on the piazza of her pretty little home, busily employed in plying the needle. A coat of her husband's was in her lap. The husband himself presently appeared. Looking up, she said to him fretfully: 'It's too bad, Robert, the careless way your tailor put this button on. This is the fifth time I've had to sew it on for you.'"

Sewell Ford tells this one about a neighbor of his at Barnegat on the New Jersey coast:

"It was a very dark night and my friend was riding home on his bicycle, which was minus a lamp. He came to a cross-roads, and was in doubt which way to turn. After some fumbling in his pockets he found a lone match, and with it in his teeth he proceeded to scale the sign-post to read the names of the two forking lanes. The pole was an unusually high one, but he managed to reach the top, and striking his match read the words, 'Wet Paint.'"

On a recent stage journey in Arizona, Owen Wister, the novelist, came across an acquaintance of his early Southwestern ranching days.

"I suppose," remarked the native, after an exchange of greetings, "that you notice a good many changes out here?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the author-traveler. "When I first came out to this country there were many red men here without a white. This trip I've seen many white men without a red."

Booker T. Washington, the negro educator, tells a story about a religious old darkey of his acquaintance who had his faith badly shaken. He was the sexton for a white church, and one afternoon, as he was in front, sweeping the pavement, a sudden wind arose, tearing a piece of the cornice off and taking a few bricks out of the wall of the church. Realizing that a good run was better than a bad stand, the old man sought shelter in a saloon on the opposite side of the street.

Several minutes later a member of the church of which Uncle Isham was sexton came by. Noticing the old darkey when he emerged, he remarked that he thought it an exceedingly strange place for one of the faith to seek shelter.

"Dat's so, sah," replied Uncle Isham. "I agrees wid yo'. But what's a man gwine ter do when de Lord begins ter frow bricks at 'im?"



## The Story Sensation of 1910-11

### Robert W. Chambers's

new serial will begin in the *November Cosmopolitan*. It is a story of vivid interest, dealing with a big, vital theme, and is unquestionably the masterpiece of America's most popular novelist. Nearly two million copies of Mr. Chambers's recent novels have been sold in this country. His *Cosmopolitan* story is entitled "*The Common Law*." That gives some hint of the tremendous scope, tensity, and human interest of the author's motif. It is probably the most compelling piece of fiction since "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" and "*Trilby*." Everybody will read it---must read it or argue himself out of date.

"*The Common Law*" will be superbly and profusely illustrated by

### Charles Dana Gibson

creator of the "Gibson girl" and foremost of American illustrators. Do not under any circumstances miss this big, palpitating serial, which begins in the forthcoming

### November Cosmopolitan

# MAGAZINE SHOP-TALK

## "Starving For Health's Sake"

**L**EADERS of comment and inquiry relative to Mr. Upton Sinclair's now famous article, "Starving for Health's Sake," published in the COSMOPOLITAN some months ago, continue to flow in upon the editor's desk. The subject of Mr. Sinclair's article is a great and vital one. Its effect has been profoundly intimate and far reaching. Three of the COSMOPOLITAN'S big and boastful contemporaries declined to consider the article when it was outlined to them by the author. *They were afraid to publish it* and said so; afraid that their readers would misinterpret its practical message and do themselves bodily harm. That was a strange commentary upon the intelligence of their readers. The COSMOPOLITAN had no such fear, for if our readers are anything they are intelligent; the very success of the magazine proves that fact. The day on which the article was suggested to the COSMOPOLITAN the commission to write it was sent to the author.

From a great mass of correspondence forwarded to Mr. Sinclair from men and women who acted on his advice and were benefited by it, the author has culled a few "experiences" voluntarily sent in from various sections of the country, and these few letters he appends to his "notes" which follow:

### Some Notes on Fasting

No magazine article that I have ever written has attracted as much attention as the one which was published in the COSMOPOLITAN, entitled "Starving for Health's Sake." I must have received five or six hundred letters from people who either had fasted or desired to fast, and who sought for further information. At the same time there were numerous accounts in newspapers of people who were trying the experiment.

There were three young ladies in Garden City, Long Island, who announced their intention to fast for three days, and then take the milk diet for two weeks—which the

newspapers somewhat absurdly turned into a "seventeen-day fast." Dr. Gustav Gayer fasted for thirty-one days, under the observation of several physicians, and announced an altogether satisfactory result. There were several other people in New York who fasted for some time, and in Chicago a Mr. Richard Fausel at the last account which I heard had fasted for sixty-seven days, and intended to go to eighty. Also I received clippings telling of fasts which had been taken in as widely scattered places as California, Australia, and England; and I myself received letters from Gibraltar and Egypt and South Africa and South America.

I append to these notes a few of the letters so far received from people who have reported results. Only two of those from whom I have so far heard had any trouble. One of these was a man who fasted for four days, and found that his hunger did not cease; and the other was from a man who fasted eleven days for stomach trouble, and at the end had difficulty with the milk diet. Later, however, he wrote me that he was getting along well upon chicken broth and other things.

The letters showed a general uniformity, which made it clear to me that I had not been sufficiently explicit upon several important points; therefore I have asked the editor of the COSMOPOLITAN for a little space in which to answer some of the more common questions.

First, as to how long a fast should be taken. I do not recommend the "complete" fast (that is, fasting until hunger returns and the tongue clears) except for deeply rooted chronic diseases. I recommend a fast of a week or two for all troubles (except tuberculosis, which is apparently not benefited by fasting). Those difficulties in which a remedy is most immediate and certain are all stomach and intestinal troubles and all infections, such as colds and fevers.

Second. It does not matter how old you are, or how weak you are, or how lean. Abnormal thinness is a sign of malnutrition, and the system must be cleaned out before new tissue can be built up. Several people have written me who were apparently on the

## Magazine Shop-Talk

verge of the grave. I replied by quoting one case of which I know, of a man who had suffered many years from asthma and dropsy, who was in so desperate a state that portions of his body had turned black, his kidneys had stopped working, and his physicians had told him that he would not live through the night. A week's fast put him on his feet again.

Third. Many people wished to know if they could fast while doing their work. It depends upon circumstances—there is no harm in trying. In most cases a man should be able to carry on routine or clerical work without interruption. I advise mild exercise during the fast, following one's inclination.

Fourth. One should drink as much water as possible during the fast, hot or cold, as preferred. One should take an enema daily, also during the milk diet if necessary. The milk diet should be continued as long as it agrees with one.

Last, and most important of all, how to break the fast. One should take the juice of a couple of oranges every three or four hours for the first two or three days, or grape juice if preferred, and then begin the milk diet. Persons who do not wish to take the milk diet may begin to add a few figs and dates with the fruit juice, and then, in small quantities, other of the more digestible foods. It is best to eat very light meals every three or four hours, as the stomach is very weak until some nutrient has been absorbed. One is amazed at the recuperation, the strength that one gets, from the juice of even one orange. After fasting a week I would not expect to eat full-sized meals for at least five or six days thereafter.

With regard to the meat diet to which I referred in my article, I would say that I found it an interesting experiment, but would not care to follow it permanently, and I do not recommend it except, possibly, in cases of tuberculosis, for which it was advocated by Dr. Salisbury, its discoverer.

The interest displayed in this subject has been so great that I have concluded to publish my experiences on the subject in a little book. One feature of this I desire to make a tabulation of the results of as many fasts as I can get information about, so I would appreciate it if those who saw my article and tried the cure would let me hear from them. I might explain that when the five or six hundred letters came down upon me, I was moving with my family, and was without a secretary, so that it was impossible for me to do more than jot the answers down upon the

backs of the letters and return them. This was not very courteous, but I felt that those who wrote to me would prefer to hear at once. I take this occasion of saying that I should like to hear from them again. Address

UPTON SINCLAIR, R. D. No. 1,  
Edge Moor, Del.

### Some of Those Who Tried It

SKOWHEGAN, Maine, May 30, 1910.

DEAR SIR: I read your article in the *COSMOPOLITAN* with deep interest, and am to-day on my seventh day's fast. My sensations thus far are exactly like yours. I shall fast until hunger returns, if it takes a month.

My age is forty-eight, and I have enjoyed the best of health nearly all my life. Even now my digestion is all right, but for five years or so I have been troubled with rheumatism, not the painful, swelling sort, but lame joints.

I tried "Fletcherism," and for the last nine months have done my best to live up to his suggestions, but fell down, exactly as in your own case. I can't tell what to eat, or when I have eaten enough.

Whether this fast of yours does me any permanent good or not, my joints certainly move better to-day than for six months, and I have every confidence in the theory. The physicians here to a man all laugh at me, likewise my friends. I had lost ten pounds in weight at the end of the sixth day; I lost three the first, two each for the next two days, and a pound a day for the next three days.

You speak of an unmistakable appetite. I could eat, of course, now, though I have no appetite, and I am wondering how I shall know when a real appetite returns. Mrs. W. is as keen to try the fasting cure as I, and her condition is very like Mrs. Sinclair's, but I thought one member of the family was enough for the first try-out. Please pardon a total stranger for encroaching upon the time of a busy man, but in the hunt for health, without which life is not worth living, one will do things he would not otherwise think of. For your information I will say that I have attended to my office and business every day since my fast began, walking to my home and back at least three times daily, for the exercise; driving a touring-car, nights and Sunday, for pleasure, exactly as though there had been no change in my habits. The strangest part of the experience is that I feel so well, and except for a slight faintness, feel perfectly well to-day. Say—but I was hungry for the first two days!

Yours truly,

H. W.

CLYDE PARK, Mont., May 17, 1910.

DEAR SIR: I was much interested in your article in the *COSMOPOLITAN* on "Starving for Health's Sake." For some time before I read it I had been troubled with a coated tongue and a nasty, bitter taste in my mouth. When I read the article my complaint was probably at its worst. I consulted a doctor, who gave me some capsules to clean out my intestinal canal, so he said. I asked him what I could eat and he said, "The less you eat the better." So I ate nothing for a week. Everything connected with my fast for that week was just as you described it—a ravenous hunger on the second day and after that no hunger at all. However, the coated tongue

